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THE PIERC

THE PIERCED ROCK IN THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

THE St. Lawrence, though not the longest river in the world, is certainly the largest in every other respect, if, as appears proper, its immense lakes be considered to form part of it. Under this aspect it will be found that the surface it covers, and the cubic mass of its waters, far exceed those of the Amazon or Mississippi, though probably it does not carry to the ocean a greater volume of water than either of these two majestic streams. The source of the river St. Lewis, which may be deemed the remotest spring of the St. Lawrence, is in latitude 48° 30′ north, and longitude about 93° west. From its source the general direction of the St. Lawrence, through lakes Superior and Huron, is southeast to Lake Erie, nearly due east through that lake, and then northeast to the Gulf, through which its waters are mingled with the Atlantic Ocean, after an uninterrupted course of two thousand miles.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence, that receives the waters of this gigantic river, is formed between the western part of Newfoundland, the eastern shores of Labrador, the eastern extremity of the province of New Brunswick, part of the province of Nova Scotia, and the island of Cape Breton. It communicates with the Atlantic Ocean by three different passages, namely, on the north by the straits of Belleisle, between Labrador and Newfoundland; on the southeast by the passage between Cape Ray, at the southwest extremity of the latter island, and the north cape of Breton island; and lastly, by the narrow channel, named the Gut of Canso, that divides Cape Breton from Nova Scotia.

There are no soundings in the middle of the St. Lawrence until about one hundred and fifty miles up it. The snow on the banks in winter is about five feet deep. Sometimes the soil on the breasts of the hills will *shove* down with all its trees to the plains below. The spots, where these shoves have taken place, are plainly seen from the river, and have a singular appearance. Numbers of shipwrecks occur yearly in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence; this proceeds from many causes. The pilots are none of the most skilful; the navigation is intricate and difficult. Then there are many ships sent out for timber, which are old, crazed, and unfit for any other trade. These are often laden beyond what th[ey] can bear; too much deck wood is l[oaded] on them, so that the sailors can[not] the ropes.

To be aboard a ship i[n] t[he]

Keepsake.

Lawrence in an extremely stormy, dark night, when the weather is bitter cold, is perhaps as dismal a situation as human beings can be placed in. Sometimes a blaze of lightning between the squalls will illuminate for a moment the awful scene; then over the bulwarks comes the icy surge, cutting to the bone; while the ropes snap, and the yards and top-masts come thundering upon the deck.

The St. Lawrence is navigable for the largest ships to Quebec, about 400 miles, and to Montreal for ships of 600 tons, 580 miles. The distance from Montreal to lake Ontario is 190 or 200 miles. The tide flows up as far as Three Rivers. Its breadth between Montreal and Quebec is from half a mile to four miles. Below Quebec, it gradually widens, till it enters the gulf, where, from Cape Rosier to the Mingan settlement, on the Labrador coast, it is about 105 miles in breadth. From the beginning of December to the middle of April, the navigation is totally suspended by frost. The breaking up of the ice in spring is described as a magnificent scene. Among the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence is a singular one called the PIERCED ISLAND, an engraving of which is presented. It is a barren rock, near the base of which are two openings, large enough for a boat to pass through them.

THE DYING BOY.

BY MRS. LARNED OF PROVIDENCE.

[The following lines were written after reading an account of the death of a young mother and three children, from the inhuman neglect of the husband and father. The wife was taken suddenly ill, and left alone with her little ones, while her husband went to procure a physician, and other needful assistance, the nearest house being over two miles distant; but he forgot every thing, save his own depraved appetite, became drunk before doing his errand, remained so for a week, and on his return found them all dead. It is supposed that the mother died soon after the birth of her child, and that the boy struggled longest—that in trying to soothe his expiring sister, he sank down from weakness beside her, and could not at last release himself from her grasp.]

O, mother dear! my lips are dry,
And Bessy's hands are cold;—
Mother, dear mother! help me nigh
Your bosom—surely you can hold
Your little boy. I will not cry,
Nor ask again for drink or bread,
If you will only let me lie
Upon your breast and hold my head.

Oh, mother! call your little boy
To your bedside—he'll try to crawl;
You said I was your only joy,

Hare
Harry
Heron
Hornet's
Horse and
House Sparrow

Your darling Henry, and your all;
And then, you looked and screamed out so—
"Boy! to your cruel father go.
Why do you weep and wail to me?
Fly! fly! I've nothing here for thee!"

Don't stare so on me, mother dear,
I'm still—though Bessy will not stir!
And she's too cold to lie so near—
O, why don't father come to her?
Poor Bessy cried herself to sleep;
I wish I could—but when I try,
My lids won't shut—and always keep
Wide open on your staring eye!

Mother! how can you lie so still,
With the dead baby in your arms?
Who did the little dear one kill?
You said 'twas now safe from all harms:—
Can't I be dead too, mother, say?
I'm sure 'tis very lonesome here—
Is heaven a very great long way?
And is our father waiting there?

I'm tired now, and cannot go,
And the bright sun does blind me so:—
Oh, shut your eyes, dear mother, do!
And let me love to gaze on you.
How can you see us lying thus,
On this iced floor—our feet so cold?
Once you would fondly run to us,
And round us both the blankets fold.

I'm falling—O, the room turns round!—
I cannot see you now;—but hark!
I hear a soft and pleasant sound:
Perhaps it is the little lark.
I love such sounds as these to hear,
And it is dark no longer now;
Dear little girls with wings are near,
And they are smiling on me too.

O, 'tis their songs so sweet and clear—
I think I hear them softly say,
Dear children, stay no longer here;—
Come, come with us, we'll lead the way—
It must be heaven where they dwell:
I come!—I come!—Mother, farewell!

* * * * * *Christian Keepsake.*

A TRUE STORY.

Mr. Editor,

I should like to relate a little story, for the benefit of the many *very young* ladies who take your Magazine. If it is not so pretty as some you publish, it at least possesses the merit of being true.

When I was about four years old, I was sometimes permitted by my parents to spend a few days at the beautiful residence of a family, with whom they were acquainted. The family consisted of the gentleman and lady; and four beautiful daughters, the eldest of whom was about fourteen and the youngest eight or nine; and, as they were very amiable, and very fond of children, I became a favorite with them all.

I was always delighted when one of my young friends came to my mother with a request that she might take me

with her; and I used to try very hard to deserve a reward, which gave me so much pleasure, a visit to Mr. T.'s.

Their house was beautifully situated, with extensive grounds, a fine large garden and greenhouse, filled with every variety of flowers, and a pleasant summer-house or arbor on a high bank behind the house, from which was an extensive prospect.

But my chief amusement consisted in riding on a handsome rocking-horse with a side-saddle, which stood in the hall; and swinging with one of the young ladies in a fine swing near the house.

Mr. T. was at the time ill in a consumption, and, most of the time, confined to his chamber, though not to his bed; but this fatal disorder is so deceptive in its symptoms, that I presume his daughters were not at all aware of his danger; and I was of course too young to think anything about it, only that I became still more attached to the pale thin gentleman, whom I always found sitting in his large arm-chair by the window, reading,—or slowly pacing his room, with a sweet placid smile on his pleasant countenance; and I well remember seeing him often deeply engaged in reading the large family bible, and that he used to take me on his knee, and show me the pictures in the book, and talk to me about being a good girl and obeying my kind parents. These circumstances, and the respect and affection with which his family regarded him, led me to conclude in my own mind that Mr. T. was a very good man, whose good opinion was of a great deal of importance, and I endeavored to please him by every means in my power.

My young friends, like most girls of affectionate and amiable dispositions, made a great pet of me, and took a great deal of notice of all my wise speeches, for I was considered by them a *very sensible* little child, though my extreme bashfulness prevented me from talking much before strangers; and they were therefore more delighted, when they succeeded in encouraging me to converse with them about my favorite pursuits, and give my opinion respecting what I saw and heard —and would always repeat my witty sayings to their father and mother.

They were not at all aware, that there was any danger of exciting feelings of vanity or self-conceit in my little heart; but their father, no doubt, saw my increasing self-importance, though displayed in the quietest manner imaginable, and determined to check it when he found a opportunity.

My visits to their house were discontinued when the chilly autumn commenced with its long, cold storms; but my mother promised, that, when my warm winter frock and pelisse were finished, I should go and see my kind friends once more, if I would be a good child and not tease until then. I waited as patiently as I could, until my new dress was completed, and it seemed to me no one ever worked so slowly as my mother's mantua-maker,

At last there came a bright fair day,

and, to my great joy, two of my young friends came to request that I might go home with them. My mother consented; and I was dressed in my new frock and pelisse, and given in charge of the young ladies to spend a day or two in their pleasant family.

Perhaps some little girl who reads this may like to have a description of the dress, which was of such importance to me. It was not so much more beautiful, than my others, but it was new; and all *very little* children, and some larger ones, know how much prettier any thing is for being *new*. However, you shall hear what it was. My frock was of orange-colored pelisse flannel, (for this was sixteen or seventeen years ago, and French merinos were not so fashionable then as they are now, although this was something like them); and my pelisse and bonnet were blue, and trimmed with white ermine. I thought it very handsome, and my young friends were telling me how pretty I looked all the way to their house; so that, by the time we were at the end of our walk, I had arrived at the conclusion, that I *looked prettier*, and *behaved better*, and had a *nicer dress*, than any little girl ever had before in the world: but you must remember, I was then but four years old.

When we arrived at the house of Mr. T. the girls led me directly to their mother, who kindly received me, and praised my looks, as she perceived, no doubt, I expected of her.

The young ladies then took me up stairs to their father's chamber, and my little heart throbbed high with gratified vanity, and still more as I thought of the benevolent smile, and affectionate kiss, with which he always greeted me, and which I thought would be more cordial than usual to-day, as I looked so much handsomer than I ever had before; and besides, I had not seen him for several weeks,

As we entered his room, I well remember, he was sitting in his large arm-chair, reading in his Bible, and the youngest girl led me up to him, saying, "Only see, father, how pretty Marie looks in her new dress; and see what a beautiful blue pelisse and bonnet she has got, all trimmed with ermine."

He looked up from his book, and held out his hand with his usual sweet smile, and while I stood by his knee, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheek, waiting to hear the encomiums of the kind friend whose good opinion I valued the most, he surveyed me quietly for a moment, and, seeing how vain I felt of my appearance, thought, no doubt, this would be a good opportunity to give a check to feelings which, if indulged in, would, in after years, make me very unamiable.

So, as I looked up in his face with a glance of evident exultation at his fancied admiration, he said, rather more gravely than usual, "Well, child, you look very decent." Very decent! and was this the warmest praise my kind friend could bestow on my *elegant dress?* Did I really then only look *decent?* and had my

younger and less considerate friends after all been only flattering me, when they told me I looked *beautifully*, *charmingly*, better than ever I did in my life? and now their father said only—" you look very decent" ? . . . . . My heart swelled with disappointed vanity, and my eyes *almost* filled with tears ; but I kept them back, and looked up again in that calm, pleasant countenance, to see if he was in earnest ; and, by the expression which lurked in his eye and smile, he seemed to understand my thoughts, and a feeling of mortification at my own self-conceit came over me ; my love of dress received an effectual check, from which it has never recovered ; the lesson was one I have never forgotten, and even now any new article of dress will call to mind the speech, which I then thought so unkind, " Well, child, you look very decent."

My young companions saw that I was mortified, and led me away to divert my attention by the various playthings and books, which they kept in store for me.

I soon forgot my vexation, and the time allowed f my visit passed rapidly away, and, a bidding them all good-bye and receivi an invitation to come again when m mother was willing, and going up to Mr T.'s chamber as usual to receive a l s, I returned home.

My her inquired how I had enjoyed m and asked, "What did Mr. T. sa ?" " He said, I looked very d replied, my eyes filling with recollection of my disappointd upon my mind. My sad face, as I repeated these words which conveyed to my parent's ear all the meaning of that gentle reproof, was, I suppose, irresistibly comic, for I know the laugh which burst from the family circle was both loud and long ; and I remember it yet, for I was a very sensitive child, and have always particularly disliked ridicule.

Since then, whenever I have new things, I actually feel reluctant to wear them for the first time, and often wish I could always purchase second-hand clothes, so I might be spared the first wearing of them.

When I see a young lady dressed in the most fashionable manner, I long to whisper in her ear, " Well, you look very decent."

When I see a fop, sauntering up Washington-street, and looking as though he thought every one was admiring him, I think, what a pity some friend would not tell him, " You look very decent."

Now, my little friends, especially little girls, I wish, when you feel disposed to be vain of your personal appearance, and some of your acquaintances, with more kindness than discretion, tell you how handsome you look, you would just think, Perhaps I only look decent.

For my own part, I have always distrusted flattering speeches ; and whenever some young lady of my acquaintance has said to me, " What a beautiful cape that is !" or " How beautifully your hair curls !" I think to myself, she only means, " You look very decent."

Dec. 1838. MARIE.

THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

She wrapped her in her morning cloak,
And walked beside the sea,
But seldom of her sorrow spoke,
Though full of grief was she.

'Twas this that made her heart so sad,
To view the ocean wide:—
The only son that widow had,
Went out to sea and died.

And then, in that great rolling deep,
With solemn, tearful eyes,
His messmates lowered him down, to sleep
Till all the dead shall rise.

But where among those waters vast,
With ceaseless fall and swell,
Her child to that repose had passed,
The mother none could tell.

She therefore questioned wave on wave,
That heaving, reached the shore,
If they had rolled across his grave,
Who she should see no more.

And often, when she saw a ship
With home-returning sail,
The colour would forsake her lip,
And speech and vision fail.

For, oh! she thought about the one
That spread its canvass white,
To waft away her only son
Forever from her sight.

But still, amid the bitter grief
That wrung that widow's heart,
Her bosom felt the sweet relief
That faith and hope impart.

She knew her child had ever kept
The path to heavenly rest;—
That when he sunk in death, he slept
Upon a Savior's breast.

She then would lift her languid eye
And send her thoughts above,
Where angel voices sound on high
Their songs of praise and love.

"My heavenly Father," she would say,
"The deep and troubled sea
But holds from me the precious clay!
My child's at home with thee!"

Newburyport.

RIDDLE.

The brute that's most despised by man,
Yet does him all the good he can;
Who bore the greatest Prince on earth,
That gave to righteousness new birth;
Who sometimes does o'er death prevail,
And health restores when doctors fail.

LETTERS FROM A COUSIN.

(Continued from p. 151, vol. vi.)

NO. 3.—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

DEAR CHARLES,

I AM going to tell you in this letter of Christopher Columbus. He was born at Genoa about the year 1436. His father was a poor wool-carder; and Columbus himself worked for some time at the trade. He had very small advantages of education. He was very fond of reading works on Geography, and turned his attention towards those branches which he thought would be most useful to him, in the pursuits which he had determined to pursue. Columbus spent a short time at the college of Pavia, where he acquired a knowledge of those sciences necessary to a seaman. He left this college when he was fourteen years of age. About the year 1470 he went to Lisbon, where he married the daughter of an Italian, who had made several voyages of discovery under Prince Henry of Portugal. The father of his wife being dead, Columbus obtained from her the journals and charts drawn up by her father on his voyages. He made inquiries concerning the voyages of the other navigators, and at last concluded that, by sailing directly west, land might be discovered. He communicated his opinions to many learned men, who approved of his plans and advised him to make the attempt. Columbus determined to do this, and made a pressing application to the king of Portugal for assistance—which met only with ridicule. He sent his brother to England to apply to Henry VII, and went himself to Spain, where, after having solicited a long time in vain, he at length obtained assistance from Ferdinand and Isabella. By the direction of the queen, three small vessels were fitted out, and Columbus was permitted to sail with these upon his intended voyage.

On the 3d of August, 1492, he set sail from Palos in Spain. He stopped to refit at the Canary islands, and then boldly adventured into seas, which no vessels had entered before. After some days, his crew became alarmed, and determined to return to Spain. Columbus promised if they did not discover land in three days he would then return. The indications of land became more and more frequent. Branches of trees and flocks of birds were constantly to be seen. On the night of the 11th of October all were on the watch. About midnight, Columbus saw a light at a distance; "a light! a light!" instantly resounded through the squadron. As soon as the morning dawned a man on board the Pinta, cried "land! land!"

At sunrise Columbus, richly dressed, and with a sword in his hand, took possession of the island for the crown of Spain, all his followers prostrating themselves on the shore, kissed the ground

with tears of joy. The inhabitants came flocking to see them, amazed at the sight of the ships; they were tall, well shaped, and of a copper color; they soon became familiar with the Spaniards. Columbus called the island San Salvador, and it is now known by the name of Cat island.

Columbus visited several other islands, and then returned to Spain. He was received at the court with the most flattering attentions, and was honored by many proofs of royal favor. He made three other voyages, and in 1498 discovered the continent of America. But Columbus had rivals at the court of Spain, who presented his conduct in a very unfavorable light to the king, who became jealous of him, and Columbus was at last brought back to Spain in *irons*. His noble patron Isabella being dead, Columbus repaired to Seville, disgusted with the conduct of Ferdinand, to whom he had rendered so much service; and exhausted with his sufferings, Columbus ended his days at Valladolid, on the 20th of May, 1506.

But it is growing late, and I must bid you farewell.

N. N. I.

Allen's Hill, Ont. Cy. N. Y.

LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

78 An apple, or orange, in outline, from nature.

79 The cottage, No. 28, and pickaxe, No. 29, from memory.

80 A flower-pot or large cup, from nature, with a little shading, great care being taken to make the shading lines straight, parallel, and at equal distances.

81 A fire-shovel, from the object.

*82 A bottle. It will assist the pupil if he first draws a perpendicular line through the middle of his paper, and takes care that the outline of the bottle on each side of the line exactly corresponds. Care should be taken that the bottle shall not appear to slant, and that the pupil estimates the comparative length of the neck, which is one-third that of the body, and width of the body, which is rather wider than the neck is long.

*83 A cottage. The length of the lines should be estimated and dots placed at their ends before the pupil begins to copy.

84 The same cottage, to be drawn from memory.

85 A tassel, from the object.

86 A pear, plum, or gooseberry, from nature.

87 The face, No. 32, and the pipe, No. 33, from memory.

88 The various kinds of nails the child recollects to have seen, to be drawn from memory; also the various sorts of hooks he remembers.

*89 A shoe. A shoe may be shown to the child at the same time, to exhibit the position shown in the copy.

*90 Cherries, with a little shading and shadow.

91 A house to be invented and drawn by the pupil, having one door, two windows, a roof, and chimney.

*92 A bow and arrow.

*93 A sailing boat.

*94 A butcher's block, shaded. The pupil should discover from which side the light comes.

95 A penknife, to be drawn from the object.

96 A door, from the object.

97 A window, from the object.

98 The snail and moth, Nos. 44 and 49, from memory.

99 The various kinds of knives the pupil recollects to have seen should be drawn, as a table knife, a clasp knife, a penknife, &c.

100 A loaf of bread, to be drawn from the object.

101 The length of an inch should be shown to the pupil, who should be required to draw perpendicular, horizontal, and oblique lines of that length, and afterwards correct his mistakes by measuring, until he can draw them accurately at once.

*102 A bird.

*103 A candlestick with a little shading.

104 The bird, No. 102, from memory.

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No. 83.

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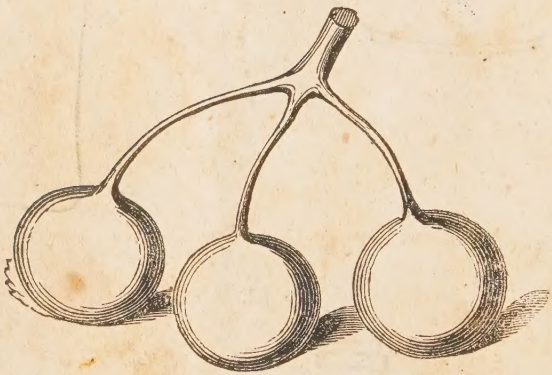

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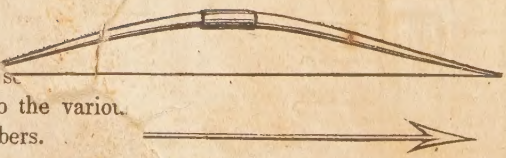


EDITH, THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY EMILY TAYLOR.

If my young readers have not yet been introduced to the study of history, I had better now tell them a few facts about the conquest of England a good many years ago. England is a large island, and was first inhabited by people called Britons. They were afterwards invaded and conquered by the Romans; then came the Saxons, and beat away the Romans; then came the Normans from Normandy, under a great baron named William, and he conquered the Saxons, and fairly made slaves of them. This William the conquerer had three sons. The eldest was William-Rufus, or Richard-Rufus, a tyrant and murderer; the second was Robert, and the third was Henry, a young man of a good disposition, and who was called Beauclerc, because he was more fond of study than the others. The English constantly prayed that this youngest might succeed his father on the throne, and then they looked for peace and happiness in their land, which they had never seen since William had conquered the country. This king brought with him from France a great number of

Frenchmen, to whom he gave lands, and castles, and houses, which he had wrenched from the native inhabitants; and he likewise took from them miles and miles of forest land, which he converted into hunting grounds, and forbid all but his own people to kill a deer or even a hare upon the same. The following story is founded upon events that took place in the reign of this William the Conqueror.

"Come hither, come hither, my son! The Frenchmen seek for thee. God knoweth what I have suffered within this hour! They say that Bagot, the king's ranger of the forest, is slain, and that thou—but I told them they lied—art one of the murderers. God guard thee, my son! Where must I hide thee from their fury?"

"Mother, if it were not for leaving thee, I would say, 'let them come and do their worst,' for the days of the dwellers in this land are only sorrow, sorrow continually. But I did *not* slay Bagot: this hand has not touched him. Nevertheless, that I *did* see the fray, and know who it was that harmed him, I do not deny."

"Wo is me, my son Godwin! then what shall be done? To say thou sawest the deed is enough for these bloody men. Why didst thou not leave them in their anger?"

"Mother! how could I? I went in peace to Edith's dwelling—to the dwelling of my betrothed. Her father and brother were within, and we talked together as friends: on a sudden I heard the ranger's horn, as if near at hand, and the sound of his footsteps quickly followed. And what dost thou think was his errand?"

"I know not."

"Nay, thou mayest guess. It was to drive Edith and her father from the dwelling they had reared and dwelt in so long: it was to turn them houseless into the forest, and unroof their cottage, and seize their swine and cattle for the Frenchmen. Thou knowest Edith's young brother, Gurth; his blood boiled within him as the ranger spoke, and as he prepared, with three or four of his followers, to begin his work. He stayed not, not for a moment, to parley with Bagot. The ranger, indeed, saw him not, for he stood darkened by the shadow of the wall, in the innermost part of the dwelling; but *I* beheld him seize his bow, and before I could grasp his arm, or pray him to pause, the arrow was on the wing, and it sunk deep into the heart of the ranger. He gave one groan as he fell, and expired. His followers were struck with terror and surprise, and they fled. Edith screamed aloud in agony; and her father, Leofric, sternly rebuked his son for his rashness. As for me, could I do other than seek their safety? I bethought me of that little cell in the forest, where once dwelt the holy hermit Cedric. Not yet has the Norman reached it, so secret is the way, and so closely is it beset with thorns and underwood. Thither I led them, and there have I left them, for the present, in safety. Nor do

I fear them, only that Gurth is so rash and hot, and Edith so fearless, when her father's life is in peril. Should they leave their abode, they will be seized, doubtless."

"Nay, I think they will be safe. But for thee, Godwin, there is fear indeed. Oh! where shall I hide thee? They will be here again, and they will try thee, by tortures even, to gain knowledge of the murderers."

"I have thought of that, mother; and not because I fear *them;* but because of peril to all of us. I know I must away and hide for awhile. If I am seen here, it will be believed that Leofric and Gurth are still nigh. Better for them and thee too, that I should share their concealment."

"But to be here alone, Godwin—to know thou art in danger—to sit in this dwelling and hear the French bloodhounds howling after thee; how can I bear it?"

"Mother, listen. I will leave thee but for a day: in a few hours I will provide, if it please heaven, a place of safety for thee; only, for all our sakes, be but quiet this one night. They will not harm thee: they know thou couldst not do murder. I dare not tell the plan I have devised for thee; only rest quiet this night. I shall be nearer at hand, perhaps, than thou thinkest."

"Well, go, go quickly. I know thou wilt not forsake the mother that bore thee."

"Shame on me, if I did, mother! Thou knowest not how hard it is to leave thee; but I know no other way."

"Then stay no longer, Godwin. God will protect me, and thee too, I trust." Godwin brushed away a tear from his cheek as he kissed his mother, and turned hastily from the door.

The mother of Godwin was a poor widow, dwelling on the borders of the New Forest. Her husband had been a Saxon thane of some renown in his day; but when king William had conquered the land, Ina could not bear to see his countrymen so hardly dealt with. He pined away and died, leaving his widow and her son Godwin to struggle through the world alone; and indeed they did struggle sorely, for their lands were given, on Ina's death, to a neighboring baron, and the only compensation they were able to obtain, was the poor hut in which they now dwelt, and a small piece of land adjoining. Even for this poor privilege they were obliged to do service to the king, by feeding and taking charge of some of the royal dogs, kept for the chace. Godwin's mother, by the time in which our story begins, had suffered so much, and become so indifferent to life, that her spirit was greatly subdued. But for years after the death of her husband, her heart was filled with all the bitterness of hatred against the Normans; and she was continually bringing fresh trouble upon herself by befriending the sworn foes of the foreigner.

The Saxon women were, to the full,

as angry and resolute against their new masters as their husbands and brothers, and their assistance against them was not to be despised: they invented a hundred little stratagems to tease and vex the Normans. If a troop of the latter had to pass through the forests, the women helped the men to block up the paths, by drawing trees and boughs across them; they drove away the cattle, and stopped their supplies of provisions. In all these modes of harassing the enemy, Godwin's mother was as well skilled as any of her neighbors. Neither had her heart given itself to the mild spirit of the doctrine she professed to hold dear, for as yet revenge and rancor made her bosom their home. But years passed by, Time laid his hand upon her; and though, even now, she did not yield to a better master, she felt how ill anger becomes grey hairs, and wrestled against her passions. She stayed quietly at home, and went not in the way of those who vexed her; she even would be civil to a Norman traveller, if such an one, losing his path in the forest, crossed her way, and required her help. Above all, she suffered the gentle Edith, the maiden of her son Godwin's love, to plead with her against hatred to the foreigners, and listened patiently when she spoke of Him who was meek and lowly of heart.

On the evening of the day in which Godwin, as we have related, had unwillingly left his mother, she sat over the dying embers of her fire, thoughtful and sad. The Normans had not returned—the small sound of the curfew bell awaking her from her reverie, admonished her to put out her light and retire to rest. But though accustomed to obey this summons, she hastily darkened the room, the moon shone brightly under the door, and the old woman still sat on her low stool, unwilling to seek sleep. It seemed as if the dogs, who lay on the floor of the hut near her, partook of her disquiet, for they too were restless, and sometimes their low growl, and uneasy, listening attitude, betokened their consciousness of some disturbance at no great distance. At length a low tap was heard at the door of the hut, and the dogs sprang up; but did not bark as if a stranger's foot approached. "Who stands without?" asked old Bertha.

"A friend," answered a female voice. "Do let me in, good mother."

"That should be Edith's voice! Blessings on thee, Edith! THOU, at such an hour! Why, girl, our stoutest Englishmen would hardly dare to venture through the forest after curfew, and it is now near midnight."

"How I came here, mother, HE only who guided His people through the wilderness can say. Once, methought, I saw the shadow of a Frenchman across the path: I would have welcomed the savage wolf rather; and my breath failed, and my limbs refused their office, and I said in my heart, 'Lord, let me not fall into their hands?'"

"And thou didst not meet them?"

"No. And my heart grew bolder. I

sent up a short and earnest prayer to Heaven. I thought on the lions' den, and the burning, fiery furnace: my strength returned to me; I walked through the tangled paths of the forest at midnight, as if it had been the beaten track of noonday—my limbs quailed not. Dost thou trace terror in my voice?"

"I bless God, no. But for what dost thou come, and where is Godwin?"

"*That* I know not; and yet I suspect he tarries not far from hence. But, for the purpose of my coming, I will disclose it. Dost thou not know, good mother, that the aged queen of St. Edward, that Editha, whose name I bear, is my godmother?"

"I know it indeed. But what of that?"

"Her will I seek in this trouble. My father knows that the Conqueror holds that saintly queen in honor, far above all the English dames of renown. Of late it is well known he hath visited her in St. Mary's Abbey at Winchester, and hath desired her prayers. That she hath also made intercession for some of our poor countrymen, and with success, is known. King William is ill in health, and, though cruel still to our race, he is sore afraid of offending a holy person like queen Editha."

"And thou wouldst go to Winchester, then?"

"Yes, truly, without delay: and implore such aid for my father and brother."

"Well, maiden, it is not ill advised. But thou shouldst not go alone. And I too, should plead for Godwin. May we not go together?"

"Surely," answered Edith; "that is what I could desire, if thy aged feet could carry thee on so far; but I dread the weary way for thee."

"I will lean upon thee, my daughter, and thou must cheer me with thy voice, when I am faint. I have not thy faith and love; yet I think I shall not fail: at least, let me try; thou canst but leave me to die a few days the sooner in the forest."

It was then settled, that at the first dawn of day they should set out on the road to Winchester; and dame Bertha made her little preparations as well as the darkness permitted. She knew where to find food for the dogs, and took care to leave them well supplied. She furnished herself with a bag containing oaten cakes and dried bacon, and she pressed Edith to eat before their departure. The night soon wore away, and the young maiden, concealing her head and the greater part of her face, in the large folds of her hood, and drawing the kirtle closer across her breast, followed her aged friend across the threshold of the lower entrance to the hut. They stood for a moment without, looking at the parting clouds, even now reddening in the east.

"It is time, quite time," said Edith. "Let us walk, however, gently at first; not as those who are hurrying from pursuers."

"I know every path through the *old*

forest," observed Dame Bertha, after they had pursued their way for some time in silence: "and as for that part which king William hath lately planted, it cannot be hard, methinks, to find, even though the old landmarks are gone. Only let us reach the abbey of Rumsey, if possible, ere night-fall, and all will be well."

"Ah! there it is that we may find a friend also," said Edith. "Is not the princess Edith there?"

"Hush, daughter! not Edith. Do not call her so."

"But such *is* her name, mother."

"That is true. But the Conqueror hath new named her. She is now the princess Matilda, and is to marry his son —Harry Beauclerc, they call him. And it is said, she doth not resist the new name and change: not that she hath ceased to be English, but that she believes she can better serve her people by compliance."

"And does she love Harry Beauclerc?"

"'Tis said so, and that he is worthy too; and would be kind to our people, if his father and brother, Red William would let him."

"Oh, that Red William! Men do say he is a monster in human shape. The Conqueror is hard and merciless in his anger, but Red William is sordid and cruel; and it is said he is a blasphemer too. Mercy upon us, if ever he should come to the throne! But, mother, we must on. And now tell me, is there no way by which we can avoid the town of Ringwood? for there, I heard yesterday, this very Red William is with his men in arms."

The old woman shook her head. "I fear not, my daughter: I, at least, know no other way; but we will see." And again they walked on in silence.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES—AND THE STORY OF THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Eliza. WILL you please to explain to us, father, how echoes are produced?

Mr. E. As a wave of water turns back at a smooth wall or obstacle, so that, at any distance after the relaxation, it appears what it would have been at the same distance beyond the wall, only moving in an opposite direction; so the pulses or waves of sound are regularly reflected from flat surfaces, and produce what is called an *echo*. Such flat surfaces of Nature's works are found commonly among the rocks and hills; and hence arose the beautiful fiction of the ancient poets,—that Echo was a nymph who dwelt concealed among the rocks. Science has now disclosed the secret of the viewless Echo; but who does not vividly recollect the wonder and delight with which he has listened, in the morning of his days, to his shrill call returned to him from some bold precipice, across the plain or river, or perhaps sent down to him again from the vaulted roof of ocean's caves!

Frederick. I shall not easily forget

the first I heard; it was quite distinct, and came back immediately.

Mrs. E. The quickness with which an echo is returned to the spot where the sound originates, depends of course upon the distance of the reflecting surface; and, as sound travels 1142 feet in a second, a rock at half that distance returns a sound exactly in one second. The number of syllables that can be pronounced in a second, will, in such a case, be repeated distinctly, while the end of a longer phrase would mix with the commencement of the echo. The breadth of a river may easily be ascertained where there is an echoing rock on the farther shore. A perpendicular mountain's side, or sublime cliffs, such as in many parts skirt the British coasts, return an audible echo of artillery, or of thunder, to a distance of many miles. If two bold faces of rock or wall be parallel to each other, a sound produced between them is repeated often, playing like a shuttlecock between them, but becoming more faint each time until it is heard no more. In some situations, particularly when the sound plays thus above the smooth surface of water, a pistol-shot may be counted forty times.

Mr. E. There is a curious effect of echo which both illustrates the nature of the phenomenon, and proves that a tone or musical sound is merely a repetition of pulses following each other very quickly. Iron railings are generally formed of square bars, of which any side is a plane surface, and may produce an echo. Now a sound, such as the sharp blow of a hammer, occurring near the end of such a railing, is echoed to a corresponding place on the other side by every bar in it; and as the echoes do not return all at once, but in regular succession of slight pulses, with uniform and small intervals, they affect the ear, not as the echo of a single blow but as a continued musical tone, the pitch of which depends on the distance of the bars from each other. Dr. Arnott says,—"I had observed, in passing on horseback along a particular portion of road, where there was first a piece of wall, and then two pieces of paling, with rails or bars of different width,—that there was from the wall a clear echo of the horse's cantering feet, and afterwards opposite the pailings, a ringing sound for every step of the horse. I at first concluded that the road there was singularly hard, although it did not appear so, and I slackened the horse's pace to save his feet, until observing one day that the ringing sound was of different pitch opposite the two pieces of paling, and so as to correspond with the different width of the bars, the true explanation occurred to me that the sound was an echo of the nature above described."

Mrs. E. An echo of a very peculiar character has been described by Sir John Herschel as produced by the suspension bridge across the Menai Strait in Wales. "The sound of a blow with a hammer," says he, "on one of the main piers, is returned in succession from each of the cross beams which support the road-way

and from the opposite pier, at a distance of five hundred and seventy-six feet; and in addition to this, the sound is many times repeated between the water and the road-way. The effect is a series of sounds which may be thus written: the first return is sharp and strong from the road-way overhead; the rattling which succeeds dies away rapidly, but the single repercussion from the opposite pier is very strong, and is succeeded by a faint palpitation repeating the sound at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds, and which, therefore, corresponds to a distance of a hundred and eighty-four feet, or very nearly the double interval from the road-way to the water. Thus it appears that, in the repercussion between the water and the road-way, that from the latter only affects the ear, the line drawn from the auditor to the water being too oblique for the sound to diverge sufficiently in that direction. Another peculiarity deserves especial notice, namely, that the echo from the opposite pier is best heard when the auditor stands precisely opposite to the middle of the breadth of the pier, and strikes just on that point. As it deviates to one or the other side, the return is proportionally fainter, and is scarcely heard by him when his station is a little beyond the extreme edge of the pier, though another person, stationed—on the same side of the water—at an equal distance from the central point, so as to have the pier between them, hears it well."

Mr. E. A very remarkable echo recorded, is at the palace of a nobleman, within two miles of Milan, in Italy. The building is of some length in front, and has two wings jutting forward; so that it wants only one side of an oblong figure. About one hundred paces before the mansion, a small brook glides gently; and over this brook is a bridge, forming a communication between the mansion and the garden. A pistol having been fired at this spot, fifty-six reiterations of the report were heard. The first twenty were distinct; but in proportion as the sound died away, and was answered at a greater distance, the repetitions were so doubled that they could scarcely be counted, the principal sound appearing to be saluted in its passage by reports on either side at the same time. A pistol of a larger calibre having been afterwards discharged, and consequently with a louder report, sixty distinct reiterations were counted.

E. Are any echoes alarming, mother?

Mrs. E. The tremendous avalanches of snow from the summits of the high Alps in Switzerland, furnish an instance of the most appalling echoes. Mr. Bakewell, speaking of the fall of these masses, says,—"The noise was indescribably deep and awful; reverberating in long and repeated echoes, which truly might be called the music of the mountains, and was in perfect harmony with the vast sublimity of the scene. To these deep echoes succeeded a solemn silence, till again an appalling crash from another part of the range was repeated by loud-

er bursts, responding from mountain to mountain. It would have required no very poetic imagination to have heard, amid these sounds, the mighty genii of the Alps holding conference together, in an awful language, that spoke of the feebleness of human power, compared with the force and intensity of nature."

Mr. E. But we have only time for one story more. Noises are sometimes considered ominous; and though my dear Emma does not believe in witches, let us see how she will bear the following tale. In one of the baronial castles of the north, which had been uninhabited for many years, there were heard at times such extraordinary noises, as to confirm the opinion of the country-people that the place was haunted. Not many years ago, the property descended to one of the heroes of Waterloo, who, nothing daunted, determined to make this castle his place of residence. As the noise excited real terror in his tenantry, he formed the resolution too of sleeping in his castle on the night he took possession, in order to remove these superstitious fears. Not a habitable room however could be found, except one occupied by an old gardener and his wife in the western turret, and there he ordered his camp-bed to be set up. It was at nightfall that he repaired to the gloomy abode, leaving his servant, to his no small comfort, at the village inn; and after finding everything as well provided as it could be, he turned the large old rusty key on the ancient pair, who went to a farm-house hard by. The night advanced as one of those which are checkered with occasional gleams of moonshine and darkness when the clouds ride in a high wind; and during the two first hours he slept well. A low mournful sound that run through the apartment then awoke him; it warned him to be up and accoutred; and he descended the turret stairs with a brilliant light, which, on coming to the ground floor, cast a gigantic shadow of himself on the high embattled walls. Here he stood and listened; when presently a hollow moan ran through the long corridor and died away. This was followed by one of a higher key, a sort of scream, which directed his footsteps with more certainty to the spot. Pursuing the sounds, he found himself in the great hall of his ancestors, and vaulting on the large oaken table, set down his lamp, and folding his cloak about him determined to wait the appearance of all that was terrible.

The night, which had been stormy, became suddenly still: the dark flitting clouds had sunk below the horizon, and the moon insinuated her silvery light through the chinks of the mouldering pile. As our hero had spent the morning in the chase, drowsiness came unbidden, and he fell asleep on the table. But his dream was short;—close to him came again the horrid groan;—he started up amazed;—sprang at the unseen voice;—fixing with a powerful blow his Toledo steel in the arras. The blade was fast, and held him to the spot. At this mo-

ment a ray from the moon illumined the hall, and showed that the cause was concealed behind the waving folds. He left his sword, and to the turret retraced his steps.

The morning came; a welcome crowd, greeting, asked if he had met the ghost? "O, yes," replied Sir Knight, "he is behind the screen, dead as a door-nail, where my sword has pinned him fast: bring the wrenching-bar and we'll haul the disturber out." With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the valiant throng advanced, they tore down the screen where the sword was fixed; when, lo!—in a recess lay the fragments of a chapel organ, and the square wooden trunks made for hallowed sounds were used as props, to stay the work when the hall was coated round with oak. The wondering clowns now laughed aloud at the mysterious voice; for it was the northern blast that found its way through the crannies of the wall to the groaning pipes that had alarmed the country round for a century past! There, Emma, can you say you were *not at all* alarmed?

E. O, yes, dear father; though you looked now and then so *very* grave, and spoke in such low and solemn tones, I knew that something of this kind would arise; and as for Fred., he might even now be the hero of such a tale.

[The following extracts are from 'Sketches of Martha's Vineyard,' &c. an interesting little volume, lately published by J. Munroe & Co. Boston.]

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

WHERE IS THE VINEYARD?

It is surprising how ignorant many of us are of many portions of our own State—even of places but a day's ride from our homes. Of many a man in the State, even in the metropolis thereof, you might ask the question, whether Duke's County is a part of Massachusetts or Virginia, who would be at a loss for an answer. The most that is generally known of Martha's Vineyard, the larger part of the county, is, that it is an island. But exactly where it is; how far from the main, and whether represented in the General Court, many, I think, would be puzzled to say.

THE NAME OF 'DUKES-COUNTY.'

The county was under the jurisdiction of the Duke of York for some thirty years, until 1692, when it became *actually* a part of Massachusetts: I say *actually*, as it was nominally attached to Massachusetts as early as 1644, and afterwards in like manner to New-York, for the only testimony of allegiance paid to the latter state was the primitive tax of two barrels of pickled codfish every year.—It was and is still, a place by itself — unique in its character and in the habits of its population.

MARTIN PRING.

The original name of the island is

supposed by Dr. Belknap to be Martin's Vineyard, from Martin Pring, who visited it about a year after it was discovered, and spent some weeks gathering sassafras. A fanciful and amusing origin of the names of the various islands in this region is handed down from father to son, viz. that three sisters, who came over from England,—Elizabeth, Martha, and Ann,—had the choice of them, and Elizabeth preferred that cluster which is known by her name—Martha, the Vineyard—and *Ann took it*, (Nantucket) the only one left.

PASSAGE FROM NEW-BEDFORD.

The point of Martha's Vineyard, nearest Boston, is but little over 80 miles. There are two routes. The distance from New-Bedford to Holmes' Hole, by the steam-boat, is 27 miles — from Falmouth, 8 miles — and by packet from N. Bedford to Edgartown, 36 miles. The trip is exceedingly pleasant.

The superb city-like appearance of New-Bedford from Buzzard's Bay, (from this position it surpasses in beauty the principal cities of the Union,) the Elizabeth Islands of various form, size, and aspect, those elysian fields for the bleating of lambs and their meek mothers; the broad Vineyard Sound; and the irregular shore of the continent, here and there enlivened by a diminutive village—these, to say nothing of the Vineyard itself, more or less attract the eye and serve to render the passage interesting.

The Vineyard is a paradise for sportsmen, abounding in all sorts of fish and wild-fowl. Forty species of the latter might be enumerated without comprehending near all.

WHALERS.

I am informed that eighty captains of whaling-ships belong toEdgartown. They sail mostly from New-Bedford, and are esteemed the most skilful and trust-worthy that can be found. Out of a population of three thousand on the island, about five or six hundred cannot be said to have a home upon the land, but go down, and not only go down, but live upon the sea in ships, and do business, most venturous business, upon the great waters.

EDGARTOWN.

The harbor of Edgartown is almost entirely protected from winds, and is one of the best in the world. A Northwester drove in something like an hundred sail a few weeks since. Though the wind blew a hurricane, and every thing on land shook as with a palsy, the surface of the bay was but little agitated, and the vessels lay as tranquil as sea-birds in a calm. Next day the weather changed, and the scene I can never forget. The wind coming from the opposite quarter, the clouds passed off and the sun came down upon the waters bright and beautiful. The craft, small and great, uplifted their silver sails, and with a good breeze made out to sea in almost regular succession. At length they broke from the line and dispersed in all directions upon the boundless ocean.

CLIFFS AT GAYHEAD.

At Gayhead, the western extremity of the island, are some objects of no little curiosity. This is the territory of the Indians, of whom there yet remain several hundred. The clay banks or cliffs of Gayhead are 150 feet from the shore and in some places nearly perpendicular. Washed as they are by tempestuous rains into a variety of shapes, frequently resembling the most symmetrical gothic pinnacles, and reflecting the several colors, white, red, blue, yellow, and black, as strongly and brilliantly as if prismatic, (each pinnacle having a different color,) as you pass them on the Sound in a clear day they are said to be indescribably beautiful. Whatever they are on the water—they are so on the land. Hence the name Gayhead. Petrifactions of different sorts, such as wood, quohaugs, and the vertebræ of fish, are taken from these cliffs 130 feet from the shore. The vertebræ of a Lizard was shown me as large in circumference as the ordinary plate, or the inner edge of my hat brim. This lizard, so thought Professor Silliman, must have been 100 feet long and belonged to a species now extinct. The gentleman, who was kind enough to accompany me to the cliffs, dug from them the petrified claw of a turtle, quite perfect and of course very valuable. There is much food here for the geological student.

MRS. REMEMBER SKIFFE.

At Gayhead light was the home of Mrs. Remember Skiffe, ever memorable, who lived a century, and when 93 years old knit 50 pairs of stockings in twelve months, and upon whom the angel of disease never put his finger until he summoned her from the world. Although Gayhead is twenty miles from Edgartown and it is necessary in going thither to take down and put up, some thirty pairs of bars, it will well repay the perseverance of the visitor. Here he will see the Devil's Den; which resembles the crater of an extinct volcano; where, tradition informs us, the Giant Maushop took up his abode and boiled whales for breakfast upon the forest trees he tore up by the roots. He decamped very suddenly and left his Satanic majesty heir to his possessions. The panorama from the light, or from the Head, is very extensive and fine. The eye takes in the broad expanse of the ocean; the Sound with its many sail; Falmouth; New Bedford, and the blue outline of Noman's Land and the Elizabeth Islands.

PECULIARITIES AT THE VINEYARD.

The old stock of the Islanders may be said to have a language and pronunciation of their own. The former is quaint, hearty, and much set off with sea-phrases and wild imagery. The latter is singularly provincial, full of force and meaning, and highly amusing. These remarks must be confined to the old settlers, some of whom have never set foot upon the main-land. If one of them, who had seen nothing but salt-water and a patch of earth, were suddenly transported to the crowded streets of Boston or New

what would he think? That he was in his own sphere?

On Nantucket, a few years since, it was so well known who was on the island, and such a true, confidential, and delightfully pleasant feeling pervaded the population, that it was an unknown thing to lock or bar one's doors at night. I doubt not the same was true of the Vineyard. —There are no signs of intemperance in Edgartown. None are licensed to sell spirit, and all that is used is bought and sold secretly. Only three cases of litigation have gone to the jury in the space of five years. Of course there is little or nothing for lawyers to feed upon.

FEMALE AMUSEMENTS.

Knitting was a very general occupation some thirty years since. We are informed by Rev. Dr. Freeman,* that 15,000 pairs of stockings,—3,000 mittens,—and 600 wigs for seamen, were knit annually. It is far from being so now. The good old times rise in judgment against the sad degeneracy of the present, and condemn them. It used to be said, that when you reached Cape Poge light, (which is near the north extremity of Choppequiddick island and several miles from the Vineyard,) you could hear the knitting-needles at Edgartown. It is not so now; and many an ancient and discreet personage is found to lament that the fingers of the fair are bewitched to thrum the keys of that modern notion and arrant time-killer,—the Piano. If they could only talk Latin, how feelingly they would exclaim, O tempora, O mores.

HOLMES' HOLE.

Holmes' Hole is just what its name indicates. The village of the same designation is very prettily situated at the head of the bay which runs far into the land. It has on each side a promontory extending boldly into the Sound. These promontories are denominated the East and West Chop; perhaps because they *chop* the sea. It contains some churches and is about one-third the size of Edgartown. This latter place (pronounced *Edgarton*) is situated on the south-eastern shore of the island, and is as compact as a city. The fellow-feeling produced by their circumstances, their island residence and sea-occupation, naturally concentrates inhabitants.

The soil is more sandy here than in the more western parts of the Island. Several wharves run out some distance from the shore, and as vessels oftentimes lie on all sides, in bad weather, from six to ten deep on the lee side, they give to the town an appearance of considerable business and enterprize. Many of the vessels are engaged in the fisheries, and belong to the Saturday Baptists of New London- This sect was new to me until I visited the Vineyard. There I learned that they keep strictly the Jewish Sabbath, and make for the harbor on Friday evening or Saturday morning.

We may refer again to this work in some future number.

* He wrote an interesting narrative of Duke's County, in 1807, inserted in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. 3d, 2d Series.

Change.

Furnished for this work by Lowell Mason, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music.

Music by Himmel.

1. We cannot remain so for - ev - er, Here under the changea - ble
moon: The flowers that bloom sweetly round us, Are destined to
wither full soon, Are destined to with - er full soon. . .

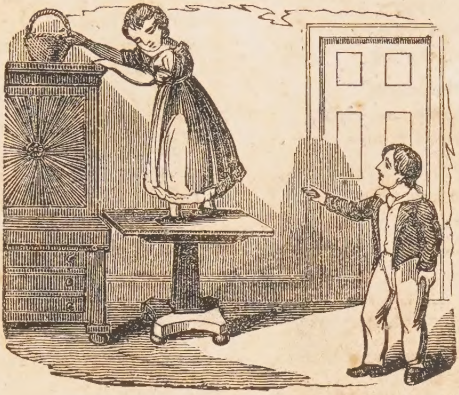
2

Then since we must surely be parted
We'll cleave to what's purest and best,
For this will forever unite us
Though far in the east or the west.

And when we're away from each other,
Our hearts, may they ever be near!
The blessing that lights on a brother,
To *all*, yes, to *all* shall be dear.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1839.



FANNY SPY.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

LUCY, Lucy, come away!
Never climb for things so high.
Don't you know, the other day,
What fell out with Fanny Spy?

Fanny spied a loaf of cake,
under a bureau above her reach;
so that the bottink to make
lower drawer side a breach.
Here, having lai

When she thought the family
Out of sight and hearing too,
Quickly to the closet she
Forth a polished table drew.

First, she stepped upon a chair;
Then the table, then a shelf;
Thinking she securely there
Might unnoticed help herself.

Then she seized a heavy slice,
Leaving in the loaf a cleft,
Wider than a dozen mice,
Feasted there all night, had left.

Stepping backwards, Fanny slid
On the table's polished face;
Down she came, with dish and lid,
Silver, glass, and china vase.

In from every room they rushed
Father, mother, servants, all,
Thinking all the closet crushed,
By the racket and the fall.

'Mid the uproar of the house,
Fanny, in her shame and fright,
Wished herself indeed a mouse,
But to run and hide from sight.

Yet was she to learn how vain,
Poor and worthless is a wish.

Wishing could not quell her pain,
Hide her shame, nor mend a dish.

There she lay, but could not speak;
For a tooth had made a pass
Through her lip; and to her cheek,
Clung a piece of shivered glass.

From her altered features gushed
Rolling tears and streaming gore,
While untasted still, and crushed,
Lay her cake upon the floor.

Then the Doctor hurried in:
Fanny at his needle swooned,
While he held her crimson chin,
And together stitched the wound.

Now her face a scar must wear,
Ever till her dying day!
Questioned how it happened there,
What can blushing Fanny say?

Newburyport, 1839.

GLEANINGS AND RECOLLECTIONS.—BY MISS LESLIE.

THE TAME BEAVER.—THE SWINE GENERAL.—MONKIES.—THE PLANE TREE OF FRAUENSTEIN.

THE TAME BEAVER.

It is well known that the beaver, even when caught young and domesticated, evinces his instinctive propensity for building houses and dams, such as those animals are accustomed to constructing about the creeks and running waters of the wilderness. We have heard of a young beaver, caught at the very earliest age, and brought up at a farm house, who was left one night in the yard where there was a pile of wood. When the family rose in the morning, it was found that the back door could not be opened; something seeming to have barricaded it on the outside. The difficulty was caused by the beaver, who had undertaken to build a house against it; for which purpose he had selected some of the most portable sticks from the wood-pile and laid them across each other, according to the manner in which they elevate their structures.

I have read of a beaver that was brought from America to England when so young that he was covered only with short wool, none of the long hair with which he was afterwards coated having appeared. Five other little beavers had been shipped with him, but [illegible] he only one that survived [illegible] when he arrived he wa[illegible] ble condition; but being

speedily recovered his health, and kindness soon made him familiar. When called by his name, "Binney," he answered with a little low cry, and came at once to his owner. His favorite place was the hearth rug; and his delight was to repose on it, lying at the feet of his master.

He had been, at first, kept in a cage; but as soon as he was allowed his liberty, the building propensity showed itself. As he grew up, his strength became surprisingly great, for an animal of his size. He usually erected his building in the same part of the room. The long and large materials were always carried to the place first, and two of the longest laid crossways. He would drag along a large sweeping brush, or a warming-pan, grasping the handle with his teeth, so that the heaviest part came over his shoulder. Having formed the square or ground plot, he would fill it up with hand-brushes, rush-baskets, books, boots, sticks, cloths, or any thing that he could carry. As the building grew high he would prop himself on his broad strong tail, and sit up awhile opposite, surveying his work as if to judge if it was right; after which he would sometimes change the position of the materials. This place he seemed to intend as his dam.

He would then proceed to make his house, which was usually in the space under a bureau which stood on high legs, so that the bottom or under-side of the lower drawer formed a roof for him. Here, having laid his sticks or any thing that he could get, he filled up the interstices with hay, bits of coal, rags, or whatever he could pick up. When finished, he would go and sit in it. He often carried light articles between his right leg and his chin, walking on the other three legs. Large heavy things he frequently pushed forward by leaning against them the lower part of his head and the right fore-paw. He never carried any thing on his tail,—a practice which has been attributed to beavers—but he liked to dip it in water, though he was not fond of plunging in the whole of his body. When his tail was quite dry he seemed uncomfortable, and would drink a great deal. Bread and milk with sugar in it was his chief food; but he was very fond of fresh vegetable roots, and of juicy fruit. Altogether he was a most amusing creature, and very deservedly a pet.

THE SWINE GENERAL.

It is the custom in most of the German villages for the pigs belonging to the inhabitants, to be taken out every morning at early dawn to the nearest waste hill, for the benefit of air and exercise. They are in charge of a man called the Swine General, who is appointed by the town to conduct them on their excursions and to watch them while rooting and scrambling among the stones and weeds of their allotted ground. On his blowing four notes on a wooden trumpet, every hog comes out into the street; and when the whole herd is collected, he

drives them to their hill, keeping them there till about nine o'clock; at which time he brings them home to be fed in their pens or styes. In the afternoon, at four, he takes them out again, bringing them back at sunset.

For filling this office—which no doubt contributes greatly to the health of the animals, if not to their fatness—the Swine General receives about twenty pounds a year.

MONKIES.

THE cunning of the monkey, and his propensity to mimic the actions of human beings, render him a most amusing animal, though at the same time a very mischievous one. This imitative disposition is not the result of instruction, but is natural to the ape and monkey tribe, even in their savage state; and a little teaching enables them to perform many surprising feats. They are natives of warm climates only, and are found wild in most of the tropical regions, and also in the north of Africa; but in no part of Europe, except about the rock of Gibraltar, in the clefts and crevices of which they are frequently seen, sometimes venturing out, and running along the heights with great agility. They are supposed to have been originally brought thither from the opposite coast of Morocco, which at Ceuta—the nearest point—is but fifteen miles distant.

A British officer relates that, being in India with the regiment to which he was attached, they had one evening after a fatiguing march encamped for a day or two in the neighborhood of a forest. I was at a season and in a part of that vas

country, where the nights are sometimes cold enough to require a blanket. The men all slept very soundly; but in the morning, several of them, whose tents were near the forest, found that their blankets had been stolen from them in the night. The centinels declared that they had seen no one go in or out of the camp; and, in consequence, became themselves the objects of some suspicion. A strict search for the missing blankets was instituted, and every place in the camp minutely examined, but without success. In the course of the day, however, the thieves were discovered; a number of large monkies being seen going about the woods with portions of the stolen blankets, which they wore as shawls.

A large monkey and a very small one were fellow-passengers in an English ship returning from India. Advantage was taken of a calm to re-paint some parts of the vessel, and for this purpose a scaffold was erected outside. One day when the painter had gone to dinner, the large monkey availed himself of their absence to meddle with the paint-pots and brushes; and on their return they found that he had seized on the little monkey, and was busily engaged in painting him all over white.

A voyager tells of having seen a female monkey, on the shore of one of the West India islands, bring her young one down to the beach and wash him carefully in the sea-water; after which, she laid him on a piece of rock to dry, and went up into the woods to procure some food for him. The little monkey, as soon as his mother was gone, raised his head, looked stealthily around him, and then got off the rock, and rolled himself all over in the sand. When his mother returned and found what he had been about, she took him up and punished him with a good whipping.

Among the regulations of the port of London, is one which prohibits, under a penalty—I believe—of fifty pounds, the firing of a gun from any vessel lying in the harbor. An armed ship had just come in from a long voyage, during which she touched at several places where immediately on anchoring she had fired a salute. A monkey that was on board, wondering probably why this ceremony was omitted, when he saw the anchor dropped at the city of London, concluded that rather than it should not take place he would fire the salute himself. Accordingly, while the attention of all on board was engaged with the business of arrival, he went to the caboose or cooking-place, and took out with the tongs a live coal, which he applied to the touch-hole of one of the guns, and immediately the whole neighborhood was alarmed with the report of cannon. The captain of the vessel was prosecuted for infringing the harbor-law; and he could only clear himself by proving that the cannon was discharged by the monkey.

A friend of mine told me that herself and sister were sitting at work one afternoon at a front parlor window of their

house in Philadelphia, when they heard a repeated sound like something dropping on the cellar door. They at first supposed it to be drops of rain; but on looking up, they perceived that the sky was clear, and that there was no appearance of clouds. One of the ladies went up stairs soon after, and found their monkey sitting in the window of a front chamber, in the third story, with the toilet pincushion in his hand, from which he was taking the pins and throwing them down, one by one, into the street.

A family, that lived next door to ours, had a monkey which they generally kept in the yard, and his mischievous tricks caused great diversion to the neighbors. I once saw him running along the top of the garden fence, from which a clothes-line happened to have been stretched, as it was washing day. He unfastened the line with much quickness: and he then amused himself with tangling and knotting it together; using his hands with surprising dexterity, and, after effecting a very hard knot, raising his head and looking round half exultingly and half in fear of detection. When the women came out with their basket of wet clothes and found what the monkey was at, they drove him off with a broom, but could not help laughing, notwithstanding the trouble they had in disengaging the knots of the clothes-line.

A monkey that was exhibited in Philadelphia, took a great fancy to the parasol of a young relative of mine, who was among the spectators; holding out his hand and seeming to insist so urgently on having it that it was at last entrusted to him. The monkey opened the parasol, held it over his head, and walked about with it, looking highly delighted; and could not be prevailed on to give it up to the owner, without the interference of his keeper.

The Oran Outang or Champanzee is the largest of all animals of the ape and monkey kind, and has the greatest resemblance to the human species. When full grown, he has been found near five feet high; and with the support of a staff held in one hand he walks erect like a man. These apes are found in Africa and in some parts of Asia, and when tamed by the natives have been taught to pound corn in a mortar, to bring water in a jug carried on the head, and to perform many menial offices. Some have been exhibited in Europe that had learnt to wash glass, and pour out and carry round wine to the company. One that was shown in London and Paris, would present his hand to visitors and conduct them through the room. He would take a chair and seat himself at table, unfold his napkin, feed himself off a plate with a fork or spoon, and wipe his mouth and hands when he had done eating. On being desired to take his tea, he would bring his cup and saucer, put in sugar and milk, and pour out the tea from the pot; always allowing it to cool before he drank it.

THE PLANE TREE OF FRAUENSTEIN.

Sir Francis Head gives an account of a plane tree—a sycamore or button-wood tree—of immense size and great antiquity, which he saw at the village of Frauenstein in Napau, Germany. It has five stems, all uniting in one at the bottom. The branches had spread out in an almost horizontal direction, but unable to support their own weight, they are now sustained by a scaffolding of stout props surrounding the whole tree. Under the shade of these venerable boughs, Sir Francis saw the children of the village playing in every sort of group and attitude, while some of their mothers were sitting near them engaged in spinning. Men were leaning against the upright scaffolding, and talking to each other; and jack-apes were enjoying the shelter of the beautiful foliage, while their drivers were drinking in a wine-shop, the usual sign of which, in Germany, is the branch of a tree affixed to the door post.

Close to the village, is a lofty rock crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Frauenstein, said to have been founded in the thirteenth century.

In the old church of this place, is kept a large manuscript book containing the annals of the town of Frauenstein,* written by successive priests who have officiated there. In this book is found the following history of the great plane tree.

The young heir of the castle of Frauenstein eloped with the beautiful niece of his sovereign, the Prince of Napau, and conveyed her to a lonely house at the foot of his native rock, beneath one of the ivy-mantled towers of his father's castle. On their way thither, the young lady was so overcome with fatigue that her lover had to carry her several miles in his arms. They had scarcely entered the house, when they were seized and dragged out by the prince her uncle, who with his followers had suddenly come upon them by another road. The unfortunate youth was secured and led in chains to the green in front of the house, where he was put to death by the prince.

The young lady afterwards retired to a convent and became a nun; but before she disappeared from the world, she had this plane tree planted on the spot where the blood of her lover had flowed. For many centuries, this tree was cherished with a superstitious regard, that prevented the inhabitants of Frauenstein from breaking even a twig or a blossom from it, there being an old tradition that it would bleed if they did so.

* Woman's Rock.

A boy without modesty, is lost to all sense of honor and virtue.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

He gives twice, that gives in a trice.

A man that outlives his reputation, soon becomes miserable.

STORY OF HARRY BELMONT.

The very next day, just after breakfast, Harry Belmont arrived at the house of Mr. Thomas Clare; Edward was delighted; his parents kindly received the little stranger, desired him to consider himself at home, and inquired after his family. The two boys were then permitted to go away together, to commence an acquaintance, or perhaps to form a lasting friendship for each other; for in the first days of youth friends are easily acquired, who are generally proved to be the sincerest and the warmest.

It was not indeed difficult to learn to love Harry Belmont; he was a few years older than Edward, but so kind, so considerate, so little conceited or selfish, that he did not affect or feel any superiority on that account. He was very warm in his feelings; and his countenance, which was usually pale, was lighted up with an ardent generosity that sparkled in his eyes. Edward, whose temper was more serene and quiet, observed with admiration his spirit and enthusiasm. One thing struck him particularly,—the unbounded affection and gratitude which he felt for his parents. He spoke of them with a deference and tenderness that seemed to fill his whole soul, and never to be absent from his thoughts.

"I think," exclaimed Edward, "that your father and mother must be very happy to have so good a son as you. I am quite sure that you never in your whole life did anything to vex them!" A burning blush crossed the cheek of his companion. "You seem to me," continued Edward, "to feel as if you were not worthy to look up to your parents,—as if your gratitude to them was almost too much for your mind to support. Oh, what a good son!"

"Ah, my Edward," said his friend with a very sad voice, "what a different judgment would you form of me if you knew all. I—I," said he, "a *good* son! O, Edward, if you knew my history!" and the tears poured down his cheeks.

"And what can it be?" said Edward, embracing him with affection; "my dear friend, do tell me; I love you like myself, and I conceal nothing from you: if you love me, you will have confidence in me too."

"But you will love me no longer when I have told you," said Harry. "Well, I deserve it," he sighed deeply, and began:

"When I was a very little child, my father and mother were obliged often to be absent from home, and I remained with nurses and servants who spoiled me. I was a bad boy, so self-willed that at last nobody could manage me, and then they complained to mother; so, after that, my parents kept me with them always. I disliked to be scolded, and hated to be punished: even their gentle remonstrances I did not listen to. Instead of becoming better, I got worse and

worse; no one loved me—I did not even love myself. I remember, the day I was six years old, my kind father had given me a little cloth coat; and said, 'Now, Harry, that you are six, and no longer a very little child, leave off your baby faults with your baby petticoats. Let this little coat remind you.' Many other kind things he said: alas! they did me no good.

About a week afterwards, so completely had I forgotten his counsel, that I flew into a worse passion than ever; my parents were obliged to punish me; and, as I continued screaming and crying, my father desired that I should remain alone in the room for an hour. I cried out 'I will leave you, I will go away, I will go to another house;' but, as I was in the habit of saying these naughty words, no one thought about it, and everybody went away. I was then alone, and I directly darted down stairs; the street door was open; I was in such a fury that I thought I would run away only to grieve my parents, and scarcely had I got into the street when a violent gust of wind blew the door to. I was too proud to knock and have it opened, and my screams and rage attracted the attention of a man who was passing. He came up and asked me what was the matter; and when I told him, 'Ah, cruel father and mother!' said he; 'if I were you, my brave boy, I would really leave them. Come with me; I will take you to a fine house where you shall have toys and sugar-plums all day long, and never be scolded. They will then be very sorry they used you so ill. I dare say, if you now go back, they will whip you soundly.'

I listened to this wicked man; I believed all he said, and I consented to follow him. You will shudder to hear what followed. At first, he spoke to me very kindly, and I ran after him through the frost and snow such a long way; at last we got to a miserable house, and he made me go into a sort of garret, where he locked me in, and I threw myself down on the floor and slept soundly, for I was very tired; but, next morning, he came and roused me early.

'Come, little rebel!' said he, 'get up, I have plenty of work for you.'

'Am I now going to the beautiful house?' said I, trembling at his voice.

'Come,' said he, 'no more questions and nonsense! you chose to leave your father and mother, now you have no choice about it: I am a master chimney-sweeper, and I was just in want of a very little boy like you, to climb all the little chimneys. You are just the thing: so here is a piece of bread; put on these rags, and go with two others to begin your trade.'

How I cried and sobbed! how I begged to go home!

'If you attempt it,' said he, 'if you tell your story to anybody, I will kill you. You Jack,' said he to one of the boys, 'go always with him, and never let him speak to any body; make him work, and remember all the small chimneys are for him.'

I need not tell you, after this, what a life I led; all day going about, my poor feet bleeding with the bad roads and fatigue, and half suffocated by the dreadful soot and the climbing up narrow chimneys; then at night starving with cold and hunger: a thousand times I wished to die, and indeed I often expected it, for I was dreadfully bruised by the falls I got, and besides so nearly stifled. Jack was as cruel as his master. Conceive my feelings: I thought of the home I had left, of the grief of my parents, and my head felt as if it was bound with a thick cord.

One day a servant came to my master, and told him to send a little boy directly, to sweep a very narrow difficult chimney at a great house a mile off, which had been long uninhabited. 'It is very dangerous,' said he, 'for it has not been swept for many years; but the house has been newly taken by a lady and gentleman who came down in a hurry, because they could no longer stay in their house in town, for some great misfortune had happened to them. They had lost a child, or dear friend, I think,' he said.

'I will send early to-morrow morning,' replied my cruel master; 'and if there is room for a monkey to climb, the chimney shall be swept.'

I trembled as I listened to these words; and the next day with a heavy heart I was obliged to go. I tried to speak to some one to implore pity, for I knew the danger of my task; but, though a great many people were standing round, yet I was prevented from speaking to any one, both by Jack and his master, who had come to see this difficult work done. He forced me up *such* a narrow crooked chimney that I felt I *could* go no farther. 'Ah! let me down,' said I, 'or I shall die!' He drove me on.

'Die or not,' said he, 'you shall not come down,' and thrust me on. A mass of soot fell. 'Oh, I am choking!' cried I; 'indeed I shall be killed!' He pushed my foot and forced me on;—I became giddy; my head struck against some projection in the passage; some fragments of bricks or stones had fallen as I tried to grasp them; a film came over my eyes; there was a great noise, and I fell. I just remember to have heard a groan, as from the people; after that I became quite insensible.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on a sheet in the middle of the drawing-room, covered with blood, one arm broken, and bruised all over. A crowd of people were round me, and I awoke as if from a deep sleep. Somebody said, 'Look! here is my mistress come to inquire about the little sweep.' I turned my eyes to the door, I could scarcely see; yet there seemed a beautiful lady splendidly dressed. As she saw me, she shrieked out,—oh, such a scream! it went through my heart; she rushed forwards, darted through the crowd,—they thought she was mad, for she pushed aside everybody as in a frenzy;—then threw herself beside the little chimney-sweeper, her white dress cover-

ed with blood and soot as she clasped him in her arms, while she sobbed as if her heart would break. She called out, 'Oh, my Harry! my own, own Harry!' and, pressing his sooty forehead to her lips, kissed it a thousand times. Oh, Edward! can the kisses of a mother ever be mistaken? I could not see, I scarcely heard; but I *felt*, oh, how I felt! I thought my heart would burst my bosom. I remember I just said, 'I can die now my mother forgives me; she loves me; oh, dear mother! I am happier now, all wounded and dying, than——' But I tried to grasp her hand, and the exquisite pain of moving my wounded arm made me faint again.

A surgeon soon arrived and he set my arm, and they washed me and put me to bed,—this was done without my knowledge; so that, when I recovered, I lifted my head from my pillow, and saw my mother like my guardian-angel sitting watching and bending over me. I cannot describe my feelings; nor those, three days after, when I was permitted by the doctor to see my dear father: he too had hovered by my bed while I was sleeping. Oh, Edward, what a moment! to see a father's lip quiver,—to see the tear in his eye, called there by his son!

Harry Belmont hid his face in his hands as he said these words, and remained silent for some moments; then looking anxiously up, "Well, Edward," said he, "can you wonder that this is never absent from my mind; and can you love me after this?" and Edward, without replying, threw himself into the arms of his friend, and embraced him with the affection of a brother.

CONVERSATION ON CHINA WARE.

Emma. MOTHER, can you tell me what porcelain is?

Mrs. E. Porcelain is a name now employed to denote only the finer kinds of earthenware; and because one sort has been manufactured in China from time immemorial, in the greatest perfection, it has attained the name of Chinese porcelain, or China ware. Its durable nature is proved by the Porcelain Tower, erected at Nankin. This building is of an octagonal shape, is of nine stories, and very nearly 300 feet high, and its entire surface is covered with porcelain of the finest quality. Although this singular and beautiful edifice has been erected more than 400 years, it has hitherto withstood all the changes of the seasons, and every variety of weather, without the slightest appearance of injury. The first porcelain seen in Europe was brought from Japan and China, and the admiration it excited urged to various attempts at imitation.

European porcelains were first made in Saxony; the manufacture was after-

wards introduced into France, and then into England, Germany, and Italy.

Frederick. Is any thing known of the manner in which porcelain was made in China?

Mr. E. O yes; a full account has been given of it by a Romish missionary, Father D'Entricolles, who lived for some time in the village or town where the principal manufactory was established, a place said to contain not less than one million of inhabitants, and from whence porcelain is transported to all parts of the world. The chief ingredients appear to be two kinds of earth, called petuntse and kaolin, by the mixing of which paste is made. A rich Chinese merchant told the father, that the English and Dutch, having purchased a quantity of petuntse, conveyed it to Europe for the purpose of making porcelain; but the attempt failed, because they procured none of the kaolin. "They wanted," he added, with a smile at foreign credulity, "to form a body, the flesh of which should support itself without bones."

E. O dear, that would never do. But do the Chinese work like our potters?

Mr. E. The paste being prepared by adding different substances to the principal ingredients, the vessels for which it is designed are formed on the wheel, and many persons are employed on the commonest description of tea-cup. The first manages the wheel, and quickly gives the cup its form, height, and diameter. His recompense is extremely small; as for fashioning twenty-six tea-cups he receives only about three farthings of our money. A second workman fits the cup to its base; and from him it passes immediately to a third, who, by means of a mould, placed on a kind of lathe, improves its shape. A fourth, by means of a chisel, gives smoothness and evenness to the edge, and pares the cup, so that it may be sufficiently transparent. A fifth smooths the inside by turning it gently on a mould; and others, according to the description of cup, add the handle or some ornaments in relief, or else make sunken impressions. The vessels are passed from one to another with great dexterity; and it is said that a single piece of porcelain, before it is completely finished, must pass through the hands of no less than seventy different workmen; but, I conceive, this must be an error.

Mrs. E. I will read you, my dears, part of the account of the Chinese Porcelain Manufacture, by Sir George Staunton.

"From the river were seen several excavations made in extricating from the sides of the adjoining hills, the petuntse, useful in the manufacture of porcelain. It appears that it is the same as the growan stone of the Cornish miners. The kaolin, or principal matter mixed with the petuntse, is the growan clay of the Cornish miners. It was related by a Chinese manufacturer, that the asbestos, or incombustible fossil stone, entered also into the composition of porcelain. A vil-

lage, or unwalled town, called Kin-te-chin, was not very far distant from this part of the present traveller's route, in which 3000 furnaces for baking porcelain were said to be lighted at a time, and gave to the place, at night, the appearance of a town on fire."

E. Thank you, dear mother, what a sight it must be! I remember how bright it was when Mr. Stevens's barn was burning last winter;—but that was nothing to so many furnaces. But didn't you say just now that the first European porcelain was made in Saxony?

Mrs. E. It was; and an incidental discovery led to its manufacture. While prosecuting his vain experiments in search of the philosopher's stone, a German alchemist, the Baron de Botticher, prepared some crucibles, which he found were made, by the action of heat, greatly to resemble the oriental porcelain. Immediately he wisely abandoned his former pursuit, and gave his energies to the establishment of a manufacture, which was, in the end, more beneficial to himself and others, than the actual discovery of the philosopher's stone could have been. The world, however, did not at once reap the full benefit of this discovery, for, with a jealousy too common, the processes used in the Dresden works were kept secret. Up to the period of De Botticher's death, in 1719, only white porcelain was made in Saxony; but success in this manufacture occasioned porcelain works to be established at St. Cloud and at Paris.

Mr. E. Mr. Jonas Hanway visited the Chinese palace at Dresden, which contained specimens of the Dresden manufacture, laid up by the king of Poland, from the first efforts of De Botticher, through all its after- steps; and thus describes its immense collection of porcelain: "The vaults of this palace consist of fourteen apartments filled with Chinese and Dresden porcelain. One would imagine there is sufficient to stock a whole country; and yet they say, with an air of importance, that a hundred thousand pieces more are wanted to complete the intention of furnishing this single palace.

"Here are a great number of porcelain figures of wolves, bears, leopards, &c.—some of them as big as the life—a prodigious variety of birds, and a curious collection of different flowers. A clock is preparing for the gallery, whose bells are to be also of porcelain. I heard one of them proved, and think they are sufficient to form any music; but the hammers must be of wood.

"Here are forty eight large China vases, which appear to be of no use, nor any way extraordinary, except for their great size; and yet His Polish Majesty purchased them of the late king of Prussia, at the price of a whole regiment of dragoons."

I perfectly agree, however, with Mr. Parke, that "the idea of preserving the results of De Botticher's experiments, reflects more honor upon his memory than the bartering away the liberties of his subjects for pieces of foreign porcelain."

105 The bill-hook and hammer, Nos. 9 and 12, should be drawn exactly twice as large as the copies. After the drawings are finished, the pupil may measure them roughly against the originals to ascertain their correctness.

106 Perpendicular, horizontal, and oblique lines of various lengths, and each divided into two equal parts by a mark; the parts may be afterwards measured by a bit of paper to ascertain their correctness.

107 A watch-key and a comb, from those objects.

*108 A pigeon house.

*109 Ornaments or borders; some of these may be copied, but the pupil should be required to invent others.

*110 A flower.

*111 A fly. This copy should be looked at well, and then drawn from memory.

112 The exercise, No. 101, should be repeated, the pupil being required to draw lines of one inch, two inches, half an inch, and an inch and a half.

113 An umbrella, from the object.

114 A birch broom, to be examined attentively, and then drawn from memory.

*115 A fish.

*116 A key.

117 Some of the later ornaments in No. 109 may be imitated, and others invented.

118 The exercise, No. 106, should be repeated, some of the lines being divided into two, and others into three and four equal parts.

119 The cottage, No. 64, and flower, No. 60, from memory. The teacher should describe these numbers and show the pattern for an instant, if indispensable.

120 A slipper, from the object.

121 A feather, from nature.

*122 A cottage. The relative length of the various lines should be estimated, and dots placed at the angles before the drawing is commenced.

123 A quart bottle, to be drawn from the object.

*124 Two capital letters, I and A, to be drawn large.

125 The exercises, No. 106 and 118, to be repeated, and afterwards a third and a quarter marked off from the ends of various lines.

126 The hammer, No. 12, and snake, No. 15, to be drawn exactly half the size of the copies.

*127 A cheese.

*128 A boot. The copy should be looked at and then imitated from memory; when finished, the sketch should be compared with the copy, the faults noticed, and another drawn from memory.

129 A spinning top, or a ball of cotton, to be drawn from the object, with a little shading.

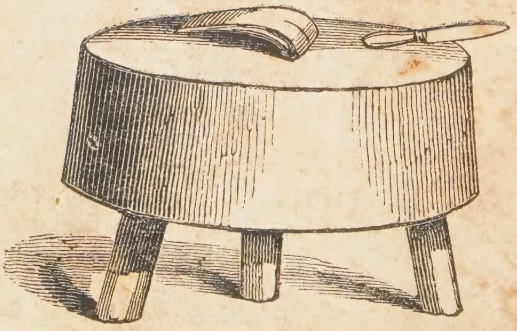
130 A very simple flower, as a heartsease or primrose, from nature.

*131 A boy in a barrel. See remark at No. 54.

132 A satchel or bag, from the object.

No. 93.

No. 94.



No. 110.

No. 111.

No. 116.

No. 115.

cruelty of the conquerors; and deplored the slothfulness of those who ought to have been their defenders. Edith knew nothing of courts; nor had she any opportunity of becoming acquainted with the refinements which it was said the French had introduced. They might be the means of doing some good to the land, perchance; but this she could not comprehend. All she knew was, that the people of her own country were turned out of their dwellings, and spoiled of their honors; that foreigners ruled over them and trampled them to the dust; and the counsellors of her childhood too, the inhabitants of the religious houses, some of whom Edith, with good reason, held in veneration, were expelled from their monasteries, or obliged to sue for bread to the insulting Franks.

No wonder if Edith often sang to herself, in sorrow and indignation, the songs of her native land. No wonder if her voice swelled with indignant feeling as she sung the praises of some chieftain of old among her people. And so it did now, as she sat in the greenwood, with the head of Godwin's mother resting on her knee; and longer, perhaps, she would have sung, but for a slight rustling in the boughs of a neighboring tree. It might be a human being—the very woodman she wished, or the Norman she did *not* wish, to see; or it might be but a timid deer. Her eyes steadily bent on the spot, Edith sat quite still, but the song was over; and in another moment a Norman huntsman stepped from behind a tree, with an easy, and yet not a rude, uncourteous gesture. Edith, though confused and startled, pointed anxiously to the sleeper on her knee, and whispered a few words of apology to the Norman lord; for so she deemed him. "I cannot rise, my lord, to do thee reverence," said she: "this ancient friend is sorely fatigued, and needeth repose."

"I do not want thee to do me reverence," he replied, in his own tongue, which Edith too well understood; "but I heard thy song, and its tones pleased me. Wilt thou sing it once more?"

"That song," whispered Edith, "was no song for a Frenchman, my lord."

"Yet I like it. Let me hear it again."

Edith obeyed, and repeated the song, though in a low and more tremulous voice.

"And now, maiden," said the hunter, "may I not know thy name and errand? Thou art much too young, and too pretty, methinks, to wander about and sing English songs in the forest. Tell me where art thou going?"

Edith felt herself in the power of the huntsman; but there was something in his manner that took away much of her usual dread of the Normans, and she instantly resolved to throw herself on his generosity. "I will speak simple truth, my lord," she began; and she told him her history, and her intention of going to Winchester; first halting at Rumsey Abbey, in order to see the princess Matilda.

At the name of Matilda, the Norman started. "No one in this realm," said he,

"knows that noble princess better than I. Thou dost rightly in going to her; and no harm shall happen to one who seeketh her, while Harry Beauclerc carrieth this good sword! Be still good maiden," he continued, (for Edith, startled at this hasty disclosure of his name and rank, was about to rise and kneel before the son of her king:) "I am no more than a plain hunter of the forest now, nor perhaps ever shall be; but if ever I rule over thy people, I trust neither the princess Matilda, nor her countrywomen, will find me the more a tyrant for being a Frenchman. But see! thy mother waketh. I will hide me for an instant."

"Oh, how oft have I longed to be able to bless *one* Norman!" said Edith to herself. "Blessed be He that hath read the desires of my heart!"

Godwin's mother awoke refreshed, yet still feeble. "Did I not hear a voice, my daughter? I thought I heard a voice as I awoke, and it was not thine."

"Truly, thou heardest aright. A stranger was here but now, and his speech was friendly."

"A stranger, and yet kind to our race! Oh no! believe it not, my daughter. The thing cannot be. They are all alike —all cruel and crafty."

"The aged are not always the nearer truth, good mother, for all their wisdom," said the Norman, re-appearing. "Thy daughter hath trusted me, and trusted not in vain."

"List, mother!" said Edith, in a low voice. "It is prince Henry."

Godwin's mother, as we have seen, carried about her a bitter hatred to the Normans: but the immediate neighborhood of a king's son, and especially of prince Henry, who, though a Norman, was beloved by the English, inspired her with a most garrulous loyalty. This was not very acceptable to the prince; and hastily brushing aside the black locks which thickly shaded his brow, "Good mother, good mother," said he, "bended knees are many among the people of this land; but few faithful hearts. A little less outward show, and a little more inward truth, would be better."

"Nay, prince Henry," said Edith, gently, "our people kneel because the iron yoke is upon them; but kindness only can win the heart; and small store of that has yet been proffered to them. Did but one Frenchman, out of many, speak to us English as thou hast done this day, thy father would soon reign over faithful and loving subjects. Go to Ringwood, and say whether it be not safer for the weak to shelter among the beasts of the forest, than among the foreigners in their pride."

"It may be so," he replied. "But thy errand, maiden. Thou canst not, by any means, reach Rumsey this night. There are yet ten long miles between thee and it."

"Forgive me, my lord; thou speakest as a friend, and Edith trusteth thee. Knowest thou no hut in the forest, where we may bide in safety?"

Prince Henry paused. "Such a hut

I know, about one mile from this place; but to direct thee to it were but an idle mockery. Darest thou take me for thy guide?"

Edith's look of entire and simple trust was sufficient answer; and the Norman stayed for no more, but moved on, somewhat too quickly, indeed, for the aged Saxon woman; yet, though hasty, and for the moment unthinking, it seemed he was soon sensible of his neglect; for on turning round and observing her panting and tired form, he slackened his pace immediately, and even offered the old dame the support of his arm.

"Cheer up, good mother!" said he, "we shall soon reach Cedric the woodman's. Now," he continued, "though Harry Beauclerc cares not to magnify his own merits, he is right glad, for thy sake, fair maiden, that it was with *him*, and not with Red William, or Mad Robert, his brothers, that ye have met. Red William hunts in the forest to-morrow; but I will take care he goes not the northern way. Ye shall have clear passage to Rumsey. And to speak again of thy errand, fair maiden: I dare not offer much hope. The nobles are bent on preserving the forest-laws, and the death of the ranger is an evil example; but thou art right in going to Winchester. I will join in intercession with queen Editha; though, as yet, I am little in these realms, being only Harry Beauclerc, whom the fierce William Rufus holds in disdain. However, I will do what I can. But here is Cedric's hut. Ho! Cedric, my old friend of the forest! art within? ho!" And the prince, receiving no immediate answer, applied his hunting-horn to his lips, and blew a merry and spirit-stirring blast, which made all the forest ring. "Ho, Cedric!" he continued, striking his foot impatiently against the door, "open thy doors quickly, ho! to thy king's son."

The door at length slowly opened from within, and an old woodman put out his head, imploring the prince's pardon for his long delay.

"Truly long, indeed," said prince Henry. "One would think thou hadst been dead and buried; and yet, I think me, thou wert not even asleep, Cedric."

At the first opening of the hovel-door, the eye in vain strove to penetrate the abyss of smoke and dirt in the interior of the dwelling; but the quick glance of the prince, as the smoke gradually cleared away, enabled him to detect the remains of a larger fire than ordinary, which seemed suddenly to have been extinguished on their coming; and a savory smell was also wafted from the same quarter. In confirmation of all these suspicious appearances, the young Norman's eye fell upon a dog, busily employed in devouring a fresh-cut slice of venison. "Now, Cedric, thou knavish forester!" he exclaimed, seizing the woodman by the belt, while he looked at him with an expression of comic triumph, "I have often suspected thee of rogue's tricks, but now I have caught thee in the very fact; and do know and certify, that

thou and thy dame art guilty of killing and eating the king's deer. Moreover, I testify that thou art a glutton, and eatest thy dainties alone. How happened it, that when I came to thy hut, hungry and tired, this morn thou couldst find nothing for me but a bit of mouldy bread and some water ?"

The sly expression of the forester's eye, as he listened to the Norman, showed a tolerable conviction that he thought he had not much to fear from his present guest. "Verily, prince Henry," said he at last, "I do believe I wronged thee by not trusting thee. It sits light on the conscience of an Englishman to snare the red deer in the forest; but I would not, for the world, wrong a kind-hearted youth by suspecting he would betray me."

"Well, well, I will *not* betray thee. But be wary in time, Cedric. Harry Beauclerc hath seen much of the craft of thee and thy fellows; and, if ever he is king, will know how to look after the deer more sharply than even his father hath done."

"First give Englishmen room to be honest, my lord," answered the old man, "and then do what pleaseth thee; but, with a starving houseless people, thou wilt hardly escape the doom of reigning over thieves."

"No, not hardly *then*, I fear. But now, Cedric, I have caught thee feasting on the forbidden food; and thy life is, as thou knowest, forfeit to the law. Nevertheless, I pardon thee, on condition thou supply this maiden and her mother with food and lodging to-night, and guide them to Rumsey Abbey betimes to-morrow morn. A kind, good evening, gentle maiden," continued he; "and to thee too, ancient dame. Commend me to the princess Matilda. Say what thou mayest of Harry Beauclerc's care of her countrywomen; and tell her he envies them, in that they are going to look on her bright eyes before him." So saying, and slightly touching his hunting-cap, he abruptly departed, whistling a lively French air, before Edith or her companion could offer a word of thanks.

"A gentle youth that," said the woodman's wife, who had hitherto remained silent and somewhat startled.

"Yes, and a brave one;" answered Cedric. "England hath some small hope yet in *him*. I trow there is not another lordling nor knight, of all king William's followers, from whom I should have had pardon for this day's work."

"Did I not tell thee, what a danger thou broughtest upon thyself, Cedric? Was ever such a daring churl as thou, to make me cook thy venison, here, at such a time a day? It should be done ere sunrise, man; no other hour is safe."

"Safe! we are never safe, waking or sleeping, at home or abroad! When we starve, they call us lazy curs; when we snatch a morsel of food, they come down upon us with their forest-laws, and put out our eyes, or slay us on the spot. But, good woman, thou art a pretty housewife; thou sayest not a word to

the poor tired travellers. Come, maiden, here is still some food left; eat and refresh nature."

Edith thanked him, but said she had rather not eat of the venison, which had cost him so much peril, and would sup on the cakes still left in her bag. The old woman was not so scrupulous; and reproached her companion for not partaking of their meal; but Edith bore it meekly, and felt, in her heart, no wish to touch the savory, forbidden food; though the law might be hard, which forbade her to do so. As both Godwin's mother and herself had kept watch the preceding night, they slept soundly, till the forester aroused them in the morning. "Good speed to us on our way, friends;" observed he. "My wife dreamt last night she had a burning candle in her hand; we shall surely prosper after that: but we will eat first, and sing our matin song;" and Cedric issued forth in search of fresh water from the spring, while the travellers prepared for the day's journey, and the woodman's dame spread their repast. When all was done, and they had chaunted a psalm, and said a prayer, the forester led them on towards Rumsey.

There is no occasion to trouble our readers with an account of the journey this day, which was easily and safely performed; and the hour of noon found our travellers arrived at the abbey gate, where Cedric left them, exchanging thanks and wishes, and many blessings.

Rumsey Abbey was one of the most flourishing religious houses of the time. And here dwelt, as has already been said, the princess Matilda, the object of Harry Beauclerc's love, the future queen of England's future king.

But king William and his elder son, Rufus, had no such designs for Matilda. Twice, already, had the Conqueror received offers of marriage for her, from different Norman noblemen; and willingly would he have bestowed her hand on one of his favorites; but whether she loved prince Henry too well, or whether the abbess Christina, who was very desirous of her becoming a nun, prevailed on the king to postpone her marriage; certain it is, that, till the death of Red William, she remained secluded in the holy abbey of Rumsey.

It was there that Edith and her ancient friend were now to seek her. *They* had never seen the princess, except at festivals, in the church of the abbey; but the abbess Christina had long and well known Godwin's mother; and Edith's name, as the god-daughter of her venerable relation, queen Editha, was familiar to her. It was, therefore, with much interest, that she heard the story of their misfortunes, and errand to Winchester; and heartily did she commend Edith's judicious purpose. "It is no new thing, my daughter," said she, "for the English to seek that sainted lady; and while yet her days are spared on earth, she will befriend them: but as for the lady Matilda, she hath no power at all with

the Conqueror. Poor child! it is all I can do to keep herself from harm. Yet thou mayest see her: she hath a kind heart, and will feel for thee;" and the stately abbess, ringing a small silver bell, which stood on the table by her side, ordered one of the nuns to conduct Edith to the lady Matilda's chamber; while Bertha still remained, by her own desire, in the abbess's apartment.

Matilda was a maiden of dazzling beauty; one of the fairest of all England's fair ones. She was clad in the garb of the nuns; and when Edith entered, had even a piece of black stuff thrown over her head, like a veil; but as soon as the door was closed, she threw this aside, and appeared with no other covering on the head, than that usually worn by the Saxon ladies of rank. She smiled, as Edith's eye followed the black disguise, thus removed from her features. "I have not taken the veil," said she, "nor do I mean it; but my aunt Christina is never easy when I am without it; and scolds me heavily if I lay it aside. She fears the Frenchmen, I believe, who are ever ready to tease and disconcert giddy young women; and wants me to draw their notice as little as possible. And in truth she is right; only I hate to wear the garb of a nun, when I am not one indeed. But now tell me, young Englishwoman, what dost thou want with one who can so little aid a friend, as Matilda?"

"*Aid* I can hardly look for, lady," said Edith. "I did, indeed, purpose to pray for thy good offices with one, whom we deemed powerful; but providence hath already largely befriended me; and all I ask of thee are prayers and kind wishes. But we have a tale for thy private ear."

"Say on, good maiden." And Edith related the history of her forest adventures, and dwelt on the kindness, and generosity, and honor of the young huntsman; while the princess uttered expressions of admiration.

"I would I knew that one generous Frenchman," said she: "I know, indeed, another; but two such are more than I looked to find."

"Perhaps, lady, that other may be near of kin to him who protected us in the forest. Pardon me; but I bethink me of a message to the princess Matilda."

Matilda started; and her look of surprise and lively pleasure told Edith that Harry Beauclerc was not, indeed, indifferent to her. "And what message did that knight send to Matilda?" asked she.

"He bade me commend him to his lady, his *dear* lady, he said; and charged me to say all I could of him. He bade me say that he would aid thy countrywomen, at the hazard of life and the royal favor; and in all things prove himself thy true knight and loyal servant.'

"I believe, indeed, he is true and loyal," said the princess, coloring again with pleasure; "but thou hast well done, maiden, to tell *me* alone this tale. My aunt Christina has no pleasure in hear-

ing of prince Henry. She hates all that race; and when I venture to speak of truce between Frank and English, she scoffs at, and rebukes me. I lead a weary life here, maiden."

Edith looked round, and remembered how, full of awe and delight, she had often regarded the cloistered walls, and arched door-ways and windows of the abbey. To live here, sheltered from danger, and devoted to God, had often seemed to her the height of happiness; and she had inwardly reproached herself for preferring Godwin and the hut in the forest.

"I have not strayed in the woods, or gathered the wild flowers alone, since I came hither, three years ago," sighed Matilda. "These arches are, indeed, nobly reared; but they are not alive and growing, like the meeting arches of the forest. And the nuns sing sweetly; but often, I fear, not from the heart. And, though we talk of peace, there is much hatred here; and much talk, too much, of English and French, and all their cruel strife. Listen to me, Edith," she continued; "the time may come, when Matilda shall be free to choose whether she will make a bond of peace between the English and the foreigner. Will the English hate her, thinkest thou, for that union?"

"The bad may hate; but the good will bless, lady. Sore tired is the land of anger and cruelty! Sore grieved are the servants of the cross! And if Edith lives when Frank and English are joined together in brotherhood, that day will be blessed indeed."

"Aye; but it is far, far distant—perhaps never to come: yet it is much to feel, that if it should come, some few hearts may bless me. But, hark maiden! the mass bell: I must attend in the chapel presently. Dost thou go to-morrow morning?"

"If Heaven please, my lady."

"Well, go; go quickly to Winchester. But stay: shouldest thou see prince Henry, tell him I thank him well; and trust he will still be the helper of all who need him. And, stay; give him this ring as a token that thou hast delivered thy message aright."

Edith saw the princess no more, for, by the next dawn, they were again on the road to Winchester.

* * * * * *

(Concluded in our next.)

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is that, which, when brought to table, is cut but never eaten?
2. Why is an empty room like a room full of married people?
3. In what respect were the governments of Algiers and Malta as different as light and darkness?
4. Why are two laughing girls like the wings of a chicken?

THE WOODPECKER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THE Woodpecker green he has not his abiding
Where the owls and the bats from the daylight are hiding.
Where the bright mountain-streams glide on rock-beds away
The dark water-ousel may warble and play ;
In the sedge of the river the reed-sparrow build ;
And the peewit among the brown clods of the field ;
The sea-gull may scream on the breast of the tide ;
On the foam-crested billows the peterel may ride ;
But the woodpecker asketh nor river nor sea ;
Give him the old forest, and the old forest-tree,
And he'll leave to the proud lonely eagle the height
Of the mist-shrouded precipice splintered and white ;
And he'll leave to the gorcock the heather and fern,
And the lake of the valley to woodcock and hern ;
To the sky-lark he'll leave the wide fields of the air,
The sunshine and rainbow ne'er tempted him there.

The greenwood for him is the place of his rest,
And the broad-branching tree is the home he loves best.
Let us go to the haunt of the woodpecker green,
In those depths of the wood there is much to be seen.

There the wild-rose and woodbine weave fairy-land bowers,
And the moth-mullein grows with its pale yellow flowers ;
There the hum of the bees through the noon-day is heard,
And the chirp, and the cry, and the song of the bird ;
There up the tree-trunk, like a fly on the wall,
To pick the grey moss, runs the tree-creeper small ;
There the wren golden-crested, so lovely to see,
Hangs its delicate nest from the twigs of the tree ;
And there coos the ring-dove—oh, who would not go
That voice of the wood to hear, dreamy and low !
Yes, come to the wood—to the woodpecker's tree,
There is joy 'mong the green leaves for thee and for me !

Hark ! heard you that laughter so loud and so long ?—
Again now ! — it drowneth the wood-linnet's song !
'Tis the woodpecker laughing ! — the comical elf ! —
His soul must be merry to laugh to himself !—
And now we are nearer — speak low — be not heard !
Though he's merry at heart, he's a shy, timid bird.
Hark !—now he is tapping the old, hollow tree :—
One step farther on—now look upward—that's he !
O, the exquisite bird ! — with his downward-hung head,
With his richly dyed greens—his pale yellow and red !
On the gnarled tree-trunk with its sober-toned grey,
What a beautiful mingling of colours are they !
Ah, the words you have spoken have frightened the bird—
For by him the lowest of whispers are heard ;
Or a footfall as light as the breezes, that pass
Scarcely bending the flowers, he perceives on the grass.

The squirrel above him might chatter and chide :
And the purple-winged jay scream on every side ;
The great winds might blow, and the thunder might roll,
Yet the fearless woodpecker still cling to the bole ;
But soon as a footstep that's human is heard,
A quick terror springs to the heart of the bird !
For man, the oppressor and tyrant, has made
The free harmless dwellers of nature afraid !

'Neath the fork of the branch, in the tree's narrow bole,
Has the timid woodpecker crept into his hole ;
For there is his home, in deep privacy hid,
Like a chamber scooped into a far pyramid ;
And there is his mate, as secure as can be,
And his little young woodpeckers deep in the tree.
And not till he thinks there is no one about,
Will he come to his portal and slyly peep out ;
And then, when we're up at the end of the lane,
We shall hear the old woodpecker laughing again.

THE HUZZAS OF POSTERITY.

A LITTLE boy, near Hagerstown in Maryland, was one day pointing out to me a copse of trees as the place where Washington at the head of the Virginia Rangers fought a battle, long before the revolution, with some Indians headed by French from Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh. The little fellow had some balls of lead which had been fired in that battle, chopped from the centers of the now massive and aged oaks. I saw the sunbeam of some moral emotion was in his eyes; and I asked him further of Washington, the brave youth who led the Virginians into that thicket when the warhoop shook its boughs, and the rifle rung in its gloom. His mind seemed to glance like lightning through the illustrious deeds of arms in which Washington had engaged, and settled down at the scene of Yorktown. He told me of one circumstance only. Said he, when the British troops were marched out of their entrenchments to lay down their arms, Washington told the American army, 'My boys, let there be no insults over a conquered foe! when they lay down their arms, don't huzza; *posterity will huzza for you!*'

I could have hugged the little boy to my bosom. Although he had not been able to read more than four years, yet his mind had drank deep in the moral greatness of the act of sparing the feelings of a fallen foe. I asked him what it was that Washington said that posterity would do; he quickly answered *huzza.* 'Huzza then!' said I; and he sent his clear wild shout into the battle wood, and I shouted with him, '*Huzza for Washington!*'

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS ON PAGE 68.

1. Cards. 2. Because there is not a single person in it. 3. One is ruled by Deys and the other by Knights. 4. Because there is a merry thought between them.

The weeping Flowers.

Furnished for this work by Lowell Mason, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music.

Allegro.
The early birds were twittering, And fleecy clouds lay glittering, In morning's golden
light; In morning's golden light; I sought the sparkling bowers, To
pluck the fragrant flowers, All fresh from dews of night, All fresh from dews of night.

2

And lo, each flower seemed weeping
And tears, the cool earth steeping,
Fell glistening all around.
In each blue eye, bright beaming
To greet the morning's gleaming
A pearly drop I found.

3

Ah! such the tears of sorrow
They gild a brighter morrow,
Fresh vernal hopes they bring
In sorrow's weeping hours,
I'll think of you, fair flowers,
And wait a smiling spring.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1839.

(Concluded from page 68.)

EDITH, THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY EMILY TAYLOR.

GREAT was the stir and bustle in the royal city of Winchester, or Winton, on the day of which we are now to speak. King William himself was there; and there were some, even among his own immediate followers, who liked his coming no better than it was liked by the Saxons; for the state of affairs was *this*. Walkelin, the new bishop of Winchester, a friend and relation of the Conqueror's, had just then grievously offended his royal master, by taking undue advantage

of a liberty rashly granted him by the king, touching the use of timber from a certain neighboring forest. The bishop had set his heart on rebuilding the ancient cathedral in magnificent style; and William gave him leave to take as many trees from the adjacent wood of Hempage, as he could cut down and carry away in three days. But Walkelin, pursuing his advantage to an unwarrantable extent, assembled all the woodmen of the country, and setting them to work, entirely cleared off the whole beautiful forest, within the stipulated time. In vain the Conqueror raged and stormed—the wood was gone, the bishop had defrauded him, and William turned in to his castle, in one of his most wrathful moods. At this juncture, by one courageous act, Walkelin not only saved his own life, but conciliated the goodwill of his master towards the work. He put on the garb of a menial servant, and having, in that disguise, obtained admittance into the royal presence, he threw himself at William's feet, and pleaded so eloquently, and painted in such striking colors the greatness and glory of the future building, that he quite disarmed the king's resentment, and even succeeded in interesting him in his plans. Nor did the bishop leave the castle without a promise, that William would give his opinion the next day, in person, on the projected plans.

On that day, accordingly, and, as it happened, just as our travellers reached Winchester, the royal party, all richly mounted and caparisoned, attended by the bishop, arrived at the gate of the cathedral. The streets were thronged with spectators, and Edith's old companion timidly inquired the way to St. Mary's Abbey, of a respectable-looking burgess, who stood at the door of his house; while Edith herself, having marked the answer, ventured yet further to ask the meaning of the crowd at the cathedral.

"The king. Dost thou not see the king?" was the reply, almost in a whisper.

"The king here! I never saw king William!" exclaimed Edith, in a hurried tone.

"Stand up by this portal, my maiden, then; the women all love to look at a king. There, to the left of the bishop, that portly man in armor—is king William: see, he is going to alight." And, as he spoke, the king, slowly and cautiously, assisted by his attendants, dismounted. He seemed to walk with difficulty, and paused to take breath every few paces. The scourge of the Saxons was himself subdued: powerful and massive as his frame might once have been, it was plain that he was now feeble, almost, as a child.

"*That* king William!" whispered old Bertha to her companion. "How changed since I saw him last! See how heavy and languid his tread! My daughter, never shall king William behold that stately pile rebuilded; his head will be laid in the dust, and his glory given to another first."

"Hush, mother! and look to the right of the king; it is prince Henry!—I am sure of it!"

"Nay, he is very like; but be not too sure. His countenance we cannot behold, and in shape and size his brother Robert resembles him."

"It is he, mother! and I think his eyes fell upon us but now. Good sir," continued she, addressing the friendly citizen, "tell me, if thou canst, whether there be any more of royal blood in that company?"

"Why yes. Seest thou not one yonder, straggling, as it were, apart from the rest—that I believe to be William Rufus; though, unless I could see his red locks, I cannot be sure; but *there* is one I cannot mistake—there is Harry Beauclerc."

"Thou knowest prince Henry, then?" said Edith.

"Yes, truly I do; and I trow he would not deny that he knows Sigbert of Winton, master of the mint; he hath also been well pleased to call me honest Sigbert many a time, and to come himself to the mint, and con over my fair coin. Trust me, he knows I am none of your roguish money-clippers. Ill will *they* fare if ever prince Henry cometh to the crown. Soft! I do believe he cometh, even now, to speak to me. Thou mayest see him near, and hear his voice, perhaps."

With a beating heart Edith had observed her forest protector slipping through the crowd, and drawing near the spot where they stood; and as he approached the steps, and she heard him accost Sigbert, she gladly recognized the voice of the prince; but he appeared not to notice her, and beckoning the citizen, they walked together in conference to a little distance.

Meanwhile, poor Edith's conspicuous station on the steps of the door proved no very pleasant one. The royal party having finished their survey of the cathedral, were about to mount their horses, while the soldiers proceeded to clear the way of the idle crowd, in no very gentle manner. They seemed utterly careless of the lives of the common people, and rode up and down, brandishing their spears, and pricking to the right and left, with the most complete indifference towards every thing but the business of making a clear path for the king. Edith turned pale and trembled; but Godwin's mother could not repress her rising passion, and muttered strong expressions of anger and hatred against the oppressive soldiery. Every word was heard by her companion with extreme terror. "Mother, dear mother!" she whispered, "for Godwin's sake be quiet: all is lost if we provoke them." And for a minute Bertha was still; but, unfortunately, a fresh provocation added fuel to the fire of her wrath. A Norman horseman guided his steed, in the most brutal manner, right across the path of a timid child, and overthrew it; and before its agonised mother could dart forward to rescue it, another passed over its mangled form, and completed the work of death. A

loud murmur of indignation burst from among the hitherto quiet people; yet still the soldiers rode on, totally indifferent to the matter, and, among them, William Rufus was even conspicuous for the heartless, contemptuous disregard with which he spurred on his charger. Wrought upon, beyond all thought of prudence, the mother of Godwin could bear it no longer. "Cowards! knaves! base French!" she exclaimed, and clenched her outstretched hand, while she drew up her form to its greatest height: "Cowards! that come to trample on the babes of this sorrowful land; evil be your fate, and the fate of your children after ye!" The tone of Bertha's voice was harsh and loud, and her figure and action, her grey hairs scattered by the wind, and her extended arm, grasping her staff, attracted the attention of the soldiers. "Dost thou curse us, witch?" exclaimed one of them, making a sudden move towards her; but at that moment of danger a friendly arm interposed. Prince Henry and Sigbert, who had but retired to a short distance, hearing the murmur of the people, had immediately returned, and the former roughly bade the soldiers proceed, and not stop to parley with any one. Then, staying but to see that his orders were obeyed, he darted across to join the royal party, sprang on his horse, and was soon out of sight. Meanwhile Sigbert hastily opened his door, and whispering a few words to Edith, pushed the old woman, with little ceremony, into the house, and following her, beckoned her companion also in, and closed the door. "Thou wouldst make but an indifferent citizen, good woman," said he to Bertha, whose eye and gesture still bespoke her wrath, "if thou canst not bear the insults and injuries of that host for a few minutes. We people of Winton are so used to them, that we learn patience from necessity. However, it is my charge to keep thee out of mischief. Prince Henry hath told me a little of thy history, and that of this maiden; and when the crowd hath dispersed, I propose guiding ye both to St. Mary's Abbey myself. In the meanwhile, rest ye yonder," pointing to seats in the hall, or anti-room. "I will be here speedily."

Edith and her companion did as the kind master of the mint had desired; but they were not left alone long, for presently appeared the sprightly form of a round, ruddy-looking damsel, the daughter of Sigbert, who had taken it into her head to bear them company, till such time as her father should have despatched his business with a pressing customer. She made her entry, bustling and smiling, and requested the travellers to accompany her into a more private apartment, which was fitted up in a manner that testified both to Sigbert's wealth and his love of comfort. An abundance of gilding bestowed on the massive tables, stools, and couches, soft cushions of down, covered with rose-colored silk, gaudy tapestry suspended from the walls, a marble side-table covered with gold and sil-

ver cups and bowls, all impressed Edith and her companion with magnificent ideas of the possessions of the worthy master of the mint. And they were not mistaken; for the money-coiners of Winchester, employed in the royal mint, were among the wealthiest of king William's subjects, certainly the richest of the men of native birth.

Pretty little Rowena, Sigbert's daughter, was very curious to learn the history of her father's strange guests; but it happened, unfortunately for her gratification, that she had scarcely been able to pay the proper compliments, when he reappeared, and announced himself ready to accompany them to St. Mary's Abbey. At sight of his daughter the good man frowned for a moment, and then said: "Rowena! there is no curing thee of this prying mood. I saw thee peering out of the window but now, to look at the Frenchmen; and now thou must come, unbidden, to vex these poor travellers by thy questionings. Go, girl, go: perhaps I may have more to say anon."

"And may I not go too, to the Abbey, father?" said the young girl. "It is so tiresome working for ever on that tapestry. Do take me with thee: I will make fast my hood and kirtle, and walk by thy side as quietly as if I were fourscore."

"Nay, daughter, nay! I have weighty business to-day, and cannot take thee with me. Another day, perchance."

"Yes, so it is, 'Another day,' and 'To-morrow, perhaps:' and so it will always be. Thou dost not love my company, father, as I do thine."

"Silence, Rowena! I have no time to talk with such a chatter-box now. I will return again very shortly: be my good child till then."

"Well, come soon then, father; but I would thou wouldst take me, in truth."

"I cannot, indeed I cannot now, my daughter. Trust me, the reasons are many;" and kissing the maiden, Sigbert consigned her to the care of her old nurse, and set out with our travellers towards the abbey of St. Mary's.

Silently the worthy citizen marched forward, leading the way, and with full hearts Edith and her friend followed. It surprised and startled them as they drew nigh, to see that the royal horses, and attendant knights, were stationed at the gate of the abbey.

"I do believe the king is now within, conferring with the holy queen Editha!" exclaimed Sigbert. "Was ever such a blessed omen! Now, maiden, thou art favored indeed! If we can but get thee into the royal presence, that thou mayest tell thy tale in such company, I scarcely doubt thou mayest succeed. If prince Henry were but near!"

"And he *is* near, good Sigbert," said a voice, close at hand. "I have but now been to seek thee. There is not a moment to lose, for the king hath nearly ended speech with queen Editha, and she hath said her say; and never woos his presence, thou knowest, except when

it is to do good to the people. How happy that my father thought to halt at the abbey this morning!"

"And doth king William know my tale?" asked Edith.

"He doth. I myself saw queen Editha this morning, and prepared her to be thy mediator; but I dreamt not then that the king would so speedily visit her. Doubtless, she hath spoken to him, for her heart was touched, and tears rolled down her old cheeks, as I told her of thy father's peril. But come, come quickly; thou must plead for thyself."

"Alas! good prince, I am not fit to speak to thy royal father.

"But thou *must*," bluntly said the prince. "Leave thy old friend here to stay below with Sigbert, and come with me to the queen's apartment."

"I will, then, my lord; and the God of mercy prosper me." And Edith followed him, with a firm step, through the winding passages of the abbey, till they arrived at a door, which, being suddenly thrown open, the portly form of the Conqueror himself appeared, just issuing forth, having taken his leave of the queen.

"Pardon, royal sir," said the prince, throwing himself in the way, and bending his knee to the ground: "may it please your grace to tarry but for one moment. This poor friend of the good queen Editha imploreth the liberty of pleading her cause, and it is one that brooks not delay."

King William paused—and though not apparently well pleased at the obstruction, consented to be led back to the seat he had quitted; while poor Edith, throwing herself into her royal god-mother's arms, forgetful, that moment, of the king's presence, wept for the first time since the commencement of her undertaking. The good old queen soothed and comforted her: then turning to king William, "This, may it please your grace," said she, "is the maiden of whom I spake but now. Her tears must plead for her, I see—she loveth her father too well, to be full of words when his life is in peril."

"This, then, is the daughter of him who has basely murdered my ranger," said the king, sternly.

"Royal sir," said Edith, hastily lifting up her head, which had rested on the queen's shoulder, "they that said so had false tongues and hearts."

"How so, maiden?"

"My father never harmed the ranger. I affirm and can prove, if it be necessary, that he did not so much as speak a harsh word to him. For my brother Gurth, I dare not plead other than guilty. Yet this I can say: the deed was not done in malice, but in sudden rashness and passion. Bagot came upon us, as we sat peacefully in our house, and cruelly threatened us. He knew we had not offended in aught, but had lived, as all can testify, a life of quiet and patient toil. He gave us not a moment to prepare another shelter; but began, himself, to pull down and spoil our poor dwelling

Then my brother's passion rose. He seized his bow, and sent an arrow to the ranger's heart. Yet Gurth had no cruelty in his nature. I dare aver, before that arrow reached its mark, his heart reproved him. Ask, in the forest, ask all who knew him, if Gurth is a bloody and false traitor. True, he hateth injustice, as good men must; but would to Heaven, my lord, that Bagot's conscience had been as clear as Gurth's was, when this evil chance befell!"

The king made no reply. He did not question the truth of Edith's story, for her simple and fervent manner forbade suspicion. But two opposing interests were struggling in his breast. He dreaded to displease the saintly queen, whom he held in superstitious reverence; and he feared his nobles, who were all bent on maintaining the forest-laws, and that of their agents. While he paused, the countenance of the queen assumed a look of great dignity, and she spoke, at last, in her most solemn tone. "King of England, and duke of Normandy! my days are numbered: so, too, are thine. But a little time, and the wrathful threats of men of blood will cease to vex thee; but the prayers and blessings of the poor will make thy way light about thee. Grant me one poor petition more. Spare the father, the brother, the husband! Make *one* home happy—thou hast made many desolate. It will not grieve thee, on thy bed of death, to think thou hast now listened to my prayer." And the aged queen bent that royal knee, to obtain mercy for Edith, which, for a selfish aim, no mortal ever saw her bend.

The king rose up more hastily than his wont. "Kneel not, blessed woman," said he! "thou dost too much doubt William's heart. I will grant the petition of this maiden, in part—wholly, I cannot. Her father may return to his house in peace. Her brother's life shall be spared. But—it must be so—he must live, at least for a time, in another land. Let him flee the country speedily. He shall not be pursued. But I myself cannot warrant his safety if he stay here. The nobles are stronger than king William."

"And for this grace, sire," interposed prince Henry, eagerly, "let me add my thanks to Edith's. Her brother shall be my care."

"Yet stay," said the king. "I was told of one other who was present in the fray; and some say he aided in Bagot's murder: one Godwin. If it be so, my pardon may not extend to him. Answer me, maiden, truly. Did he share in the guilt?"

"I solemnly declare, sire, No. I heard him reprove Gurth for the deed. My brother himself would confirm me."

"Enough. I believe thee; and he is free also."

"His mother attended this maiden hither, my lord," said the queen; "she too feared thy displeasure: but all is ended now. And if I meet king William no more on earth, I will bless God that he left me with thoughts of mercy on his lips, and in his heart."

The king retired, leaning on the prince. Soon, however, Henry returned, accompanied by old Bertha.

"Oh! how shall we thank thee, kind prince," exclaimed Edith; "to thee we owe the whole: blessings be upon thee and thine!"

"Say nought of it, damsel; or keep it for other times. The work is not finished yet. Where are thy father and brother?"

"That, my lord, I dare not tell, even to thee. I promised to be secret."

"A young man was brought in prisoner from the forest last night," said prince Henry. "He was found roaming about after curfew. I saw, and had some speech with him, myself; and have procured his enlargement. Perhaps he can bear a message for thee. Perhaps he may be a neighbor and friend. I will go fetch him." And the prince stepped out and again returned, ushering in one, at sight of whom old Bertha uttered a wild shriek of joy:—"Godwin! my son Godwin!" And Edith's color went and came, as she looked at her betrothed in his mother's arms. And the venerable old queen blessed a day of so much happiness; while Harry Beauclerc, with blunt and unpretending kindness, looked first at one, and then at the other, for a minute; then silently slipped out of the room, leaving the whole party to enjoy their portion of good, and comfort each other for their remaining sorrow.

The reader will be glad to know that Gurth, though awhile an exile, was recalled a few years afterwards, on the death of William Rufus; that king Henry the First had no reason to repent of his kindness to Edith and Godwin; and that, years afterwards, when time and care had soured him, and taken much from the popularity of his early days; when his French subjects turned his heart from the English, and even "the good queen Matilda" was unable to influence him in their favor; when she died, and her place was supplied by a foreigner; and when poor king Henry lost his son by shipwreck, after which he never smiled again;—when all these dark clouds came upon him, if he heard an English minstrel singing the song which Edith sang in the forest, he would dwell on the strain, and beg for its repetition; and live over again, as it were, with mingled pleasure and sorrow, the kinder and happier days of Harry Beauclerc.

TARRING AND FEATHERING.

This barbarous practice is said to have originated in the reign of Richard I. king of England. When he set out on the Crusade for the recovery of the Holy Land in the year 1189, he ordained among other rude regulations, "That if any man stole any thing, his head was to be shaved, and boiling pitch poured upon it, and feathers stuck thereon, that so he might be known."

THE YOUNG GUNNER.

WRITTEN FOR PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

HARRY had a dog and gun;
And he loved to set the one
Barking, out upon the run;
While he held the other,
Often charged so heavily,
'Twas a dangerous thing to be
With so young a wight as he
Mindless of his mother.

Earnestly she warned her child
To forego a sport so wild,
While he, turning, frowned or smiled,
And away would sidle.

For, to give him short and long,
Harry had a head so strong,
In the right or in the wrong,
It was hard to bridle.

On his gunning madly bent,
Often in his clothes a rent,
Told the reckless way he went,
Over hedge and brambles.
Homeward then would Harry slouch,
With his gun and empty pouch,
Looking like a scaramouch,
Coming from his rambles.

Sometimes when he scaled a wall,
Headlong there to pitch and fall,
Rattling stones and gun and all
Down together tumbled.
Tray would bark to tell the news
Of his master with a bruise,
Hatless, and with grated shoes,
Lying flat and humbled!

Where he saw the bushes stirred,
Harry, sure of hare or bird,
Drew, and at a flash was heard
Noise like little thunder.
When he ran his game to find,
Disappointment mazed his mind;
Finding he'd but shot the wind,
Dumb he stood with wonder!

Over muddy pool or bog,
Not so nimble as his dog,
When he walked a plank or log,
There, his balance losing,
Splash! he went—a rueful plight!
If his face before was bright,
'Twas like morning turned to night,
Much against his choosing.

Now, like many a hasty one,
Whether quadruped or gun,
Or a mother's wayward son,
Given to disaster,
Harry's gun was rather quick,
And it had a naughty trick:
It would snap itself, and kick
Fiercely at its master.

So this snappish habit grew
With a power for him to rue;
Just as all bad habits do,
Grow as age increases.
When, one day, with sound and smoke,
Overcharged, the barrel broke,
Harry's hand the mischief spoke—
It was blown to pieces!

Tray came crouching round and growled,
Saw the gore and whined and howled,
While his owner groaned and scowled,
And the blood was running.
With the horrors of his state,
And his anguish desperate,
Then poor Harry owned, too late,
He was *sick of gunning!*

While the mother bent to mourn,
As her froward child was borne,
With his hand all burnt and torn,
Faint and pale before her.
Harry's pain must be endured—
And the wound—it might be cured;
But for fingers uninsured,
There was no restorer!

Newburyport, 1839.

MAKING A KING'S BED.

IN the time of Henry the eighth of England, much ceremony was used in making the king's bed, which it seems was always done at night under the inspection of the Lord Chamberlain—the Earl of Arundel—according to the arrangements made by the council in full debate, and approved by his majesty.

The bedding was kept in a sort of wardrobe or large press; and on being taken out, was placed on a clean sheet, and carried by twelve yeomen three on every side. The foundation was of straw, and a yeoman was appointed, whose business it was, to search the straw with a dagger, to see that nothing wrong was concealed among it. A gentleman-usher gave the word of command for all that was to be done.

After the straw was laid on the bed-

stead, a bed of down was placed thereon, and a yeoman was to jump in and tumble it all over to ascertain that every thing was right within. Then the down-bed was shook up and smoothed, and the bolster put on. A fustian cloth was then spread all over the bed. Next the sheets were laid on by all the yeomen; each holding a part, and striking it down on the bed at the word of command from the gentleman-usher. After this, another fustian, and then the coverlet or counterpane. Lastly, the pillows were placed at the head, having on the top of each another pillow of very small size.

While putting on these articles, the yeomen were to make the signs of the cross, wherever their hands had been, and kiss it, by way of purification from their touch. Then the gilt figures of angels were to be stuck up all round the bed, and the king's sword to be placed at the head.

The bed, having been made, was to be watched by a page with a light in his hand, till the king should please to go to it.

After their work was finished, the bed-makers were regaled with a loaf of bread, a pot of ale, and a pot of wine, brought to them by a groom with a torch. The gentleman-usher was to see that no dish or cup was to be set on the rich counterpane, for fear of soiling it; and he was also to take good heed that no man wiped his hands upon the curtains.

Recollections, by Miss Leslie.

AN IDEAL ORRERY.

COME, William, please now to be seated at this table, and let us endeavor to form some small idea of the wonderful heavens that surround this earth. And let us begin with the sun. Let us put on this table a gilt globe, that will measure two feet in diameter. You know what I mean by *diameter?* Thickness; two feet right through the middle. That shall stand for the SUN. Now, at the distance of 82 feet, put down a grain of mustard seed. You must think how far 82 feet is from this table; find some place you can suppose nearly that distance. This grain of mustard seed shall stand for the planet MERCURY, both in size and place; that bright silvery point, which is almost always covered by the sun's beams. At the distance of 142 feet, lay down a pea; and this shall represent our dazzling evening and morning star, the planet VENUS. Next, at 215 feet from our table, place another pea, a very mite larger, and that shall be for man's world, our own dear EARTH. Next comes MARS, about the size of a pin's head, at the distance of 327 feet. Then there are four small planets, VESTA, JUNO, CERES, aud PALLAS, like the least possible grain of sand, about 500 feet from the gilt globe. Now take a middling-sized orange and place it a quarter of a mile off, and that shall represent JUPITER. A lesser orange, placed at the

distance of a short half mile, and you have SATURN with his ring. The far-off URANUS you can call a cherry, and let it move in a circle round the sun at three quarters of a mile distant.

Such is a faint representation of the mighty system, which moves around the glorious orb we call the Sun: whose diameter is nearly four times greater than is the distance between our earth and the moon. Think of that but one moment. Think how far it is to the moon—and then, if you can, conceive how large must be the Sun, when one quarter of him only could be stowed between us and the moon!

DRAWING

FOR

YOUNG CHILDREN.

WE ought to apologize to our *new* subscribers for the abrupt manner in which we have inserted, in the two first Numbers of this year, our drawing lessons, and the directions or explanations to the figures. We must beg those, who take an interest in this useful art, and who wish to give lessons to their children, to purchase the two last Numbers of Volume 6, in one of which is commenced the series, with Remarks and Directions sufficiently simple to lead any one who has the least taste for Drawing, to an early acquisition of the art. We shall continue to intersperse new engravings among our coming numbers, for the benefit of beginners, and by the close of the Volume have quite a Drawing Book in Parley's Magazine.

*133 A duck.

*134 A face in profile. The pupil should compare this with a face. It should afterwards be drawn from memory.

135 A twig, with a leaf or two on it, from nature.

136 Exercises Nos. 101 and 112 to be repeated; various lines of the following lengths to be drawn and afterwards measured. An inch and a half; a quarter of an inch; two inches; an inch and a quarter; an inch and three quarters.

137 The hatchet, No. 19, and cottage, No. 28, to be drawn twice the size of the copies.

*138 A coal-scuttle, shaded.

*139 A bull's head.

140 A potato, turnip, and carrot, to be drawn from general recollection.

141 A fire shovel and tongs, or a spade, from the objects.

142 A table fork, from general recollection; to be corrected afterwards from the object itself.

*144 A swan.

*145 A tea-kettle, shaded.

146 The dog's head, No. 55, and cottage, No. 58, from memory. See No. 119.

148 The face, No. 134, looking the other way.

149 A boot or bonnet, from the object.

150 An inkstand and pen, from the objects.

151 A saucepan or phial, from the objects.

*152 A woman. The relative position of the main parts should be marked before the drawing is commenced.

153 Several more ornaments, as in No. 109, should be invented by the pupil.

*154 A rabbit,
*155 A porter,
*156 A stile,
} See remark at No. 152.

157 The flower and barn, Nos. 60 and 64, to be drawn from memory. See No. 119.

158 The woman, No. 152, to be drawn, as far as possible, from memory.

159 Exercises, preparatory to perspective, may now be commenced. Let the pupil stand at one end of the table and notice how long the table appears; let him then stoop down till his eyes are almost on a level with the table, and be asked if the table appears as long as it did before. Let him raise himself slowly, higher and higher; does the table appear differently when this is done? Place a cent on the table close to you, and another at the far end; which appears largest?

160 A pair of scissors, from the object.

161 A simple flower, from nature.

162 The extinguisher, No. 4, to be drawn exactly twice as large as the copy; then exactly three times as large; and afterwards half as large.

163 A pair of tongs, to be drawn from general recollection, and corrected by the object.

No. 122.

No. 124.

I A

No. 131.

No. 133.

lessly and earnestly. Then indeed he thought the time was at hand when all the high and glorious hopes of his boyhood were to be realised. But, alas! even then a wasting fever was in his blood, and his hand became unable to guide the brush, and his eye grew dim and heavy.

Heart-sick and poor, he returned to his native village, and endeavored, for a time, to forget his ambitious thoughts. But, as strength and health returned, they too came back again, and the young painter once more desired to visit Rome and the Vatican. The second time he went, and found the city crowded with men of all nations, striving after the same object, and the same fame.

Titian was still living, and Claude Lorraine had risen into reputation.

Few had the time, and still fewer the inclination to assist the young Neapolitan, who called himself Salvator Rosa; but, regardless of their neglect, the painter steadily pursued his art, with soberer views and hopes. No difficulty appeared too great, no labour too tedious to be overcome. At last, his patience was well rewarded; and, in the course of time, the penniless boy became himself a leader among the busy artists who had once disdained to notice him.

Let this tale, my young readers, teach you patience and perseverance, and also that genius always commands respect.

It was Henry the Eighth of England who told a courtier, in answer to some complaint made against Hans Holbein, a celebrated Dutch painter, that "of seven peasants he could make as many lords, but God only could make a Hans Holbein."

I will tell you one more short tale,—of Vandyke, also a famous artist, and pupil of Rubens.

One day the Master left his scholars to study by themselves, having given them this injunction, "to remain quiet." For a time they were silent, but, at last, Vandyke, then a mere boy, began to pelt his companions with nuts. They were by no means disinclined to return them. From sport they grew to earnest; and, at length, all joined in the commotion.

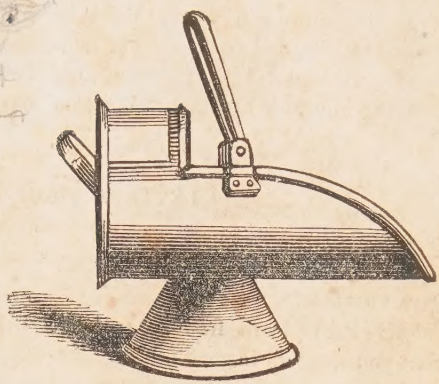
In the middle of the room stood an unfinished picture of a Saint, on which Rubens had been employed. In his play Vandyke thoughtlessly threw a hat at another boy; it missed him, and fell on the still wet painting. Dismayed and silent, the boys looked at each other, but the mischief was done. Poor Vandyke burst into tears; but he did not weep long. With a sudden resolution he started up, bade his companions put all in order, and said he would himself repair the injury. He took up the brush with a fearless hand, amid his trembling companions, and in good time the Saint was himself again.

At the expected time, Rubens returned, and went immediately to his picture. He looked at it a moment in surprise, then turned to the boys, and asked who had touched it. They were all silent.

Again the master asked. Still no answer. They scorned to betray one

No. 134.

No. 138.



No. 139.

themselves. Rubens, finding he could not extort the secret from them, threatened to punish all, when young Vandyke advanced to him, and confessed his handywork. Rubens did not reproach him, but, taking him to his mother, bade him relate the circumstance to her. Vandyke obeyed with a heavy heart, and then the Master turned to her, and said with a smile, "I am not come to rebuke, madam, but to assure you, that your son will one day become the first painter of his age."

LETTERS FROM A COUSIN.

(Continued from p. 20.)

NO. 4.—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DEAR CHARLES,

I WAS glad to learn from your letter that you were all in good health. According to my promise, I shall now tell you something about General Washington. George Washington was born at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland county, Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. His father (Mr. Augustine Washington) died, and left him, at the age of ten years, to be educated by his mother. At this time the means of instruction were very limited in this country, and George received only a plain English education.

So great was the confidence placed in his abilities, that he was appointed one of the Adjutant Generals of Virginia when nineteen years of age. At the age of twenty-one, Washington was sent, by the governor of Virginia, to the French commandant on the Ohio, to settle some disputes which had arisen between them. "The conduct of Washington, in this enterprise, added to his reputation for judgment and firmness."

In the year 1755 he accompanied General Braddock, who was sent with two British regiments to support the king's claims to the Ohio lands. In this expedition, Braddock's men would have been *entirely* cut to pieces, had not Washington gallantly sheltered the retreating army.

Some time after this, the British Parliament attempted to collect taxes in the different provinces, which caused a great deal of discontent, and was decidedly opposed by all parts of the country. An assembly met in Philadelphia in 1774 to take into consideration the rights and grievances of the Colonies. George Washington was a delegate from Virginia. The assembly petitioned the king, but without avail. It was found necessary to raise an army, and Washington was appointed commander-in-chief. He set off immediately for the head-quarters of the army, which was then at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Many and bloody were the battles, and many the long years, which the war, thus begun, lasted.

I hope, my dear Charles, you will read, in some "History of the United States," every thing about this war.

His Britannic majesty sent over many soldiers to conquer the rebels (as they were called): but it was all in vain. The Americans, led on by Washington and other brave men, were victorious, and the king of England lost the brightest jewel in his crown.

In March, 1783, news arrived that Great-Britain had acknowledged the independence of the United States in the preceding November. This news filled the country with joy. In December of the same year, General Washington took leave of the army, and retired to his country seat at Mount Vernon, to enjoy the sweets of domestic life.

On the 14th of April, 1789, it was announced to Washington, that he was unanimously chosen president of the United States. He set off immediately for New-York, and was everywhere received in the most flattering manner. A few days after, he took the oath of office at New-York. He was unanimously re-elected in 1793. After eight years' service in the office of president, Washington announced his determination to decline a re-election. As soon as his engagements were concluded, he set out once more for Mount Vernon. Here he resumed his agricultural pursuits.

Washington heard with regret the insults offered to his country by the French Directory. Congress authorized the formation of a new army, and Washington was appointed to the command of it. He made vigorous preparations to repel any invasion. Mr. Adams (then president of the United States) sent envoys to negotiate with the French republic. On arriving in France, they found the Directory overturned, and Bonaparte at the head of affairs. With him negotiations were immediately commenced, and a peaceful arrangement effected. But Washington did not live to participate in the general joy, caused by this event.

On the 12th of December, 1799, he rode out to visit his farms. The weather became very cold, and a shower of rain, hail, and snow followed. Washington returned about three o'clock, but did not take the precaution to change his clothes. On Saturday morning, he was taken seriously unwell, and physicians were sent for, but it was in vain. He continued to grow worse, and, about 12 o'clock on Saturday night, "The father of his country" expired in the 67th year of his age.

I remain your affectionate cousin,

N. N. I.

Allen's Hill, Ont. Cy., N. Y.

Against fortune, oppose courage; against passion reason.

Affairs must suffer, when recreation is preferred to business.

FLOWER COMPARISON.

BY MISS MARY HOWITT.

AH, sweet cousin Blanche, let's see
What's the flower resembling thee!
With those dove-like eyes of thine,
And thy fair hair's silken twine;
With thy low, broad forehead, white
As marble, and as purely bright;
With thy mouth so calm and sweet,
And thy dainty hands and feet;
What's the flower most like thee?

Blossom of the orange-tree!

Where may the bright flower be met
That can match with Margaret,—
Margaret stately, staid, and good,
Growing up to womanhood;
Loving, thoughtful, wise, and kind,
Pure in heart and strong in mind?
Eyes deep-blue as is the sky
When the full moon sails on high;
Eye-brow true and forehead fair,
And dark, richly braided hair,
And a queenly head well set,
Crown my maiden Margaret.
Where's the flower that thou canst find
Match for her in form and mind?

Fair white lilies, having birth
In their native genial earth;—
These, in scent and queenly grace,
Match thy maiden's form and face!

Now for madcap Isabel—
What shall suit her, pr'ythee tell?
Isabel is brown and wild;
Will be ever more a child;
Is all laughter, all vagary,
Has the spirit of a fairy.
Are you grave?—The gipsy sly
Turns on you her merry eye,
And you laugh, despite your will.

Isabel is never still,
Always doing, never done,
Be it mischief, work, or fun.
Isabel is short and brown,
Soft to touch as eider-down;
Tempered, like the balmy south,
With a rosy, laughing mouth;
Cheeks just tinged with peachy red,
And a graceful Hebe-head;
Hair put up in some wild way,
Decked with a hedge-rose's spray.
Now, where is the bud or bell
That may match with Isabel?

Streaky tulip jet and gold,
Dearly priced whenever sold;
Rich in colour, low and sweet,
This for Isabel is meet.

Last for Jeanie, grave and mild—
Jeanie never was a child!
Sitting on her mother's knee,
Hers was thoughtful infancy;
Growing up so meek and good,
Even from her babyhood.
All her mother's labor sharing;
For the house and children caring
To her bed in silence creeping;
Rising early, little sleeping;
Learning soon of care and need;
Learning late to write and read;
To all hardships reconciled,
For she was a poor man's child!
What's the lowly flower of earth
Match for Jeanie's humble worth?

Soon poor Jeanie's flower is met,—
The meek, precious violet!

THE FIRESIDE.

COLD weather was fairly set in. Without, it was the season of muffs, and tippets, and great coats:—Within,—a good fire was never more pleasing or attractive, and around theirs Mr. Elwood and his family had gathered, when he proceeded to compare the circumstances of those in 'olden time' with the superior advantages of their posterity.

For instance, he continued, the very earliest buildings of which we have any ruins or descriptions exhibit no traces of chimneys, and it has been therefore supposed that the occupants must have lighted a fire in the middle of a room, the roof of which was formed with an opening for the escape of the smoke, as, indeed, is the case in some countries at this day. The first remove from this unpleasant arrangement seems to have been the adoption of the portable brazier, or fire-pan, which became very general in most of the cities of southern Europe, where it still continues common. The fuel, of course, is chiefly charcoal, or at least wood. Before the fourteenth century, except for culinary and smithery purposes, our forefathers appear to have cared but little about artificial heat in their dwellings, and to have been unconcerned about it during the warmer months of our variable climate. Even so late as the reign of Henry VIII., no fire was allowed in the University of Oxford, if we may believe the writers who assert that the students, after supping at eight o'clock, went to their books till nine in winter, and then took a run for half an hour to warm themselves before going to bed. What say you to that, Frederick?

Frederick. I should like a good fire a great deal better, father, though you know, if it is necessary, I can bear the cold.

Mr. E. In the year 1200, chimneys were scarcely known in England: one only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor house, and one in the great hall of a castle, or a lord's house; but in other houses they had only a sort of raised hearth, where the inmates dressed their food and dined, and from which the smoke found its way out as it best could. "The Vision of Pierce Plowman," however, written in "tyme of kynge Edwarde the Thyrde," makes particular mention of "a chamber with a chimney." How different are our present circumstances!

Mrs. E. What an abundant supply have we, for instance, of coal. If father feels disposed, we will now allude to some of its advantages. To employ the language of a poet and a friend:—

"Who hath not sat beside a glowing fire
Some cheerless night, and watched the pageant there
Of cities bristled o'er with dome and spire,
Red, as if glowing in the sunset glare;
Or marshal'd troops that rank by rank expire;
Or steal-clad knight, or lady gay and fair?
The huge world mimick'd! for its fair and great
Moulder to dust as surely, though more late!"

F. I should think, mother, that multitudes of people are not so well off as ourselves.

Mrs. E. They are not. Through the general use of wood instead of coal, a fire for domestic use in France is a great deal dearer than a fire in England; because, though the coal-pits are not to be found at every one's door, machinery at the pits, and also in the form of ships and barges, enable most men to enjoy the blessings of a coal fire at a cheaper rate than a fire of wood, which is not limited in its growth to any particular part. The sufferings produced by a want of fuel cannot be judged of by those who have abundance. In Normandy, at the present day, such is the scarcity of wood, that persons engaged in various works of hand, as lace-making, according to *her* mode, of whom Cowper says—

"Pillow and bobbins all her little store,"

absolutely sit up through the winter nights in the barns of the farmers, where cattle are littered down, that they may be kept warm by their animal heat.

Emma. How I wish they had all good fires! Can you tell us, father, how long we have had coal?

Mr. E. Coal was certainly not discovered in the middle of the twelfth century, and it was as certainly known in the beginning of the thirteenth. In certain laws enacted about A. D. 1146, a particular privilege is granted to those who bring fuel into boroughs. Wood, turf, and peat are particularly mentioned, but nothing is said in reference to coal. But in the year 1234, Henry III. renewed a charter which his father had given to the inhabitants of Newcastle; and in this act he grants, on their supplication, to the persons in whose favor the charter was made, a license to dig coal on payment of 100*l.* a year, which is the earliest mention of coal in England. It was not brought into common use in this part of the British empire until the reign of Charles I. Even in Scotland, almost proverbially poor in vegetable, and rich in fossil fuel, it was at a very late period that coal was commonly used; for about the middle of the fifteenth century, when Æneas Sylvius visited this island, he saw in Scotland poor people in rags, begging at the churches, and receiving for alms pieces of stone, with which they went away contented. "This species of stone," he says, "whether impregnated with sulphur, or whatever inflammable substance it may be, they burn in place of wood, of which their country is destitute." Boetius, in his description of Scotland, his native country, says, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, "There are black stones also digged out of the ground, which are very good for firing; and such is their intolerable heat, that they resolve and melt iron, and are therefore very profitable for smiths and such artificers as deal with other metals."

Mrs. E. Ladies, I presume, do not visit coal-mines; but if they did I should not wish to do so. Yet wonderful indeed must be the scene when, after a dark and dreary descent through so

many fathoms of dripping strata, you enter a cavern never visited by the solar beams; where the roof, the floor, and the walls, present every where to the eye the same jetty black, except where the oozing drop or brilliant spar reflects the flame of the lamps, which, disposed in various parts, give light to the miners. These may be seen separating with their ponderous instruments, into fragments of a convenient size, parts of the immense mass of coal, which long-continued years of toil appear to have left inexhaustible. Of coal there are many kinds. Those of Whitehaven and Wigan are, I believe, esteemed the purest, and the cannel and peacock coals of Lancashire are so beautiful, that they are suspected by some to have constituted the jet ascribed by the ancients to Great Britain. The Mendip coal-mines of Somersetshire are distinguished by their productiveness, and Bovey coal comes from the foot of Dartmoor.

Mr. E. The most remarkable vein in the strata of Bovey coal is that which they call the wood-coal, or board-coal, from the resemblance which the pieces have to the grain of deal-boards. It is sometimes of a chocolate color, and at others of a shining black. The former seems to have less bitumen than the latter, nor is it so solid and heavy, and it has more the appearance of wood. It lies in straight and even veins, and is frequently dug in pieces of three or four feet long, and with proper care might be taken out of a much greater length. Other pieces of the same kind are found lying upon them, in all directions; but without the least intermixture of earth, and with only some small crevices, by which the pieces are divided from each other, in all directions. When it is first dug and moist, the thin pieces of it will bend like horn; but when dry it loses all its elasticity, and becomes short and crisp. At all times it is easily separated into very thin laminæ, or splinters, especially if it be exposed to the heat of the sun, which like the fire, makes it crackle, separate, and fall to pieces.

Mrs. E. Sir Joseph Banks had, I have heard, a large specimen of fossil-coal found in Iceland, in strata of considerable thickness, and at great depths, which seemed fully to prove that coal originally was wood. Several trunks of it were preserved, each of which was flattened, possibly by the weight of the strata above; so that instead of being cylindrical, as the body of a tree commonly is, it was flat. Some of them are more or less woody; one is a fair plank of wood. The specimen described appears to have been the root of a small tree, with the bark still remaining on the greater part of it. In the lower part, however, the transformation had proceeded further than at the top, so that it was real coal, while the top was actually wood.

E. How *new*, mother, all these things are to us both! I hope it will be a long time yet before you and father say you must stop. We could sit, and look, and listen, I am sure, for hours.

Mr. E. Your attention, my dears, encourages and rewards us, and I have no doubt we can still interest you. On examining a piece of coal, particularly that from Newcastle, we find it a compact, shining, stony body; but there are few fragments in which we may not discover some parts very like charcoal, and frequently with the distinct structure of wood or other vegetable matter. Mr. Witham, by an ingenious application of the microscope, has exhibited a delicate cellular structure in fossil woods, which, without such aid, presents only the appearance of compact stone, and he has also detected the same in coal. It is stated, too, that in all the varieties found in the Newcastle coal-field, more or less of the fine, distinct, net-like structure of the original vegetable texture can always be discovered. The vegetable origin of coal is further shown by the vast quantities of fossil plants found in the sandstones and shales which are interstratified with the beds of coal. These are often in an extraordinary degree of preservation, for the most delicate leaves are spread out on the stone like dried plants on the paper in the herbarium of a botanist.

E. How, interesting that is, father! Are there any other proofs?

Mr. E. In the greater proportion of the fossil plants of the coal *measures*, as they are called, or the associated beds, or strata, of coal, sandstones, clays, shales, and limestones, there is little appearance of woody matter; stems of a foot and a half in diameter have been found with the external form perfectly preserved, but having only a coating of coaly matter, of inconsiderable thickness, the inner part consisting of sandstone or clay, with now and then some more coal matter in the centre, indicating, as it were, the pith. But trunks of trees, in which the woody texture was preserved nearly throughout the whole stem, have often been met with.

F. Are they found in many parts, father, of great size?

Mr. E. In the coal-mines of Westphalia they have been seen sixty feet in length, and two remarkable instances of fossil trees in the coal measures have occurred in Great Britain. In a bed of sandstone, a few miles north of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a stem was found which measured seventy-two feet in length, four feet in width at its lower end, from which it tapered gradually, and was eighteen inches wide at the top. It was in a compressed state, as if flattened by great pressure from above, so that these dimensions of the width are not the true diameter of the stem. The woody structure was, in this instance, only in part preserved, but in those places it was converted into a siliceous or flinty petrifaction, containing cavities lined with rock crystal; and this petrified portion was, in one place, nearly two feet in diameter. No roots nor branches were attached to it, but there were large knots and other places where branches appear to have been broken off.

The other instance occurred in the great freestone quarries of Craigleith, near Edinburgh. It was a stem forty-seven feet long,—a large branchless trunk, in some parts very much flattened, the greatest diameter being five feet, the smallest nineteen inches. It was embedded in the solid stone, with above a hundred feet of layers of rock above it, and lay across the strata, thus passing through several beds. The bark was converted into coal, but in the interior the woody texture was in many places perfectly preserved.

E. How do you think it is, mother, that there are such quantities of coal?

Mrs. E. At the time of the deluge, my dear, the whole forest scenery of the globe, with the roots, branches, and foliage entire, must have been floated off upon the waters, matted together in groups, and forming immense islands, which must have been overwhelmned in confused masses, by the force of the waves, embedded at various depths, and covered up by strata of various earthy and sandy composition; all which strata, having been subsequently placed above the level of the pressent seas, either by the depression of former continents, or by the elevation of the bed of the former sea, —or by a combination of both these effects,—have been since drained of their former moisture, and have assumed the solid mineral substance we now find so valuable.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

(Continued from p. 39.)

GAYHEAD.

THE Vineyard is set off into three townships, Chilmark, Tisbury, and Edgartown. Gayhead, which contains some of the best land on the island, is comprised within the limits of Chilmark. It is in possession of the Indians. Some of it is cultivated by them, but the largest part is used for pasturage. As you ride its uneven surface, now to the summit of a rugged knoll, now down the precipitous sides of a deep hollow, again along the margin of an extended, irregular pond, it gives an aspect of life to the bald and desolate scenery to catch a view here and there of the herds of grazing cattle.

The goat race, like the Indian, is fast disappearing before the tide of civilisation. Among the few that are left,when threading my way through the forests of bitter oak towards Gayhead, I saw one whose like I am sure I shall never see again. To describe him would be impossible. A patriarch of many generations—with a hair-coat of the glossiest black and purest white! The sight of it was enough to keep off the chill of the most searching north-easter. And then what an imposing creature! As big every whit as a

Shetland pony. What noble proportions! What a bold and martial front, with threatening and sturdy turrets above, and a huge sweeping length of matted gray beard below, such as would cheer the heart of the 'straitest sect' of Jew or Turk! Such a veteran would have been the pride of the menagerie. Alone he would have drawn more visiters than the big ox, or the mock sea-serpent. You could not but do him reverence. Mammoth as he was, he had grown up from infancy on leaves and twigs and buds.

Onward a few miles, a little more than an hour's ride from Gayhead, where you must alight from your chaise and mount your horse—while preparations are making, strike across the fields to the South Coast, overleaping a few walls and fences. It is but half a mile, and you will never regret it. You will soon reach the bold head-land. But be cautious that you approach not too near. Step lightly, for the smooth grass platform on which you tread is precarious footing. The bank is worn away many feet underneath, and the turf projects far over without support. If it should give way, as it has by the weight of cattle grazing along its edge and by the force of gravity alone, you would be precipitated more than a hundred and thirty feet, with nothing to interrupt your descent until you reached the roaring surf, or struck upon the sea-worn rocks below—at any period of tide a fatal fall. But take your station a little from the edge, with one hand hold of a fence, which seems erected here for your especial convenience and security; then bend over and take a view of the spectacle.

The sea—it is far, far beneath you. You are beyond the reach of the wildest, maddest leap of its fury. As it chafes upon the rocky shore, its solemn music reaches your ear softened by distance. Now raise your head—look off upon the measureless expanse. Not a handful of earth till you reach Cuba or the Bahamas. What a flood of waters! How profound and infinite! How awful, yet how peaceful! 'What heavenly dignity!' Mysterious sea! in thy slumbers how serene—in thy wrath how terrific! Below, among the rocks and sands, thou dost 'play upon thy lowest stops.' Thou sendest upward thy mellowest—richest tones.

The shark is rarely seen; but the whale occasionally gambols a few miles from the South beach. The sword-fish you may take when you will. The squid is a soft bladder-fish found in the sand, egg-shaped and of variegated colors; very attractive to the eye, but poisonous to the touch. With the islanders the brilliant blue-fish and the large fat eels of the ponds and harbors (fifteen barrels of which are sometimes taken in a night) are luxuries, as well as that unique and really luscious dish—the corn-pudding.

The bellows-fish must not be omitted, which pumps water into a membraneous apartment on its under side, and swells itself to such a degree that its diameter is equal to twice its length. Singular contrivance this! yet it serves a most

important purpose. The fish thus escapes all enemies that would swallow it up.

Its security in its own element is its ruin on land. The little islanders—mischievous urchins—catch it and scratch its stomach to make it swell. When it has reached its full dimensions, they give it a blow with a stick or stone, and it bursts with a noise as loud as a pistol.

GAYHEAD INDIANS.

The great body of the Indians is at Gayhead. They have here a tract of excellent land, containing three thousand acres, reserved to them. It is destitute of trees; but there are many swamps, some of which afford peat, and others, springs of good water. The land is broken into hills; and there are no roads. The Indians have twenty-six framed houses and seven wigwams. The framed houses are nothing better than mean huts; some of them have two apartments; but the greatest part of them, not more than one. There are three barns, and two meeting-houses, which are small buildings not more than twenty feet square. The number of families is thirty-four, and of souls one hundred and forty-two: beside whom about a hundred Indians are absent from Gayhead; some of whom are children put out to service in families; and others whale-men; making the whole number of proprietors about two hundred and forty. Every native, whether he live off or on the island, is considered as a proprietor; and every child born to him is entitled to a right, which is equivalent to the pasture of three sheep. No sheep are kept.

The mixed race is better than the pure Indians. Almost all of them have cows; and a few of them, oxen; they own as many as twenty horses. A part of their land is let every year to the whites; and the income is appropriated to the support of their poor. The Indians raise very little corn, but have pretty good gardens. They annually sell a hundred or two hundred bushels of cranberries, which grow in great plenty in their cranberry bogs. The rest of their subsistence is derived from fishing; and from the sale of clay, which they dispose of for three dollars, and when they carry it to market, for five dollars a ton. Small as their numbers are, they have two preachers; one of whom is a Baptist; the other a Congregationalist; the first of the mixed race, the second an Indian. Beside the houses at Gayhead, there is one Indian house and three wigwams at Chilmark; all the inhabitants of which, except a woman living in one of the wigwams, have rights at Gayhead, and are included in their number. The Indians in this part of the island, are generally unchaste, intemperate, without forethought, and many of them dishonest. They are, however, more industrious, and neater in their persons and houses than is common for Indians.

The progress of their decline to the year 1807 is exhibited in the following table:—Number of Indians in Duke's-County at six different periods: in 1642,

3000 ; 1674, 1500 ; 1698, 1000 ; 1720, 800 ; 1764, 313 ; 1807, 240.

The Indian huts are dispersed over a large extent at Gayhead. On my way to the cliffs I passed a small building used for a school-house and church. It is situated upon the summit of a knoll from which there is a fine prospect. Of the Indians it is said there are not now more than five or six full-blooded.

EVERY THING HAS A HOME.

THE merry bird buildeth its house in a tree,
The worm boreth hers in the ground ;
A warm little room in her hive hath the bee ;
'Mid his cobweb the spider is found.

Beneath a green leaf sleeps the velvet-winged moth,
By the breeze gently rocked to and fro ;
The wasp, and the little hard-working ant, both
Make their cells in the soft earth below.

The snake and the blind-worm, in wood or in bog
Have chosen each one his abode ;
In the midst of the marsh sits securely the frog ;
In the hedge-row lies crouching the toad.

The trout hath a snug house just by the stream side,
Where the cool waters over him flow ;
In the deep sea the whale hath his place to abide,
And he knows where to come and to go.

The ruinous tower, or the old ivied tree,
The owl for his chamber will take ;
The daw in the ancient church-turret will be ;
And the partridge rejoice in the brake.

The may-fly will choose in the heart of the rose
His beautiful tapestried hall ;
And the plunderer snail, when the bright morning glows,
Finds his house in a nook of the wall.

The hare hath her form, and the rabbit its hole,
The squirrel its place for repose ;
The dormouse sleeps well in its nest ; and the mole
In his burrow as well, I suppose.

Each one hath a hole, or a den, or a nest,
For the season of rest, when 'tis due :
A sweet little Home, just the place he likes best,
To be glad in,—and so have *I* too.

THE SUN.

Furnished for this work by Lowell Mason, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music.

Moderato.

O See the love - - ly, gold - - en sun, His
high, his heavenly pathway run! What bids him leave so
fresh and bright, His east - ern throne of morning light?

2

A sea of fire he sails on high
Sheds light and warmth o'er earth and sky,
And never tires nor sinks to rest,
Till filled with joy is every breast.

3

Then day by day again he'll rise!
And walk in glory through the skies!
From morn to night, from shore to shore
He'll rise to bless, till time is o'er.

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PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PART XXVI.

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THE GUANA.

THE GUANA.

THE opposite is an accurate representation, taken from the drawings of the celebrated naturalist, Seba, of the Guana, one of the largest lizards of the tropics. The appearance of this animal is somewhat alarming; and, when irritated, it puts on a menacing aspect, swelling out the great pouch of its throat, erecting the scales on its back, lashing its tail, glaring with its fiery eyes, and making a sort of hissing noise like a serpent. But the animal is very gentle, though it can bite and scratch; and it may be easily domesticated. The Guana is common in several countries of South America, and it was formerly found in considerable numbers in the West-India Islands; but the race has there been nearly destroyed, its flesh being considered a delicious article for food.

This remarkable lizard is easily distinguished from every other species, by the pouch which hangs from the under side of its neck, by the indented crest which reaches from the head to the extremity of the tail, and by the peculiar beauty of its general colors, and the metallic brilliancy of its scales. Its extreme length, from the muzzle to the end of the tail, is sometimes five or six feet. There is a dried specimen in the museum of Natural History at Paris, which is four feet long; and there is a smaller specimen in the British Museum. The ground color of the Guana is in general green, mixed with yellow, or various shades of blue; but the colors of the species differ considerably in different individuals, and are probably dependent upon circumstances of age, sex, and climate.

The Guana feeds on the flowers and leaves of trees, and on earth-worms and insects. Its jaws are furnished with teeth, but it swallows its food with scarcely any mastication. It runs with astonishing nimbleness along the highest branches of trees; and seldom descends to the earth, sleeping and feeding on the same tree. The female, however, at a particular period of the year, goes to the sea shore to deposit her eggs in the sand. After feeding, the Guana is very dull, and is then easily taken.

In some places it is hunted by dogs trained to the chase, and in others taken in a noose or trap. It is extremely difficult to kill, except in one way—that of thrusting a sharp instrument up its nostrils. The flesh, as we have mentioned, is esteemed a delicacy. Catesby in his

Natural History of Carolina, says, the Guana is made an article of traffic in the Bahama Islands, being carried from place to place, and kept alive, till required for the table of the rich. Brown, who wrote the Natural History of Jamaica, says that he kept a full-grown Guana in his house for two months. It lay quiet on a bed during the day, and ran about at night, when it appeared to feed on small insects floating in the air.

THE BIBLE IN THE FIELDS.

WRITTEN FOR PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I LOVE to take this blessed book,
In quiet summer hours,
To study it beside the brook,
Or near the trees and flowers.

For here I read about the God,
Who made the world so fair;
The skies—the stream—the grassy sod,
And bloom that scents the air.

The birds flit round and sweetly sing,
To him who feeds them all—
Alone who buoys upon the wing,
Or lets a sparrow fall.

The pretty purple violet—
To praise its Maker too—
Presents its tender forehead wet
With his baptismal dew.

The busy bee abroad I view,
That silent hastens by,
But seems to ask if she should do
More work or good than I.

Yet she her waxen house to build
In time, is wisely bent;
And then with bread and honey filled
To have it, still intent.

The bees, you know, their sweets supplied
In wild Judea's land,
To feed the Baptist, when he cried
'Heaven's kingdom is at hand.'

When Christ had risen from the grave,
And asked his friends for meat,
He ate the honey-comb they gave,
And showed his hands and feet.

This Book that bears his will revealed,
Unclosed, I read within,
'Behold the lilies of the field!
They neither toil nor spin!

'Yet Solomon was not arrayed—
In glory—like to them!'
There God's own beauty shines displayed,
In flower and leaf and stem!

And he who spake these blessed words,
Sat on the mountain, where
Around him sweetly sang the birds;
And flowers and trees were there!

The flocks that graze along the mead,
Or sport on vale and steep,
I mark upon the green, and read
As written—'Feed my sheep.'

'Tis thus I seem to keep in view—
And feel how near I am
To that dear Friend of children, who
Has named himself—'The Lamb.'

Newburyport, 1839.

MARTHA AND MARY.

BY MISS MARY HOWITT.

IT was when the persecution of the people called Quakers had, for a short season, somewhat abated its rigor, and they ventured to attend their religious assemblies without fear of injury to their families in the meantime, that Walter Pixley and his wife, a staid and respectable couple belonging to that despised community, rode eleven miles to their county town of Stafford, to be present at a meeting, at which that apostle-like young man, Edward Burrough, was to preach, leaving their little daughter Martha, under the care of an aged woman, who was, at that time, their sole female domestic.

Martha was a grave child, though but seven years of age: her young mind had taken its tone from both of her parents. She had been born in a season of persecution; had been cradled, as it were, in anxiety and sorrow, and as she grew old enough to comprehend the circumstances that surrounded her, she saw her parents constantly filled with apprehension for the safety of their lives and property.

She had heard them talk over the grievances, spoiling of goods, the maimings, the whippings, and the horrible sufferings of their persecuted brethren—persecuted even to the death; had heard of little children enduring, with the steadfastness of early martyrs, imprisonments and pains, which would overcome even the strong man; till, unlike the ordinary child of her years, her countenance habitually wore a look of gravity, and her heart bled at the least thought of suffering or sorrow.

Martha's home was in a country place, surrounded by fields,—a pleasant quiet valley, the patrimonial heritage of her father. It was harvest time, and in the course of the morning the old servant went out with the reapers' dinners, leaving little Martha to amuse herself in her usual quiet way. She had not been long alone before a beggar-woman presented herself with a young child in her arms. Martha knew that it was her mother's custom to relieve distress in whatever shape it presented itself, and the story the woman told, whether false or true, touched her to the soul; she gave her, therefore, the dinner which had been set aside for herself, and compassionated her in words of the truest sympathy, and when the child in the woman's arms wept, like Pharaoh's daughter, her heart yearned towards it. Strange it may be to all, but so it was, for our story is true, when the beggar-woman saw the affection with which little Martha regarded the child, she proposed to sell it to her, and Martha, innocent of all guile, readily accepted the proposal. All her little hoard of money was produced,—the bargain was struck,—and the two parted perfectly satisfied with the transaction. The child was beautiful as the Hebrew boy himself; and Martha sat down with it upon her knee, and lavished upon it all the endearing tenderness which her most affectionate nature suggested.

In a short time the child fell asleep; and as she sat gazing upon it, a half-defined fear stole into her mind, that perhaps she had done wrong in taking upon her this charge unknown to her parents,—that perhaps they would be displeased. She rose up in haste and looked from door and window for the beggar-woman, but neither across the fields, nor down the valley, nor upon the distant highways was she to be seen; and then, with that sentiment, which, from the time of the first error in Paradise, has become a part of our human nature, she was afraid, and thought to hide the child. She made it a comfortable warm bed with a blanket, in a large closet, and kissing its sleeping eyes, and wishing she had no fear, she left it to its repose, and began with great anxiety to look out for the return of her parents. To the old domestic she said not one word of what she had done.

After two hours, all which time the child slept soundly, Walter Pixley and his wife returned. The good mother, who was accustomed to help in all the domestic business, employed herself in

preparing the early afternoon meal, and Martha sat down with her parents to partake of it. While Walter Pixley and his wife were in the midst of their review of the events of the morning—of Edward Burrough's extraordinary sermon, and of the concourse to whom it was addressed, they were startled by what seemed to them the cry of a child. Martha's heart beat quick, and her sweet face grew pale, but her parents were not observing her. The good man stopped in the middle of a sentence, and both he and his wife turned their heads towards the part of the house whence the sound proceeded, listened for a second or two, and then, all being again still, without remarking upon what they supposed was fancy, they went on again with their conversation. Again a cry louder and more determined was heard; and again they paused. "Surely," said the wife, "that *is* the voice of a young child."

The critical moment was now come—concealment was no longer possible; and Martha's affection mastering her fear, as the infant continued to cry, she darted from the table and exclaimed, "Yes, yes, it is my child!" and the next moment was heard audibly soothing her little charge, in the chamber above, with all the tenderness of the fondest mother.

Mrs. Pixley was soon at her daughter's side, full of the most inconceivable astonishment, and demanded from her whence the child had come, or how it had been consigned to her charge. Martha related the story with perfect honesty. The old domestic was then summoned, but she knew nothing of the affair. Those were not long deliberations that followed. The family could not conscientiously burden themselves with another dependant, and one especially who had no natural claim upon them, in these perilous and anxious times when they could not even insure security for themselves; and besides this, how did they know but this very circumstance might be made, in some way or other, a cause of offence or of persecution,—for the world looked with jealous and suspicious eyes upon the poor Quakers. Father Pixley, therefore, soon determined what he had to do in the affair,—to make the circumstances known at the next village; to inquire after the woman, who, no doubt, had been seen either before or after parting with the child; and also to state the whole affair to the nearest justice of the peace.

Within an hour, therefore, after the discovery of the child, the good man might be seen making known his strange news at the different places of resort in the village, and inquiring from all if such a person as the little girl had described the woman to be, had been seen by any; but to his chagrin and amazement, no one could give him information,—such a person had evidently not been there. He next hastened to the justice's. It was now evening, and Walter Pixley was informed that his worship very rarely transacted any business after dinner, and that especially "he would not with a Quaker." Walter, however, was not

easily to be put by, he felt his business was important, and, by help of a gratuity to the servant, he gained admittance.

The justice was engaged over his wine, and he received Walter Pixley very gruffly, and in the end threatened him with a committal to jail for his pains. The poor Quaker had been in jail the whole of the preceding winter, and he remembered too wofully the horror of that dungeon to bring upon himself willingly a second incarceration. It was of no use seeking for help at the hands of the justice; therefore he urged his business no further, and returned quietly to his own house.

Against the will therefore of the elder Pixleys, the child was established with them; and it was not long before the father and mother as cordially adopted it as their little daughter had done from the first beholding it. "For who knows," argued the good Walter Pixley, "but the child may be designed for some great work, and therefore removed thus singularly from the ways of evil, for our teaching and bringing up? Let us not gainsay or counteract the ways of Providence." This reasoning abundantly satisfied the pious minds of the good Friends, and the little stranger was regularly installed a member of the family by the kindred name of Mary.

At the time little Mary was first received under this hospitable roof she might be about six months old, a child of uncommon beauty; nor as the months advanced into years was the promise of her infancy disappointed. She was, in disposition and tone of mind, the very reverse of her grave and gentle elder-sister, as Martha was now considered: she was bold and full of mirth; full of such unbroken buoyancy of heart as made the sober mother Pixley half suspect that she must have come of some race of wild people. Certain it was, the subdued and grave spirit of the Pixleys never influenced her; and as Martha grew up into womanhood, and the quietness and sobriety of her younger years matured into fixed principle, she embraced with a firm mind the peculiar tenets in which she had been brought up, and would have stood to the death for the maintenance of them. Mary also advanced past the years of girlhood but still remained the gay, glad, bold-spirited being that she had ever been. She revered all the members of the persecuted body to whom her friends belonged, and would have suffered fearlessly for their sakes; still their principles and practices she never would adopt. Her beautiful person was adorned, as far as she had opportunity, in the prevailing fashion of the times; and she often grieved the sober minds of every member of the family, by carolling forth "profane songs," as Mrs. Pixley called them; while how she became acquainted with them remained for ever a mystery. Often did the conscientious mind of father Pixley question with himself, whether it was quite right to maintain so light a maiden under his roof; but then the affectionate being,

who had no friends save them in the world, had so entwined herself round the hearts of all the household, that the good man banished the idea as inhuman, and never ventured to give it utterance. Martha and her mother, meantime, strove to win over this bright young creature to their own views, and for a few moments she would settle her beautiful face to a solemn expression, try to subdue what her friends called "her airy imagination," and attend the preaching of some eminent Friend. But it would not do, —the true character burst forth through all,—Mary was again all wit and laughter, and, though her friends reproved, they loved her, and forgave all.

On the accession of James II., which is the period at which our little narrative is now arrived, persecution raged again with greater violence than ever; and the Pixleys, along with seventeen other Friends, both men and women, were dragged from their meeting-house by a brutal soldiery, under the command of the justice we have before mentioned, to the dungeon-like county jail, in the depth of winter. The hardships they endured were so dreadful that it is painful to relate them. They were kept many days without food, and allowed neither fire nor candle; their prison was damp and cold, and they were furnished with straw only for their beds; they were also forbidden to see their friends, who might have procured them some of the necessaries of life; nor were they allowed to represent, by letter, their case to any influential man of the county, who might have interested himself in their behalf. And to all this was added the brutality of a cruel jailer, who heaped upon them all the ignominy he could devise. In these dreadful circumstances lay the gentle Martha Pixley and her parents. Mary, not having accompanied them to their place of worship, did not share their fate.

Poor mother Pixley's health had long been declining, and this confinement reduced her so low that in a few days her life was despaired of; still, no medical aid could be procured, and the cloaks and coats of many of her suffering companions were given up to furnish covering for her miserable bed.

When the news came to Mary of the committal of her friends to jail, the distress of her mind expressed itself in a burst of uncontrollable indignation; and then, asking counsel of no one, she threw on her hat and cloak, and taking with her an old man who lived in the family as a laborer, she hurried to the justice's; and, as she did not appear with any mark of the despised Quaker, either in dress or manner, she soon obtained admittance. The magistrate was somewhat startled by the sudden apparition of so fair and young a maiden, and demanded her pleasure with unwonted courtesy, seating her in the chair beside him, and removing from his head the laced hat which he was wearing at her entrance. Mary made her demand for the liberation of her friends, the Quakers. The justice stared, as if doubting his senses,

and rallied her on the strangeness of her request, charging upon the Quakers all those absurd and monstrous things which were alleged against them in those days. Mary, nothing abashed, denied every charge as false, and demanded, if not the liberation of her friends, at least the amelioration of their sufferings. As Mary pleaded, the justice grew angry, and at length the full violence of his temper broke forth, and the high spirited girl, even more indignant than terrified, rushed from his presence.

What was next to be done? She ordered her old attendant to saddle the horses, and mounting one, and bidding him follow on the other, she set off to the county town. There she found great numbers of Friends surrounding the prison with baskets of provisions, bedding, warm clothing, and fuel, begging for admittance to their perishing brethren. Little children too there were, weeping for their imprisoned parents, and offering their little all to the jailer, so that they might be permitted to share their captivity. Mary made her way through this melancholy crowd, peremptorily demanded access to the jailer, and was admitted, her garb, unlike that of the persecuted Quakers, obtaining for her this favor, as at the house of the justice. But here again her errand debarred her further success; the jailer would neither allow her to see her friends nor would he convey a message to them. Mary could have wept in anger and vexation, and from intense sympathy with the grief she had witnessed outside the walls, but she did not; she retorted upon the jailer the severity of his manner, and bidding him look to the consequences, folded her cloak round her and walked forth again into the circle of Friends who surrounded the gate. The jailer laughed as he drew the heavy bolts after her, and bade her do her worst.

Among the Friends collected in the street before the prison, Mary heard that William Penn, who had just returned from his new settlement in America, was now in London. As soon as she heard this, she determined upon her plan of conduct. She knew his influence with the king, who, when Duke of York, had induced his brother, Charles II., to bestow on him that tract of land called Pennsylvania. To him, therefore, she determined to go, and pray him to represent to the king the deplorable sufferings of Friends in those parts.

When her old attendant heard of her meditated journey, he looked upon her as almost insane. To him the project was appalling. It would require many days to reach London, and who must take charge of the farm in his absence, seeing his worthy master was in prison. And then, too, though he had been willing to attend her as far as the next town, would it be right for a young maiden and an old man to endanger their lives by so long and so strange a journey?

Mary was uninfluenced by his reasoning, nor was she to be daunted by his fears. "If," she said, "he would not

accompany her, she would go alone." She bade him, therefore, to have her horse saddled by break of day, and retired to her own apartment to prepare for the journey.

"Of a surety," said the old man to himself, "she is a wilful young thing."

In the morning, however, she found not only her own horse prepared, but the old man and his also, for, wilful as she was, the old man loved her; and though he could not conjecture the object of so strange a journey, "he would," he said, "go with her to the end of the world."

Mary had ventured to make use of the stores in Walter Pixley's coffers, for she considered the lives of her friends were at stake. She was therefore sufficiently supplied with money for their journey.

For this time the wild gaiety of Mary's spirits was gone, but instead, was a strong energy and determination of character, which supported her above fatigue, or the apprehension of danger; and day after day, from town to town, in the depth of winter, did she and her attendant journey onward. They had no intercourse with travellers on the road, nor did they make known to any one the object of their journey.

When she arrived in London, she went straight to the house where William Penn had his temporary residence, and without introduction, apology, or circumlocution, laid before that great and good man the sad condition of her suffering friends. She then made him acquainted with her own private history, her obligations to the family of the worthy Walter Pixley, and the anxiety she now felt for the life of her, who had been as a mother unto her.

William Penn heard her with evident emotion, and promised to do all that lay in his power for her benefactors; though he assured her she had over-rated his influence with the king. He then desired Mary to take up her abode under his roof; and bidding an attendant call in his mistress, he gave her into the hands of his fair and gentle wife, briefly relating to her upon what errand the young maiden had come.

When Mary found her mission thus far so happily accomplished, and the door shut upon herself and her kind hostess, the over-strained energy of her spirit for a moment relaxed, and she wept like a feeble child. The fair wife of William Penn understood her feelings, soothed her with sympathy, and encouraged her to open her heart freely. Never had Mary seen goodness so graceful and attractive as in the high minded and gentle being before her. Her very soul blessed her as she spoke; she could not doubt that all would be well; and with her heart comforted, assured, and filled with gratitude, it seemed as if a new life had been given to her.

The next day William Penn obtained an audience of the king, and so wrought upon him by the story of the heroic young creature under his roof, and the sufferings of her friends, that he desired she might be brought before him, and

receive from his hands the order for their enlargement.

Mary was accordingly arrayed in the best garments her scanty wardrobe permitted, by the elegant and gentle hands of Guilelma Penn, who surveyed her beautiful face and figure with admiration, and then kissed her and blessed her, as an affectionate mother might bless a beloved daughter.

Leaning upon the arm of her protector, she was conducted through a great chamber of lords and ladies, assembled for the occasion, into the presence of his majesty. Mary's heart beat violently, as her companion, drawing her arm from his, presented her to his sovereign, who graciously bade her speak her wishes without fear. Re-assured by the kindness of the king's manner, almost forgetting the presence in which she stood, for what seemed to her the greater importance of her errand, she made her petition gracefully and well. She related all she had told William Penn of the great kindness of the Pixleys to her, and her otherwise desolate condition; she told of their domestic virtues, of their piety, and their firm loyalty; and lastly, of their wretched condition in the jail, with that of many others; and of the cruelty of the justice and the jailer; and then, almost unconsciously falling on her knees, she prayed so eloquently that they might be released, that the king turned aside to wipe away a tear before he put forth his hand to raise her.

The petition was granted. The king himself put into her hands the order for their release, and then praying God might bless her, and taking leave of William Penn very kindly, passed out of the presence-chamber. Many of the lords accompanied the king, but the rest closing around the almost terrified maiden, overwhelmed her with compliments. William Penn, who saw her confusion, apologized for her with all the grace of a courtier, and extricating her from the admiring company, conveyed her, like a being walking in a dream, to his own house.

Not a moment was lost in sending down by express the order for the Friends' enlargement, and together with that, a dismissal from his office for the jailer. Rest was now absolutely necessary for Mary after those extraordinary exertions; William Penn detained her, therefore, a few days under his roof, and then conveyed her himself in his own comfortable carriage to the house of her friends. It is impossible to describe the joy which her return afforded, and which was not a little increased by the presence of her illustrious companion.

The troubles and persecutions of the Pixleys here came to an end, for they went over to Pennsylvania with its distinguished founder, on his return, and became noted among the most worthy and influential of the settlers there, Mary, however, returned to England, being affluently married; and I, myself, several years ago was possessed of a piece of needle-work said to have been of her doing.

*164 Six mathematical figures to be copied several times, and of various sizes.

*165 A boy. The prominent points to be first marked with dots.

166 Exercises for perspective. Place three books, of the same height, upright on the table, one close to you, one in the middle, and one at the end furthest from you; do they appear of the same or of different sizes? which appears largest, and which least? Does the one nearest you appear tallest only, or anything more? Hold this pencil so that it shall appear as long as possible. How must you hold it, and where must you hold it? Try to hold it so that it shall appear as short as possible.

167 The flower-pot, No. 65, from memory.

168 An easy object, as a knife, key, &c., to be well looked at, and then drawn from memory.

169 Perspective. Place a book at this end of the room, and one of the same size at the other end; do you notice anything remarkable in the different appearance of these books? How must you place these two candlesticks on the table so as to appear of the same size? Can you place them in any way so as to appear of different sizes?

170 A jug, to be drawn from the object.

*171 A sheep's head, } Dots should be
*172 A trap and ball, } first made at
*173 A profile. } the prominent points.

174 A bonnet, hat, or glove, from the object, which should be placed so that there may be the least possible perspective or foreshortening.

175 Perspective. Can you hold this penny so as to see nothing but the rim?—all the rim at once?—none of the rim? Can you see it perfectly round?—not perfectly round? How must you hold or place this book so that it shall appear of its exact shape, which is oblong? Can you hold it so that it shall appear shorter?—longer?—so as to see none of the side?—all the side?—so that the side shall appear exceedingly narrow?

176 The jug, No. 170, to be drawn from memory.

177 The mathematical figures, No. 164, to be drawn exactly twice, and exactly three times as large as the copy.

*178 A bat and ball.

*179 A soup plate.

180 The saucepan, No. 66, to be drawn from memory.

181 Perspective. Can you hold this ruler so that it shall appear to have no length? How must you hold your hand so that it shall appear to be of the greatest size?—so as to appear long, but very narrow?—broad or wide, but very short?

182 The pupil should draw a finger of his left hand from nature; and afterwards the thumb.

183 A pen should be put in a strong light, so as to have a marked shading, which the pupil should try to imitate.

No. 144.

No. 145.

ENIGMAS—ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

1.

When rattling thunders rend the sky,
And vivid lightnings glare,
Unbending in the storm I fly;
Ladies, behold me there!
Should you the field of battle scan,
And all its terrors view,
I'm in the centre of the van,
And in the victory too.

2.

A word there is five syllables contains,
Take one away, no syllable remains.

3.

The greatest wonder of the land;
My origin none understand,
Though to discover it, the sage
Has been employ'd in many an age.
Yet this by all is understood,
That I was known before the flood.
None that e'er breath'd such pow'r can boast,
For I in all things "rule the roast."
The beggar I can make a peer,
And in a hero's heart cause fear.
The coward's arm with courage nerve,
From duty make the loyal swerve.
Health, peace, and ev'ry blessing give,
And man of e ch of these bereave;
Hope and despair I can impart,
And wind, as pleases me, the heart.
Day-light I shun, am seldom found
Till Luna takes her nightly round.
Murder commit without a crime,
Arrest the powerful hand of time,
Or forward move it if I please;—
In short, all things can do with ease.
I've more vagaries than an ape,
No mortal from my tricks can 'scape:
The heir apparent, if I choose,
Must take a cinder-wench for spouse;
The haughtiest dame throughout the land,
Must to a link-boy give her hand;
And ought to own I'm very kind,
If to Jack-Ketch she is not join'd.
I can make statues dance a jig,
Or make a jack-ass comb a wig;
When to my whims I give full scope,
Make a chief justice dance the rope;
And what's more wonderful than these,
Woman silence, if I please.
Though man I visit, yet 'tis clear
I never to his sight appear;
One further hint, and then I've done,
You'll have this visit, ten to one,
Before a week its course has run.

4.

I am a word of eleven letters. My 8th, 9th, 6th, 11th, 2d and 10th is an intoxicating drink; my 4th, 2d and 1st is an abbreviation of a proper name; my 11th, 9th and 8th is a boy's plaything; my 8th, 9th, 6th and 11th is a kind of wine; my 8th, 2d, 6th, 10th and 7th a common drink in the country; my 10th, 7th and 2d is a kind of grain; my 10th, 5th, 4th, 4th, 3d and 6th is the gum of a tree; my 3d, 6th, 2d and 1st is a small bird; my 10th, 9th and 7th the fictitious signature of one of our first poets; my 8th, 9th and 8th an intoxicating drink; my 1st, 5th and 11th is a nut; of my 11th, 9th and 3d cloth is made; my 11th, 9th and 1st is the height of the fashion; my 8th, 2d and 1st is a small inclosure; my 4th, 2d and 7th has more power than a king; my whole is a town in Essex County.

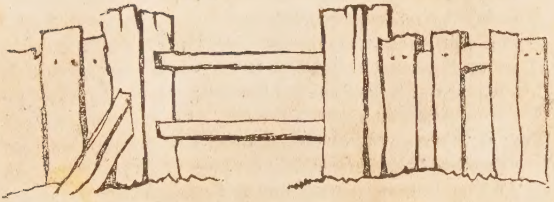
W.

No. 152.

No. 154.

No. 155.

No. 156.



THE CUCKOO.

BY MISS MARY HOWITT.

PEE! pee! pee! says the merry Pee-Bird;
And as soon as the children hear it,
"The Cuckoo 's a-coming," they say, "for I heard,
Up in his tree the merry Pee-Bird,
And he'll come in three days, or near it!"
The days go on, one, two, three;
And the little bird singeth—pee! pee! pee!
Then on the morrow, 'tis very true,
They hear the note of the old Cuckoo;
Up in the elm-tree, through the day,
Just as in gone years, shouting away;
"Cuckoo," the Cuckoo doth cry,
And the little boys mock him as they go by.

The wood-pecker laughs to hear the strain,
And says "the old fellow has come back again;
He sitteth again on the very same tree,
And he talks of himself again!—he! he! he!"

The stock-doves together begin to coo
When they hear the voice of the old Cuckoo;
"Ho! ho!" say they, "he did not find
Those far-away countries quite to his mind,
So he's come again to see what he can do
With sucking the small birds' eggs, coo-coo!"
The black-bird, and throstle, and loud missel-cock,
They sing all together, the Cuckoo to mock:
"What want we with him? let him stay over sea!"
Sings the bold piping reed-sparrow, "want him? not we!"
"Cuckoo!" the Cuckoo shouts still,
"I care not for you, let you rave as you will!"
"Cuckoo!" the Cuckoo doth cry,
And the little boys mock him as they go by.

"Hark! hark!" sings the chiff-chaff, "hark! hark!" sings the lark,
And the white-throats and buntings all twitter "hark! hark!"
The wren and the hedge-sparrow hear it anon,
And "hark! hark!" in a moment shouts every one.
"Hark! hark!—that's the Cuckoo there, shouting amain!
Bless our lives! why that egg-sucker's come back again!"
"Cuckoo!" the Cuckoo shouts still,
"I shall taste of your eggs, let you rave as you will!"
"Cuckoo!" the Cuckoo doth cry,
And the little boys mock him as they go by.

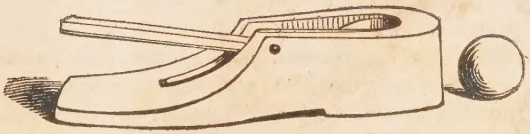
The water-hens hear it, the rail and the smew,
And they say,—"Why on land there's a pretty to-do!
Sure the Cuckoo's come back, what else is the matter?
The pyes and the jays are all making a clatter!"
"Hark! hark!" says the woodcock, "I hear him myself,
Shouting up in the elm-tree, the comical elf!"
"Hark! hark!" cries the widgeon, "and I hear him too,
Shouting loudly as ever, that self-same Cuckoo!"
"Well, well," says the wild duck, "what is it to us;
I've no spite 'gainst the Cuckoo; why make such a fuss?
Let him shout as he listeth—he comes over sea—
And his French may be French, 'tis no matter to me;
I have no spite against him, my soul's not so narrow,
I leave all such whims to the tomtit and sparrow!"
"Cuckoo!" the Cuckoo shouts still,
"You may all hold your peace, I shall do as I will!"
"Cuckoo!" the Cuckoo doth cry,
And the little boys mock him as they go by.

No. 164.

No. 165.

No. 171.

No. 172.



VENTRILOQUISM.*

MR. ELWOOD had thrown aside his newspaper, when the eye of Frederick caught the advertisement of an exhibition of ventriloquism in the neighborhood. "I do not know," said he, after he had read it, "how such things can be done."

"Among the various effects of the human voice," replied Mr. Elwood, "there is none more calculated to produce surprise in the hearers than the extraordinary talent which some men possess, of deceiving their hearers with a belief that the sounds which they utter do not proceed from the real speaker, but from situations at a distance. This talent has been termed ventriloquism, from an idea, as the name intimates, that the voice of the speaker proceeded not from the mouth, but from the belly. Such a person can assume characters of voice and speech which are not natural to him, and thus, although alone, can imitate closely a conversation held between two or more persons. The most remarkable diversity is obtained by speaking during drawing in of the breath, instead of, as usual, while throwing it out. The voice so produceed is more feeble than the ordinary voice, and, when accompanied by other circumstances favoring the illusion, it may suggest very completely the idea of a boy calling from the bottom of a pit, or from the interior of a chimney. An unsuspecting countryman may be tricked into unloading his hay-waggon by an expert ventriloquist, who makes him believe that there is a poor child packed under the heap, and ready to be smothered there."

Mrs. E. Some curious deceptions have been practised by a due consideration of such circumstances. Only let the mouth of a person be shut, and the muscles of his face be still, and we might easily be led to imagine that articulate sounds came from a plaster figure, or a bust, that might happen to be near; and still more that they issued from an animal or a child, the movements of whose mouth accorded with what was uttered. If too the man could utter sounds unlike those of his own voice, and then those of his usual mode, it would appear as if he were actually conversing with these creatures, or these inanimate objects.

Emma. How strange! I should very much like to see and to hear this done. Can you recollect any instances of this practice?

Mrs. E. At one time it was common in some of the continental theatres for a performer to appear, by means of his lips, eyes, and gestures, as if he were singing, while another, who was unseen, actually supplied the music with his voice; and at first, from the force of imagination, the deception was so complete as to impose on the quickest eye and the nicest ear. When however this faculty sunk to re-

* From two latin words—*Venter*, BELLY; *Loquor*, SPEAKING.

pose, the true direction of the sound was discovered. Mr. Dugald Stewart mentions a person who imitated the movements of a performer on the violin, and the music by his voice, and riveted the eyes of the audience on the instrument, when every sound they heard issued from his mouth. A gentleman too told the same celebrated philosopher that he had frequently imitated the whistling of the wind through a narrow chink in the corner of the coffee-house, and that he generally saw some of the company rise to examine the windows, while others, more intent on what they were doing, put on their hats and buttoned up their coats.

E. That is very singular. Do persons in other parts of the earth practise this art?

Mrs. E. They do. Here is Captain Lyon's account of one of them, whom he found among the Esquimaux. Read it, Emma.

E. (*Reads.*) "Amongst our Igloolik acquaintances were two females, and a few male wizards, of whom the principal was Toolemack. This personage was cunning and intelligent, and, whether professionally, or from his skill in the chase, but perhaps from both reasons, was considered by all the tribe as a man of importance. As I invariably paid great deference to his opinion on all subjects connected with his calling, he freely communicated to me his superior knowledge, and did not scruple to allow of my being present at his interviews with Tornga, or his patron spirit. In consequence of this, I took an early opportunity of requesting my friend to exhibit his skill in my cabin. His old wife was with him, and by much flattery, and an accidental display of a glittering knife and some beads, she assisted me in obtaining my request. All light excluded, our sorcerer began chanting to his wife with great vehemence, and she in return answered by singing the Amnaaya, which was not discontinued during the whole ceremony. As far as I could hear, he afterwards began turning himself rapidly round, and in a loud powerful voice vociferated for Tornga with great impatience, at the same time blowing and snorting like a walrus. His noise, impatience, and agitation increased every moment, and he at length seated himself on the deck, varying his tones, and making a rustling with his clothes. Suddenly the voice seemed smothered, and was so managed as to sound as if retreating beneath the deck, each moment becoming more distant, and ultimately giving the idea of being many feet below the cabin, when it ceased entirely. His wife now, in answer to my queries, informed me very seriously that he had dived, and that he would send up Tornga. Accordingly, in about half a minute, a distant blowing was heard very slowly approaching, and a voice, which differed from that at first heard, was at times mingled with the blowing, until at length both sounds became distinct, and the old woman informed me that Tornga

was come to answer my questions. I accordingly asked several questions of the sagacious spirit, to each of which inquiries I received an answer by two loud claps on the deck, which I was given to understand was favorable.

"A very hollow, yet powerful voice, certainly much different from the tones of Toolemak, now chanted for some time, and a strange jumble of hisses, groans, shouts, and gabblings like a turkey succeeded in rapid order. The old woman sang with increased energy; and as I took it for granted that this was all intended to astonish the Kabloona, I cried repeatedly that I was very much afraid. This, as I expected, added fuel to the fire, until the poor immortal, exhausted by his own might, asked leave to retire.

"The voice gradually sunk from our hearing as at first, and a very indistinct hissing succeeded; in its advance, it sounded like the tone produced by the wind on the bass chord of an Eolian harp. This was soon changed to a rapid hiss like that of a rocket, and Toolemak with a yell announced his return. I had held my breath at the first distant hissing, and twice exhausted myself, yet our conjurer did not once respire, and even his returning and powerful yell was uttered without a previous stop or inspiration of the air.

"Light being admitted, our wizard, as might be expected, was in a profuse perspiration, and certainly much exhausted by his exertions, which had continued for at least half an hour. We now observed a couple of bunches, each consisting of two stripes of white deer-skin and a long piece of sinew, attached to the back of the coat. These we had not seen before, and were informed that they had been sewn on by Tornga while he was below."—Was there any exhibition after this, mother?

Mrs. E. Captain Lyon had the good fortune to witness another of Toolemak's exhibitions, and he was much struck with the wonderful steadiness of the wizard throughout the whole performance, which lasted an hour and a half. He did not once appear to move, for he was so close to the skin behind which Captain Lyon sat, that if he had done so he must have perceived it. Captain Lyon did not hear the least rustling of his clothes, or even distinguish his breathing, although his outcries were made with great exertion.

F. How we should like to hear some other instances!

Mr. E. M. St. Gille, a grocer of St. Germain, had occasion to shelter himself from a storm in a neighboring convent, where the monks were in deep mourning for a much-esteemed member of their community who had been recently buried. While lamenting over the tomb of their deceased brother the slight honors which had been paid to his memory, a voice was suddenly heard to issue from the roof of the choir, bewailing the condition of the deceased in purgatory, and reproving the brotherhood for want of zeal. The tidings of this supernatural

event brought the whole brotherhood to the church. The voice from above repeated its lamentations and reproaches, and the whole convent fell upon their faces, and vowed to make a reparation of their error. They accordingly chanted, in full choir, what is called a *de profundus*, during the intervals of which, the spirit of the departed monk expressed his satisfaction at their pious exercises. The prior afterwards inveighed against modern scepticism on the subject of apparitions, and M. St. Gille had great difficulty in convincing the fraternity that the whole was deception.

E. O, what a trick! I should not wonder if one should be played on him some day. Joseph Martin is a cunning little fellow, but he met with one that is still more so; and when he was last here, he was quite agreeable all the time, and did not play a single prank. But do let us hear more of ventriloquism.

Mrs. E. The ventriloquists of the nineteenth century made great additions to their art, and the performances of M. Fitz-James and M. Alexandre were far superior to those of their predecessors. Besides the art of speaking by the throat and the abdomen, without moving those of the face, these artists had not only studied with great diligence and success the modifications which sounds of all kinds undergo from distance, obstructions, and other causes, but had acquired the art of imitating them in the highest perfection. Their influence over an audience was still further extended by a singular power over the muscles of the body. Fitz-James actually succeeded in making the opposite or corresponding muscles act differently from each other; and while one side of his face was merry and laughing, the other was full of sorrow and in tears. At one moment he was tall, thin, and melancholic, and after passing behind a screen he came out "bloated with obesity, and staggering with fulness." Alexandre possessed also the same power over his face and figure.

E. Did you ever see either of them?

Mrs. E. No, never; but I have heard much of the performances of Alexandre. He could imitate the conversation of three persons so completely as to deceive the most experienced ear. He uttered tones which might be supposed to come from a gruff, domineering person of gigantic stature; and then he diminished these tones into the acute and feeble voice of a child. With these contrary voices, interposing occasionally his own natural voice, he carried on a conversation between a lad and his surly master with such admirable effect, that persons were led to believe there were two other persons in an adjacent room. One individual with whom he seemed to converse appeared to be in the chimney, passing gradually from the lower part to the top, and then returning; and so complete was the imitation, that when Alexandre took a chair to the fire-place, as if he would help him out, every one looked for the hitherto invisible to put his foot on it,

and to enter the room. Another appeared to be at a distance in the garden, and then to approach; when the window was thrown up, the sounds were still more audible; and when the stranger proposed to climb up and get in, so close did he seem, that there was a feeling of surprise and regret at his not immediately appearing.

E. That was very clever. Do you remember any other things?

Mrs. E. Yes. He imitated also an applicant to have a tooth drawn, attended by several persons; and the objections and apprehensions of the patient, the remonstrances of the dentist, and the sympathies and encouragements of the friends of the sufferer, were so well given, that it was difficult to believe they were not all present. In addition to a variety of things of this kind, he appeared as if he were sawing and planing wood, in which the peculiar sounds of the tools, and knots, and those made at the beginning and end of the board, were most accurately imitated; and he afterwards proceeded to mimic the frying of an omelet, in which sounds are very numerous and various, with equal success. His changes of face and figure were very remarkable. I knew a gentleman, who, not having seen any of his performances, was sitting by his side at a supper party, and who, on suddenly turning round, was startled by the contrast presented to the fine-looking man he had just before addressed. He used to declare that he had been in different dresses several times in a day to members of his own family, without their being able to recognise him.

F. Did he ever say how he discovered that he had such powers of voice?

Mrs. E. He did. When playing, as a boy, in a wood, at "hide and seek," he suddenly found that he could make his voice appear to come from a very different point to that in which he was, and thus he and his associates had capital sport. This led to various experiments, and afterwards to the public appearances, as I should suppose, of the most skilful and successful ventriloquist of any period. His exhibition took place on the stage; and as a climax to his performance, there were heard, while he opened and shut the door, the cries of children, dogs, and cats, so well imitated by the skilful manner in which he diminished and swelled his voice, that the sounds appeared to come from a distance, when they issued only from him.

E. Can you imagine, mother, how he thus threw his voice into different places?

Mrs. E. It appears to me, my love, as if three things were required: one is an exquisite sense of hearing, so that the variations of sounds may be most accurately discriminated; another is an extraordinary power of imitating them; and the third is an ability to do this with the lips closed. In the case of Alexandre only one character in the piece could be seen at the same time, yet they all appeared during its performance; but so great was the change in the face and

he figure, that the ventriloquist himself could not be recognised. In this he was aided by different dresses, which he could lay aside or assume with such astonishing speed, that, after retiring in one character, he appeared so quickly in another as to produce the impression that those who looked on saw a different person.

Mr. E. The ancients constructed heads which were thought to speak or sing, in order to represent the gods, or to utter replies as oracles. Of these, the head of Orpheus, at Lesbos, was celebrated in Persia as well as through Greece, and there have been some of later date, into which it is supposed sound was conveyed by pipes from a person in another apartment to the mouth of the figure. At the court of Charles II., questions were whispered into the ear of a wooden image, which gave answers through a speaking trumpet with great ability; but when astonishment prevailed, a Popish priest was discovered by one of the pages in an adjoining apartment. In my early days, too, there was an exhibition bearing the singular name of the Invisible Girl. There appeared a hollow copper ball suspended in a frame by four slender ribbons, and into it were fixed the ends of four trumpets with their mouths outwards. On a spectator proposing some questions, by speaking into one of the trumpets, an answer was returned from another of them, and the sound was sufficient to be heard by an ear applied to any of them, yet it was so weak as to seem to come from a person of very small size. Hence it was supposed to come from an invisible girl, who however sang beautifully, conversed in different languages, and made many lively remarks on the company assembled.

F. I cannot imagine how that could be done;—have you any idea, father?

Mr. E. I have. A communication was made by means of the railing in which the ball was suspended, with an apartment where the invisible lady sat, and who through a hole could see what was occurring. The answer being *reflected* back to the ear of the spectator by the trumpet, he heard the sounds changed as they would be when conveyed through a tube, and then reflected to the ear. To this I may add, that many very ingenious pieces of acoustic mechanism have been from time to time exhibited in Europe. The celebrated Swiss mechanist, M. le Droz, constructed for the King of Spain the figure of a sheep, which imitated in the most perfect manner the bleating of that animal; and likewise the figure of a dog watching a basket of fruit, which, when any of the fruit was taken away, never ceased barking till it was replaced.

Mrs. E. The singing-bird of M. Maillardet is still more wonderful. An oval box, about three inches long, was set upon the table, and in an instant the lid flew up, and a bird of the size of the humming-bird, and of the most beautiful plumage, started from his nest. After fluttering its wings, it opened its bill, and

performed four different kinds of the most beautiful warbling. It then darted down into its nest, and the lid closed upon it. The moving power in this piece of mechanism is said to have been springs which continued their action only four minutes. As there was no room within so small a figure for accommodating pipes to produce the great variety of notes which were warbled, the artist used only one tube, and produced the variety of sounds by shortening and lengthening it with a moveable pisto I had the pleasure of seeing and hea ing the bird some years ago. The co triver had given great attention to su things, and they were executed with e traordinary ability. It is amazing wh may be done by continued effort.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THERE are in the public schools in N. York city, over sixteen thousand children, most of them between the ages of seven and twelve years. A few days ago we visited school No. 7, situated in Chrystie street. About two hundred and fifty girls occupy the first floor, and as many boys the second story. Promptness and order are the first things which strike a visiter. If any of these girls arrive after exactly 9 o'clock, they have to sit with their bonnets on. On the morning of our visit, only three incurred the penalty. Both schools exhibit all the subordination and order of well drilled troops. We saw both move in single file, in the change of studies, but there was no confusion, no pulling hair, no kicking or pinching, or even making up of faces, or any of those low freaks which it is so difficult to suppress among illy educated boys and girls especially the former. The system of discipline is made to bear so hard upon the refractory, that they are soon glad to capitulate. The instruction, we have reason to thin is very thorough. A class of girls rea with excellent enunciation and punctua tion, and that, notwithstanding Murray Reader was pointed most miserably. We suppose our citizens in genera know but little of what is going on with in the school houses which they pass They would be deeply interested, w have no doubt, by going in, which they could do at any time. A great deal o labor is however expended on the school by the gentlemen of the School Society. Their benevolence ought to be sustained in the most liberal manner by the public; for whether we be a generous or a selfish community, there are no investments better made. Every one who will for an hour contemplate one of these schools, and think of the transformation which it is working in the characters of five hundred children, will be satisfied that all the benefits it confers are cheaply purchased.

N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

LETTERS FROM A COUSIN.

(Continued from p. 92.)

NO 5.—GILBERT M. LAFAYETTE.

DEAR CHARLES,

I KNOW of nothing which could more appropriately follow my last letter, than a short notice of the "adopted son of Washington."

Lafayette was born at Chavagnac, in France, on the 6th of September, 1757. He lost both his parents before he was two years old. Lafayette was sent to the college of Duplessis, at Paris, when 11 years of age. At the age of 15 he was enrolled as one of the body guard of the king. One year after this, he married the daughter of the wealthy duke d'Ayen.

About this time Lafayette heard of the struggle of the Americans to free themselves from British tyranny, and he resolved to go and assist them. He no sooner resolved, than he put his resolution into execution. He left his family and friends, and sailed for America. On his arrival here, he proceeded immediately to Philadelphia, where he had an interview with Washington. He was soon afterwards appointed to the command of two thousand young men, who shortly became the flower of the American army. Lafayette presented each officer with an elegant sword; and clothed, armed, and equipped his two thousand men *at his own expense*. Lafayette, by his letters to his friends in France, contributed in no small degree to bring about the negociation with the French court. I shall not have time to tell you now of the gallant conduct of Gen. Lafayette, during the whole of this war; but I hope you will read the whole story as soon as you can.

The independence of the United States having been acknowledged, and the war being finished, Lafayette sailed for France, where he was received with the respect due to his rank. In the year 1789, a revolution having broken out in France, Lafayette was appointed commander of the National Guards, in which situation he distinguished himself by his bravery. Having become disgusted with some proceedings, he resigned his commission, and being elected commandant of *all* the National Guards of France, he refused to accept of the office.

Some time after this Lafayette displeased the government and was obliged to leave France. In attempting to cross over into Holland, he and the few friends who accompanied him, were taken prisoners by the Austrians and confined in a gloomy dungeon at Olmutz. Many were the attempts made by the friends of Lafayette to obtain his release, but their efforts were for a long time fruitless. So damp and unhealthy was this prison, that Lafayette was attacked with a severe illness, his hair fell from his head, and he was reduced to a skeleton. Af-

ter five years' imprisonment, he was released through the instrumentality of Bonaparte and others, and returned to France. I have only time to add, that Lafayette was again appointed to the command of the National Guards, and made himself very conspicuous, by his gallantry, in the revolution of 1830.

I must not forget to mention that Lafayette made two visits to America, one in 1784, and the other in 1824: on both of which occasions, he was received wi the warmest emotions of gratitude ar pleasure, and was borne as it were o the shoulders of the crowd who assen bled to welcome him.

On the 20th of May, 1834, this "frien of freedom" expired in the arms of h family and friends, in the 77th year o his age.

N. N. I.

Allen's Hill, Ont. Cy., N. Y.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MOTHER.

ON BEAUTY.

"O MOTHER," said Caroline Moubray one morning to her mother, "how I wish I was beautiful, like Mary Anne Maxwell!"

"Why, my dear?" said Mrs. Moubray.

"Because, mother, last night when I was out to tea, you know, at Mrs. James's, I was sitting near Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Grey, and I heard them speaking about all the little girls in the room, and when some of them rose to dance a quadrille, O mother, how they talked about Mary Anne, and said she was so beautiful, and admired her so, mother, and called most of the others so plain, I saw they did not care for them at all."

"And do you think Mary Anne heard them say all this about her?"

"O no, mother, she could not, for they spoke low, and she was up dancing at the time, so she could not hear."

"Then how could it make her any happier if she did not hear it, Caroline?"

"But then, mother, though she did not hear it, yet still she must be much happier, because she is so pretty, and people praise her so, and—"

"Well, my dear, if it really is so great an advantage to be beautiful, as you seem to think, then, like all other advantages, we must render an account for it to God."

"How, mother? I don't understand you."

"Did you never see me settling accounts with Jenny the cook-maid, after she has been at market?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, when I had only given her twenty shillings, did I expect her to bring me in so many things, or so much money back, as when I had given her thirty?"

"No, mother."

"Well, so it is with every talent God entrusts to us, every advantage he bestows on us; we must account for the use we have made of them. But now it is time for you to come and read your English history—bring your book, and I shall let you read about a queen that was beautiful."

Caroline brought her book, and Mrs. Moubray gave her the reign of Edward VI. to read. When she had finished it, her mother said—"Now, Caroline, don't you think it was very fortunate for Elizabeth Woodville, Lady Grey, that she was so beautiful?"

"O yes, mother, for it was that made the king choose her, and made her queen."

"And what more did he do for her, Caroline?"

"He made her brothers, and all her family great men, mother."

"Well, the next reign is very short—you may read that too."

Caroline read the short reign and cruel murder of poor little Edward V. and his brother—she cried out, O mother, how very cruel, to kill the poor little boys—how their poor mother would be distressed about her children!"

"Not about her children only, my dear; her brothers were also put to death, and all her family persecuted by the jealousy of Richard III. Well, Caroline, do you still think Queen Elizabeth was very fortunate?"

"O no, mother! if she had not been pretty, and a queen, her poor little boys would not have been taken from her and killed."

"Well, my dear, you see in this case you have judged very rashly,—you see beauty is not *always* an addition to the happiness of its possessor."

SINGULAR ABSTINENCE OF A PIG.

A Pig was buried in its sty by a fall of part of the chalk cliff under Dover Castle, December 14th, 1810. On the 28th of May following, or one hundred and sixty days after the accident, the pig, still alive, was extricated from its confinement. Its figure was extremely emaciated, having scarcely any muscles discernible; and its bristles were erect, though not stiff, but soft, clean, and white. The animal was lively, walked well, and immediately took food eagerly. At the time of the accident, it was fat, and supposed to have weighed about 160lbs. At the time of the fall there was neither food nor water in the sty, which is a cave about six feet square, dug in the rock, and boarded in the front; and the whole was covered about thirty feet deep in the fallen chalk. The door and other wood in front had been much nibbled, and the sides of the cave were very smooth, having apparently been constantly licked for obtaining the moisture exuding through the rock.

COURAGEOUS FEMALE.

IN the year 1756, an half-idiot, who was employed by a grocer residing in a town in Oxfordshire, was told, on the morning of the 5th of November, to go to a coffer where the gunpowder was kept, and bring some down, and put it into the drawer, to supply the sales of the evening. The man forgot the order till it grew dusk, when he took a lighted candle in his hand, which he inserted in the loose powder, and, filling the measure, walked away. He could not speak intelligibly, although he understood what was said to him—he made his meaning known by signs.

Scarcely had he emptied the powder into the drawer, when, suddenly recollecting what he had done, the terrified creature made the most terrible noise, displaying every mark of horror and dismay; and soon made his master and the family clearly understand that he had left a burning candle fixed in the gunpowder!

The danger was so appalling, that most of the inmates fled: but a servant girl intreated her master not to alarm his sick wife; and, going direct to the chamber, as gently as possible approached the burning candle. Closing the fingers of her hands, she formed a kind of candlestick; and, lifting the candle safely out of the powder, returned with it to her master, fainting away the moment she reached the shop!

FIRST USE OF MAHOGANY.

DR. Gibbons, an eminent physician in the latter end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, had a brother, a West-India captain, who carried home to England some logs of this wood as ballast. As the doctor was then building a house in King-street, Covent-Garden, his brother thought they might he of service to him; but the carpenters, finding the wood too hard for their tools, the logs were laid aside for a time as useless. Soon after, Mrs. Gibbons, wanting a candle-box, the doctor called on his cabinet-maker, Mr. Woollaston in Long-acre, to make one of some wood that lay in his garden. Woollaston also complained that the wood was too hard. The doctor said he must get stronger tools. The candle-box was, however, made and approved. The doctor then insisted on having a bureau made of the same wood, which was also completed: and the fine color, polish, &c. were so pleasing, that he invited all his friends to come and see it; among them the Duchess of Buckingham. She begged some of the same wood of Dr. Gibbons, and employed Woollaston to make her a bureau also; on which the fame of mahogany and of Mr. Woollaston were much raised, and the wood came into general use.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1839.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

WRITTEN FOR PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

A MOCKING BIRD was he
In a bushy, blooming tree,
Imbosomed with the foliage and flower,
And there he sat and sang
Till all around him rang
With sounds from out the merry mimick's bower.

The little satirist
Piped, chattered, shrieked, and hissed;
He then would moan and whistle, quack and caw;
Then carol, drawl, and croak,
As if he'd put a joke
On every winged thing he heard or saw.

Together he would catch
A gay and plaintive snatch,
And mingle notes of half the feathered throng.
For well the mocker knew
Of everything that flew
To imitate the manner and the song.

The other birds drew near,
And paused awhile to hear
How well he gave their voices and their airs.
And some became amused,
While some, disturbed, refused
To own the sounds that others said were theirs.

The sensitive were shocked,
To find their honors mocked
By one so pert and voluble as he.
They knew not if 'twas done
In earnest or in fun,
And fluttered off in silence from the tree.

The silliest grew vain,
To think a song or strain
Of theirs, however weak, or loud, or hoarse,
Was worthy to be heard
Repeated by the bird,
For of his wit they could not feel the force.

The charitable said,
'Poor fellow! if his head
Is turned, or cracked, and has no talent left,
But feels the want of powers,
And plumes itself from ours,
Why, we shall not be losers by the theft.'

The haughty said, 'He thus
It seems would mimick us,
And steal our songs to pass them for his own.
But if he only *quotes*
In honor of our notes,
We then were quite as honored, let alone!'

The wisest said, 'If foe
Or friend, we still may know
By him, wherein our greatest failing lies.
So, let us not be moved,
Since first to be improved
By everything, becomes the truly wise.'

Newburyport, 1839.

TREES.

(Continued from page 334, 1838.)

LETTER III.

My dear Child,

I REJOICE that my last letter has afforded you pleasure, and hope the history of the Plane, or Platen tree, which I now propose to give, will both amuse and instruct you. Milton (who you know was one of the most eminent of the English Poets) describes Eve as having first seen Adam under a Platen tree.

"What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led,
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Platen."

Ælianus Claudus (a Roman historian and rhetorician of Preneste in Italy, born in the reign of Adrian) asserts very seriously, that Xerxes, king of Persia (whose personal accomplishments were commended by many ancient authors) pitched his tent, and passed many days and nights beside a favorite Plane tree. He adorned it with golden necklaces, bracelets, and many other ornaments; and could with difficulty be torn from the spot where it grew. At parting, he left one of the persons belonging to his suite in charge of his cherished tree, to guard and watch over it; and Herodotus, a celebrated historian of Halicarnassus, tells us, that he had the plane tree enclosed by a magnificent circle of gold.

This account of Xerxes and his plane tree, will, I doubt not, make you laugh; but my dear boy, I would rather you would learn from this picture of folly and extravagance, the weakness and insufficiency of man, when he confides in his own intellects or acquirements, be they ever so brilliant. It is God alone who can direct and bless the talents he has given, and preserve us from that idolatry of the heart, which leads us to fix our affections too intensely upon earthly enjoyments, and often betrays us into errors imperceptible to ourselves, but which subject us to the ridicule or compassion of our fellow creatures. This has no doubt been the case with Xerxes. The sight of this tree might have recalled to his idolatrous imagination some scene of former happiness, so dear to

him, that he worshipped even the remembrance of it.

In Greece the plane tree was nearly as celebrated as the cedar. The schools at Athens were surrounded by avenues and woods formed of them, and planted by the Greeks.

They were also an object of worship among them, consecrated to their Genius, or Genii; good or evil spirits, who they imagined were set over each person to guard, direct, and protect them till death.

Those who attended women were females, and called Junones; but those who attended man were males, and called Genii. These were at first considered inferior spirits, subordinate to the superior deities; but in process of time, altars and statues were erected, and divine honors paid them.

According to Pliny, the plane tree will endure for ages. He mentions one he had seen in the wood of Arcadia, which was planted by the hand of Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ and Argos, (brother of Menelaus,) who distinguished himself at the seige of Troy, which began A. M. 2811, and finished 2820. Refer to my last letter, and you will see that Pliny was born about the year of our Lord 23; consequently that tree must have been upwards of 2000 years old.

The same author speaks of a prodigious large plane tree in Lycia, which, when it began to decay and became hollow, was called "The Vegetable Grotto." Inside of it were banks of moss, on which weary travellers used to repose. An entertainment was given therein to eighteen persons, by the governor of the province.

Caligula, a Roman emperor (so named from his wearing in the camp the caliga, a military covering for the leg) had at Valetri a superb plane tree, which he called his nest, and under which he supped with a company of fifteen friends.

The first plane that was taken into France was so highly prized, that any person reposing under its shade was subject to a fine.

The finest plane tree in Europe is said to be at Goodwood in Sussex, a seat belonging to the Duke of Richmond.

Theocritus, a Greek poet, who was born at Syracuse, and flourished 280 years before Christ, celebrated this tree in a nuptial song upon the marriage of Helen. Adieu.

LETTERS FROM A COUSIN.

(Continued from p. 133.)

NO. 6.—NATHANIEL GREENE.

DEAR CHARLES,

IN this letter it is my intention to give you a brief sketch of the life of another brave man.

Nathaniel Greene was born in the town of Warwick, Kent County, Rhode-Island, in the year 1741. His father intending to bring him up to his own trade, (an

anchor smith) only gave his son the elements of a common English education. But young Greene looked forward to a higher state than this, and acquired, with the assistance of an acqaintance, a good knowledge of the Latin tongue. At an earlier age than is usual, Mr. Greene was elevated to a seat in the legislature of Rhode-Island.

On the breaking out of the revolutionary war, he entered the army as a private, and after seven months service in that capacity, was raised to the rank of Brigadier General. He repaired to Cambridge, the head quarters of the army, where he received Gen. Washington, on the 2d of July, 1775, when he came to take charge of the army. Ever after this, Washington and Greene remained constant friends. We find Gen. Greene engaged in some of the most important battles, which were fought during this war. In March, 1778, he was appointed Quarter-Master-General, the duties of which office, he performed to the admiration of all.

Gen. Greene was chosen to succeed Gen. Gates in the command of the southern army, and accordingly arrived at the head quarters on the 2d of December, 1780. In this situation, as well as in all others in which he was placed, Gen. Greene distinguished himself, by his singular success, in the mighty contest in which he was engaged. When Charleston, S. C., was evacuated by the British, and the American army entered the city, "congratulary addresses were pre[illegible] the to Greene from all quarters; ban[illegible]vate balls, and other entertainments, were p[illegible]n vided for his gratification; and all that a liberated and generous people could devise, to amuse or delight him, were expensively prepared. Such was the reception of the conqueror of the South, in the chief city of the department he had defended." Peace being at length concluded Greene set off immediately for his native state:—"The authorities of the state welcomed him home, and the chief men of the place waited upon him, eager to testify their gratitude for his services."

His residence in Rhode-Island after the revolution, was short. Having resided two years in his native state, he removed with his family to an estate near Savannah, which the state of Georgia had presented to him, thus manifesting their gratitude for his services. North and South Carolina also made similar donations. On this estate he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits.

Walking over his grounds one day without his hat, as he was accustomed to do, he received a "stroke of the sun," which terminated his life on the 19th of June, 1786. Thus died Major General Greene, "the hero of the South, who for military skill and bravery in arms, was not surpassed by any one of his age."

N. N. I.

Allen's Hill, Ont. Cy., N. Y.

In the spring of the year 1801, about a fortnight after the assizes, an application was made to me by a gentleman of respectability, who had just arrived from the country, upon business which he stated to be of the utmost importance. "There are," he said, "two men left for execution at Huntingdon for sheep-stealing; they are to be executed early to-morrow morning: some circumstances however have lately transpired, with which, if the judge is acquainted, I am sure they will be pardoned; may I beseech you to wait upon the judge?" After having heard and deliberated upon his statement, I was satisfied that every exertion ought to be made on their behalf. I immediately went to the judge's house. He had not returned from Norwich, which is the last town upon the circuit, but he was expected in the course of the day. I went to the secretary of state's office: I was there informed, that the secretary of state could not interfere, unless a favorable report was made by the judge. It was now three o'clock, and the execution was to take place early the next morning, at the distance of sixty miles from London. At eight o'clock the judge had not arrived: to meet him upon the road appeared hopeless. At nine, almost in despair, I called again: the judge, without having stopped at his own house, had gone to a relation's in the city: he immediately granted me an audience, and, having most kindly and most patiently heard me, he answered nearly as follows: "There is much weight in what you say; but I do not sufficiently recollect the circumstances of the trial to enable me to make any report, and my papers are not yet unpacked; they are at my house: I would go and search for them, were it not now too late effectually to examine them this night. Something however ought to be done; but I am fearful of exciting expectations which may not be realized." I was well known to the judge. "If your lordship will intercede for a respite for one week, and can confide in me, I will deliver it at Huntingdon, and take care that no improper expectation shall be excited." Upon this assurance the order was signed. Instead of applying at the secretary of state's office, I went instantly to the secretary himself, the Duke of Portland, who was in the House of Lords. I wrote a note to his Grace: Lord Clare was speaking with great animation in a full house, and I feared that my note would be disregarded; but to my surprise and joy, the duke instantly rose from his seat and came to me, anxiously waiting at the door in the anti-chamber: he heard my representation; he read the judge's letter: "The poor men are much indebted to you," he said, "and happy am I to be able to assist such kindness. I will sign the order: take it to the office, and you will receive the mandate."

The Horse Guards' clock struck eleven

as I entered Whitehall: before twelve o'clock, with the respite in my pocket, I was in a postchaise on my road: between five and six in the morning, just at the dawn of day, I was within fourteen miles of Huntingdon. The sun rose in all its splendor; and it was not, I thought, the last time the sun would rise upon these poor men. The clock had not struck eight, when I heard the wheels of the carriage safely passing over the streets of Huntingdon.

Upon my arrival at the jail, I did not inform the jailer of the object of my journey. "A reprieve!" might have echoed through the prison, and I should have violated the trust which the judge had reposed in me. I requested, in the presence of the jailer, and in a private room, I might see John Taylor and John Barton, the two prisoners who were ordered for execution. They were immediately called: I heard them, loaded with irons, coming towards me; I saw, when they entered the room, that they mistook me for the sheriff. "It will be better," I said, "that you should have another week to make your peace with the Almighty." One of the men instantly fell, as if dead: I involuntarily ran up to him. He clung round me, and looking up—a look which I shall never forget—he cried, "O God! a week is a long time to live!"

ENIGMAS.

1.

I'm neither rich, ingenious, nor fair;
My color's coarser than e'en negroes are;
I'm dull and sordid, clad in base attire,
Which oft is cover'd o'er with dust and mire.
And yet more rivals for my person strive,
Than for the fairest noble nymph alive.
The extremes of various fortune oft I try;
Sometimes cast down, sometimes exalted high.
Yet not my squalid form, nor abject state,
The ardor of my lovers can abate:
For still the more I their approach elude,
With greater industry I am pursued;
But when obtained, so much contempt I meet,
The lover kicks and spurns me with his feet.

2.

A word of three syllables seek till you find,
That has in it the twenty-four letters combin'd.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.—Page 119.

1. The letter T.——2. Monosyllable.——3. Dreams.——4. Newburyport.

THE SPOILT CHILD.

THE SPOILT CHILD.

MY dear young readers, if you wish to see the picture of a child who has been spoilt, we can show you one on the opposite page. This is a child who would have his way in every thing just as he pleased, and we are very sorry to find that his mother let him do just as he pleased. She no doubt was a good and kind mother; but how she erred in judgment, and how she afflicted herself and friends, by so indulging this unruly boy, may be learnt from reading the following account of only one day spent with him, and observing what effect it had upon the happiness of friends and connections, to be obliged to stay in his company and bear with all his naughty pranks. The tale is copied from a late English publication, and the occasion on which the party were assembled was christmas-day.

By the side of a deep-bosomed, smouldering christmas fire, in the oak-panelled drawing-room of an old manor-house in Herefordshire, sat two mild-featured grandmammas, awaiting, with placid dignity, the advent of the dinner hour. Kind hearts looked out from both their faces.

They were beguiling the time with grave, yet pleasing conversation, till "papa" and "mamma" were dressed, and the rest of the family, with sundry guests, arrived; and the subject they discussed was the never-enough-to-be-repeated one, of how many perfections were displayed in the pretty person of their dear grandchild, and how many more were to be expected, from the constant care, attention, devotion, and universal admiration and flattery, bestowed upon the beauty and "bringing up" of little Darling Petkin.

A loud scream from the excellent lungs of the dear child upstairs, was quickly followed by the descent of the same in the arms of his maid, to be carried to the front door to meet a carriageful of aunts, another full of friends of the family, and sundry uncles on horseback, whose approach he had seen from the window. In less than a couple of minutes, the whole concourse came dancing and crowing into the drawing-room, with Darling Petkin in the centre, mounted upon the left shoulder of Uncle Benjamin, where he sat with a drum slung round his neck, which he furiously beat with both sticks, screaming in vain-glorious delight, and never caring to perceive that each blow of the drumstick in his right hand took his uncle's left ear in its way upwards. At length the general tumult ceased, and, in the pause occasioned by all the party "taking their breath," the shrill voice of Darling Petkin enunciated, with all the air of a little pagod just come to light, "Yah! on'y nook a' ME!"

"Only look at me!" How often do we hear this from children; how seldom do we find the claim upon general attention and admiration made in vain! We

begin to fear, that where we are fond of a child (and the same principle applies to a pet dog, horse, or favorite of any kind) there is always a natural tendency towards spoiling it *a little;* that is, towards rendering it vain, exacting, wilful, useless, or disagreeable, by the excess of our manifestations of admiration, and the concessions we make to all its sayings and doings, however capricious and hurtful. Our present business however is not so much with the good children, the pretty good, or the not-so-very-good-neither children, but the tip-top specimen of a ——" On'y nook" at the portrait!

The tumult having subsided, the uncles and aunts were enabled to offer a few words of recognition and merry-Christmas-wishing to the two grandmammas, and, at the same time, to perceive that Mr. and Mrs. Meredith had entered the room. The family now commenced a kind and solicitous conversation together, on the various gains, losses, changes, and prospects, which had occurred to each other since they met last Christmas; and this interesting conversation and affectionate intercourse was allowed to continue uninterrupted almost to the extent of fifteen minutes, during the whole of which time Darling Petkin was busily and silently occupied alone, in a distant corner, eating greedy handfuls of many-colored "hundreds and thousands," varied by sundry dips into paper packets brought him by Uncle Ben, containing bulls'-eyes, kisses, hardbake, almond sugar-plums, alicumpane, barley sugar, gingerbread, white sugar-candy, pipe peppermint, lollipop squibs, and everlastings. These little tokens of remembrance and affection, were deposited in Darling Petkin's hands by mamma, to go and put away in his own pretty cupboard and drawers, and to take out only a little from each packet every day after dinner.

When the various greetings of the family had been exchanged, Aunt Nancy, looking at her watch, and observing that it wanted half-an-hour of dinner, drew a roll of paper from her pocket, and requested permission, by her looks at least, to read a short essay on infant education. She was earnestly intreated so to do, and bowing her head commenced as follows:—

"The production of a rational essay on infant education is at once an undertaking and an event of the most——"

Rub-dub-a-dub!——Such were the sounds evidently destined to accompany Aunt Nancy's learned recitative; for Darling Petkin, having eaten hardbake and lollipops till he was nearly sick, suddenly came to the perception that he was no longer an object of interest to the company present, who, instead of being solely occupied with him, were actually going on very well among themselves without him! He therefore jumped up, seized his drum, and began to strut knee-foremost round the room, and through the seated party, beating it with all his might, sometimes on the head, sometimes with a "tack-tacking" noise on the tin

sides or wooden rim, and bloating out his cheeks and stomach as he ejaculated a "row-de-dow" as semi-chorus to the "rub-a-dub" of his belabored instrument. Aunt Nancy's essay was therefore compelled to proceed with an *obligato* accompaniment on the drum, by the celebrated Darling Petkin.

It is not very necessary to inform the reader that Aunt Nancy's learned essay on infant education was quite overwhelmed; and the discomfited lady replaced it in her pocket, with a look expressive of very mixed and confusing thoughts and emotions. "Bless his dear, sweet face!" murmured mamma, "what a color he *has* got!—he's so fond of his drum, Aunt Nancy!" Whereupon, everybody in the room, except one personage, uttered some ejaculation of admiration; and Uncle Benjamin, and two of the aunts, ran and covered him with kisses, and then carried him round the room on their crossed arms.

The one personage who did not contribute his voice to the applause of Darling Petkin's performance, was a corpulent, elderly gentleman, who had arrived in his own carriage at the same time as the batch of uncles and aunts, but of whom we have no more been able to take any notice, up to the present moment, than were the company assembled. Mr. Scrope had therefore sat in pompous silence, with an expression of much disgust and irritation. He was evidently very vain of his great, fat person; and was moreover a great exacter of all sorts of admiration and attention. Consequently Mr. Meredith and the whole family were anxious to show him every attention on the present occasion, although they had not yet been able to find any opportunity, except in helping him to alight from his carriage.

The dinner bell now resounded from the hall, and the whole party made a show of escorting Mr. Scrope, as they adjourned to the dining-room; but somehow or other it happened that Darling Petkin got in the very centre of the group, and fairly carried off "the attention." They all took their seats at the table, Mr. Scrope being placed at the right hand of "mamma," who had Darling Petkin upon her knee.

"*Shall* I help you to a little soup, Mr. Scrope?"

"Thank you, madam," replied the great gentleman in a formal voice, bowing his red face almost down into his plate.

"Me too, ma'!—me too!"

"Yes, my dear!—there, love!—I'll just give him a spoonful to begin with: I know Mr. Scrope will excuse it."

"Me, ma'! me!"

"Yes, my darling!—bless the child! the sweetmeats have made him *so* thirsty. Now, Mr. Scrope."

"Oh, no sort of hurry, madam!" ejaculated the gentleman; and down went his face again to his plate, with prepossterous courtesy.

During the whole time did the victorious Darling Petkin sit, and persist in sitting, on mamma's knee; interrupt-

ing every attempt she made to address any body but himself; fretfully engrossing all her attention; and thoroughly confusing and defeating all general conversation. The effect upon the spirits of everybody present, mamma and Uncle Ben perhaps excepted, was that of unmitigated exhaustion and disgust. But no one had the "cruelty" to say so; and few of the family admitted the fact to themselves. What all the visiters thought was easy to perceive; what Mr. Scrope in particular, thought and felt, we dare not venture to conjecture. He enjoyed the reputation throughout the county of being an excellent companion in all societies: a man who possessed "a fund of anecdote" and urbanity. Certainly, on the present occasion he manifested no signs whatever of any thing of the kind. He made no movement, except to eat, and to bow his head when papa and the uncles asked him to do them the honor of taking wine; and he never opened his mouth, except to reply in monosyllables. His face, charged with color, presented the peculiarly ominous black-redness of long-suppressed breath; his manner was characterised by terrible composure; his silence was like the pause before the explosion of some capacious mine.

We pass over the dinner: the recollection of it has a choking effect. The dessert was placed upon the table; the guests now bethought them of merry Christmas, and were anxious to talk of old times. But there was no doing any thing with Darling Petkin in the room, except to listen and admire, or endure and be silent. There he sat, on mamma's knee, who was ready to faint from exhaustion, yet did not possess enough fortitude to send him to bed; there he sat with his sweetmeats before him, his cheeks, mouth, and chin, begaumed with colored sugars, tart, cake, and orange, all of which he insisted continually upon having kissed; there he sat, with messed hands and sticky fingers, catching at the contents of every dish in his reach; then, flinging the conglomeration about the table, or into the plates of those who were nearest; and, finally, wiping his grimy little paws on mamma's satin dress, or on her cheek and throat, under pretence of playful fondness.

The clock-hands showed it was getting late, and Darling Petkin's eyelids became heavy, as he made the preparatory movement to go to sleep in mamma's arms. It was now thought a little effort might cautiously be made to try and get him up stairs without her, so that she might have half an hour's respite to devote to her guests and family. The little effort was made in the following manner:—

"My sweetest!" murmured mamma, pressing the child closer to her bosom; "will my sweetest go to his bed?"

"No, I sarnt—sarnt go-a-bed."

"Aunt Nancy," pursued mamma, "has got a little finger that knows it's time Darling went to his own pretty bed. Little finger, what's o'clock?"

Here the accomplished theorist on infant education held up her gifted digit.

"There! Aunt Nancy's little finger says it's very late; and Darling will be so glad to go to his bed—won't he?"

"No, no, no!" squealed the peevish Petkin.

"My precious lamb! how feverish his dear face and hands are! *do* go to his bed."

"Ay, do goey, love;" echoed Aunt Nancy, in the tenderest voice; "Oh! don't beat mamma; you've hit her on the chin—see! you've made poor mamma ky!—poor mamma!"

Here poor mamma made a show of crying, during which the sweet lamb settled himself in her lap, and fell fast asleep. He was thus carried up to bed.

Now, in good sooth, did all present, shifting themselves in their seats, take a a fresh breath, and reverting to merry Christmas, prepare to have a pleasant hour. Even Mr. Scrope showed signs of emerging from his pompous silence, and gazed at "poor mamma," with an expression in which some commiseration for her pale, worn face, was mingled with contempt at her moral weakness. Mr. Meredith now began to get alive, and pulling down his waistcoat and wristbands, and stretching his arms, called for fresh decanters and clean glasses. The table was also covered afresh with oranges, olives, cakes, dried fruits, &c. "And now," quoth Mr. Meredith, rising and looking towards Mr. Scrope, "And now, I have to propose a toast!"

A loud yell from the nursery arrested Mr. Meredith's progress. Darling Pet having had his sleepy face washed before being placed in his bed, had so completely recovered himself as to insist upon coming down stairs again. He was now heard on his way, beating his drum, and singing and shouting, as he descended. Papa however began his speech again, in hopes of finishing before the accompaniment overwhelmed him.

"I have to propose"—rub-a-dub-dub! —"a toast to you all,"—ti, rub-a-dub, rub! —"which, I'm sure, you must drink with delight."—Row-de-dow, rack-a-tack too! "It is the health of a guest, who has honored us here with his"—rub-a-dub-dub, doodle-doo!—"a gentleman, whose well-known urbanity, and fund of anecdote, is the universal——"

The tumultuous entrance of Darling Petkin here rendered the speaker quite inaudible, and "poor papa," casting a deplorable look at deplorable mamma, fairly gave it up, and sat down.

The Spoilt Child was in his night-gown and night-cap; his drum was slung round his neck; he had a sword at his side, and a drumstick in one hand, while he used a wooden gun as a drumstick in the other. In the very middle of the table did he insist upon being placed, with his drum before him, and then he commenced an uproar and havoc on every thing within his range, such as we shall not here attempt to describe. At length, by a whirl of his gun, the sweet lamb smote a tall candle, which falling sideways, touched the head-dress of grandmamma Thompson, and set it all

in a blaze. With a loud screaming, "Take me, mamma!" (while Uncle Ben extinguished the fiery crown) the sweet lamb flew along the table to mamma's expanded arms, and, in doing so, overturned a heavy cut-glass decanter, which rolled off the table, and fell with one edge upon the toe of Mr. Scrope!

"Base urchin!" ejaculated the agonized and infuriate gentleman, jumping up with a rapidity not to be expected from one so corpulent, and extending his right arm above the table with passion; "Base urchin! is it to see and hear your yells and antics that I am invited to this place to-day! Was I inveigled here to enjoy your pretty play and prattle close to my elbow all dinner-time!—to feel continual drops of gravy, and bits of fat and sweetmeat dropped upon my knees!—and to have orange juice and pips shot and squirted into my very face!—Mr. Meredith!—sir!—this is not to be endured. Talk of system—theory—infant education, indeed!—your advisers are lamentably in the dark. There is not one idea entertained upon the subject by that child's grandmammas, uncles, aunts, nor, give me leave to say, sir, by his papa or mamma, which is not directly the opposite of right. I wish distinctly to say, that the whole system of behavior and treatment adopted towards that creature, is as wrong and injurious to him now, and will be for his future life, as possible. A more ruinous system could scarcely be invented by the most elaborate intention of mischief. You think I say all this only because he has flung a decanter upon my toe; but I don't. It is the pain, sir, which has shot the truth out of me all of a lump. I say again, a more complete specimen of an atrocious 'Spoilt Child' I never read or heard of—so base an urchin I never saw in the most tormenting dream!"

With these words, Mr. Scrope went out of the room, and left the house, never again to set foot in it.

ANECDOTE OF CLAUDE BERNARD.

CLAUDE BERNARD, or the "Poor Priest," as he was called, after a youth of great gaiety, grew disgusted with the world, and devoted himself wholly to religion, and to the comforting of the poor and unfortunate. He assisted them by his charities and exhortations, humbling himself to do the meanest services on their account. He presented himself as their advocate to the rich and those who were in power, and his patient solicitations on their behalf were such as no circumstances, however offensive, could subdue.

One day he presented a petition in favor of an unfortunate person to a nobleman in place; who, being of a hasty temper, flew into a violent passion, and said many injurious things of the person for whom the priest interested himself. Bernard however still persisted in his request; and the nobleman was at last so irritated, that he gave him a box on the ear. Bernard immediately fell at his feet, and presenting the other ear, said, "Give me a blow on this also, my lord, but grant me my petition." The nobleman was so affected by his humility, that he granted his request.

184 The bat and ball, No. 178, from memory.

*185 A tomb. Dots should be first made at the prominent points.

*186 A spoon shaded, } When the pupil
*187 A basin shaded, } has copied these drawings, he should place the objects themselves in such a light as to verify the original drawings.

188 Perspective. Can you hold this slate or book so that it may appear as large as the door, or seem to cover the door?—or the window?—or the side of the room? Where must you place the slate to make it seem very small? (at a considerable distance.) Can you hold your pencil so that it shall seem as tall as the door? How large would it appear compared with the door, if you stuck it on the door? When do things appear largest?—smallest? If you were to take them further and further away, what would appear at last? (They would appear smaller and smaller till at last they would be out of sight.)

189 A saw, hammer, or sickle, from the object.

190 A carving knife, to be drawn from invention, having a sharp point and a handle, swelling out a good deal at the end.

191 An easy shell, to be drawn from nature.

192 The fish, No. 18, to be drawn twice as large, three times as large, and half as large as the copy.

193 Perspective. Exercises in a street. Look at this road way; does it look as wide at the further part as it does close to you? How does the foot path appear?—and the hedge?—and the wall? &c.?

194 The exercises, Nos. 106 and 118, to be repeated.

195 The cottage, No. 122, from memory.

*196 A boy whipping a top. Dots should be carefully placed at the prominent points, and a faint outline drawn and corrected before the sketch is made.

*197 A jug, shaded.

*198 Sensitive plant.

199 The exercise, No. 136, to be repeated.

200 Perspective. Let the pupil observe in various ways the different compartments of the carpet, or equal portions marked off on the school-room floor, playground, or garden, and observe which appears longest, and which least long. A ceiling may be observed in the same manner, if it has equal divisions.

201 Two or three leaves, from nature.

202 A knife, to be drawn from the object, placed so as to have a marked shadow.

203 A dog-kennel, to be drawn, such as the pupil recollects to have seen.

204 Whips of various kinds, to be drawn from general recollection.

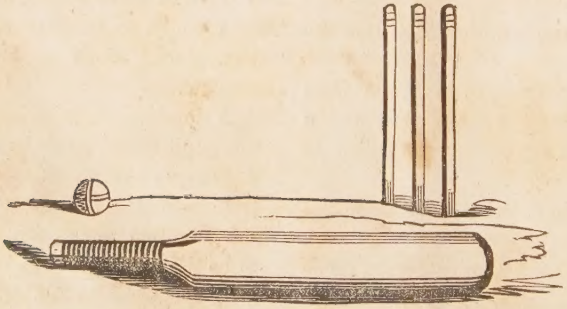
*205 The two roman letters, R and S, to be drawn large, care being taken to keep them perpendicular.

*206 Lily of the valley.

*207 A sheep: at first in outline only.

No. 173.

No. 178.



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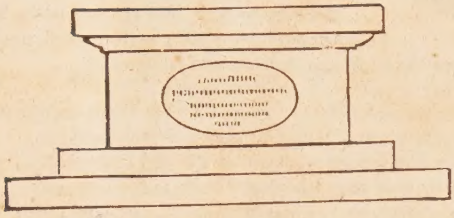
No. 185.



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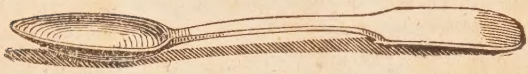

No. 187.

THE HOUSE-SPARROW.

BY MISS MARY HOWITT.

In birds as men there is a strange variety,
In both your dandies and your *petits maîtres;*
Your clowns, your grooms, in feathered legs or gaiters;
Your hawks, and gulls, and harpies to satiety.
On sea or land it matters not an ace—
You find the feathered or unfeathered race
Of bipeds, showing every form and figure,
But everywhere the sharp-clawed and the bigger—
Falcons that shoot, and men that pull the trigger—
Still pressing on the lesser and forlorn!
'Tis hard to bear, and yet it must be borne,
Although we walk about in wrath and scorn,
To see the hectoring, lording and commotion
For ever going on in earth or ocean!
The conquerors fierce; those theivish chaps the lawyers,
That chirp and gabble, wheedle and bamboozle;
The jackdaw-race of pleaders, the pert cawyers
In their grey wigs, the sober rooks that puzzle:
Land-sharks, and pirates both of sea and land;
Your cormorants acting the sedate and grand:
The singers, and the Paganinis,
Who filch your fruit, and pocket up your guineas;
The tomtit, mime;—the wren, small poet;
The silly creatures that by scores
Nurse cuckoo-imps, that out of doors
Have turned their children, and they never know it!

I walk in cities, 'mong the human herds,
And then I think of birds:
I walk in woods among the birds, and then
I think of men!
'Tis quite impossible in one or other
To walk and see not—man and bird are brother.
The owl can't see in day light;—
Oh no! he is blind and stupid—
A very fool,—a blockhead plain to see!
But just step out and look at him at night,
When all the world is slumbering, save he—
My word! you'll find him then as brisk as Cupid!
With open eyes and beak that has the knack
To snap up mouse or rabbit by the back!
The owl in hollow oak—the man in den,

No. 196.

No. 197.

Chamber, or office, dusky and obscure,
Are creatures very heavy and demure;
But soon their turn comes round, and then,
Oh, what sharp claw and pitiless beak have they
To feather, fleece and worry up their prey!

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,"
So sang the noble bard, who, like the swallow,
Flew through far climes and soared where few can follow.
'Tis true; and therefore still we find
That gentle spirits love the robin,
That comes, as Wordsworth says, "when winds are sobbing;"
Pecks at your window; sits upon your spade,
And often thanks you in a serenade.
But what is it that brings about you
That pert, conceited good-for-nothing Sparrow,
Which seems to say—"I'd do as well without you."
Yet never for a second,
Night or day will be away,
Though hooted, shot at, nor once coaxed or beckon'd?
In town or country—in the densest alley
Of monstrous London—in the loneliest valley—
On palace-roof—on cottage-thatch,
On church or chapel—farm or shop,
The Sparrow's still, "the bird on the house-top."
I think 'twas Solomon who said so,
And in the bible having read so,
You find that his ubiquity
Extends itself far up into antiquity.
Yes, through all countries and all ages
While other birds have sung in woods or cages,
This noisy, impudent and shameless varlet
Though neither noble, rich, nor clad in scarlet,
Would have the highest place without the asking.
Upon your roof the lazy scamp is basking—
Chirping, scuffling, screaming, fighting,
Flying and fluttering up and down
From peep of day to evening brown.
You may be sleeping, sick, or writing,
And needing silence—there's the Sparrow,
Just at your window—and enough to harrow
The soul of Job in its severest season.
There, as it seemeth, for no other reason
But to confound you;—he has got,
Up in the leaden gutter burning hot,

No. 198.

No. 205.

R S

Every low scape-grace of the Sparrow-clan,
Loons of all ages,—grandsire, boy and man,
Old beldame Sparrow, wenches bold,
All met to wrangle, raffle, rant and scold.
Send out our man! shoot! blow to powder
The villanous company, that fiercer, louder
Drive you distracted. There! bang! goes the gun
And all the little lads are on the run
To see the slaughter;—not a bird is slain—
There were some feathers flew—a leg was broke,
But all went off as if it were a joke—
In comes your man—and there they are again!

Of all the creatures, that were ever set
Upon two legs, there's nothing to be met,
Save some congeners in our own sweet race,
Made of such matter, common, cocket, base,
As are these Sparrows! Would that some magician,
Philosopher or chymist would but show us
What 'tis that constitutes the composition
Of certain men in town, who drive, or row us,
Cads, jarvies, porters of a low degree,
Haunters of theatre, tavern, and coach-doors,
Men all alert in dust and misery;
Men made to elbow, bustle, cheat or steal,
Careless of scorn, incapable to feel
Indignity or shame—vulgar and vain,
Hunger and cold their only sense of pain.

Just of this class, amongst all feathered things,
Is this Jack Sparrow. He's no bird that sings,
He makes no grand pretences; has no fine
Airs of high breeding—he but wants to dine.
His dress is brown, his body stiff and stout,
Coarse in his nature, made to prog about.
What are his delicate fancies? Who e'er sees
The Sparrow in his sensibilities!
There are the nightingales, all soul and song,
Moaning and warbling the green boughs among.
There are the larks that on etherial wing,
Sing to high Heaven as heavenly spirits sing;
There are the merle, the mavis, birds whose lays,
Inspired the minstrel songs of other days.
There are the wandering tribes, the cuckoo sweet;
Swallows that singing on your chimneys meet,

No. 206.

No. 207.

Through spring and summer, and anon are flown
To lands and climes, to sages yet unknown.
Those are your poets;—birds of genius—those
That have their nerves and feel refined woes.
But these Jack Sparrows; why they love far more
Than all this singing nonsense, your barn-door!
They love your cherry-tree—your rows of peas,
Your ripening corn crop, and to live at ease!
You find no Sparrow in the far-off woods—
No—he's not fond of hungry solitudes.
He better loves the meanest hamlet—where
Aught's to be had, the Sparrow will be there,
Sturdy and bold, and wrangling for his share.
The tender linnet bathes her sides and wings
In running brooks and purest forest-springs.
The Sparrow rolls and scuffles in the dust—
That is his washing, or his proper rust.

Before your carriage as you drive to town
To his base meal the Sparrow settles down;
He knows the safety distance to an inch,
Up to that point he will not move nor flinch;—
You think your horse will crush him—no such thing—
That coachman's whip might clip his fluttering wing,
Or take his head off in a twink—but he
Knows better still and liveth blithe and free.

At home he plagues the martins with his noise—
They build, he takes possession and enjoys;
Or if he want it not, he takes it still,
Just because teasing others is his will.
From hour to hour, from tedious day to day
He sits to drive the rightful one away.
At home, abroad, wherever seen or heard
Still is the Sparrow just the self-same bird;
Thievish and clamorous, hardy, bold and base,
Unlike all others of the feathered race.
The bully of his tribe—to all beyond
The gipsey, beggar, knave, and vagabond!

It may be thought that I have here dealt hard measure to the Sparrow, but the character I have given of him will be recognized by those who know him, as true. Cowper calls them a thievish race, that scared as often as you please,

As oft return, a pert, voracious kind;

and that every farmer knows them to be. What

multitudes do you see dropping down upon, or rising from the wheat as it is ripening in the fields. Formerly a price was set upon their heads and eggs by country parishes. In many places a penny was given for a Sparrow's head, and the same for three or four eggs; but this is now done away with, and the farmer must destroy them himself, or pay dearly for it in his corn.

Nothing can exceed the self-complacence of this bird. You see him build his nest amongst the richest tracery of a church roof or window; within the very coronet or escutcheon set up over the gate of hall or palace. We saw this summer, the hay and litter of his nest hanging out from the richly-cut initial-letters of William and Mary over one of the principal windows of Hampton Court.

But the most provoking part of his character is, the pleasure which he takes in teasing, molesting and hectoring over birds of the most quiet and inoffensive nature. He builds about your houses, and thinks no other bird has any business to do the same. The martin, which loves to build under the eaves of our dwellings, after crossing the seas from some far country,—has especially to bear his insolence and aggressions. There is a pretty story in the "Evenings at Home," of two of these interesting birds, who had their nest usurped by a Sparrow, getting together their fellows, and building him up in the nest, where he was left a prisoner amid his plunder. But the gentleness of the martin is so great, that such an instance of poetical justice is more curious, than likely to occur a second time. But every summer the Sparrow lords it over the martin, and frequently drives it away by its impertinence. We watched his behavior this year with a a good deal of attention. Two pairs of martins came and built their nests beneath the eaves of the stable, near each other. Scarcely were the nests half finished, when several sparrows were seen watching on the tiles close by them, chirping loudly and conceitedly, and every now and then flying at the martins. The nests however were completed; but no sooner was this done, than the sparrows took possession of them, and lined them with coarse hay, which is an abomination to the martin, who lines its nest with the softest feathers. Having witnessed this, we waited for about ten days, by which time we supposed the sparrows would have laid their full number of eggs; and a ladder was set up, in order to inflict just retribution on them, by taking the whole. But to our surprise there were none. The hay was therefore carefully removed, that the martins, if they pleased, might retake possession; but the very next day, the nests were again filled with hay, and long bents of it hung dangling from the entrance-hole. The sparrows had, with wonderful assiduity, and, as it were, with a feeling of vindictive spite, relined the nests with as much hay as they ordinarily carry to their own nests in several days. Now it was supposed they would really lay in these nests, but no such thing,—they never did. Their only object had been to dislodge the martins, for it was found that these very sparrows had nests of their own in the water-spouts of the house, with young ones in them, at the very time, and their purpose of ousting the martins from their own nests being accomplished, the hay remained in the nests quietly all summer.

But this was not all. The poor martins, driven from the stable, came now to the house; and, as if for special protection, began to build their nests under the roof, nearly over the front door. No sooner was this intention discovered by the sparrows, than they were all in arms again. They were seen watching for hours on the tiles just above, chirping, strutting to and fro, flying down upon the martins when they came to their nests with materials, and loudly calling upon their fellow sparrows to help them to be as offensive as possible. The martins however, rendered more determined, persisted in their building, and so far succeed-

ed as to prevent the sparrows getting more than a few bents of hay into their nests when complete. The martins laid their eggs; but for several times successively, the sparrows entered in their absence, and hoisted out all the eggs, which of course fell to the ground and were dashed to pieces. Provoked at this mischievous propensity of the sparrows, we had them now shot at, which had the desired effect. One or two of them were killed, and the rest took the hint, and permitted the martins to hatch and rear their young in peace.

FATHER'S LETTER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"A LETTER from father! a *real letter*, paper and ink and all! A *real* letter from dear father in England to his little ones at Philadelphia!"—The incident I am about to relate, I should inform my little readers, took place in Philadelphia.—"What a treat!—how happy we all are! nothing in the world *could* make us more happy."

"Yes, Ellen," replied the eldest girl, "there is something would make us more happy."

"More happy!" repeated Ellen.

"Yes, more happy—father himself. Only fancy how happy and how grateful to God we shall be when he returns."

"I wonder what he will bring me from London," said Robert, who being the boy, and the only boy of the family, was, I fear, somewhat selfish.

Emily, the eldest daughter, smiled and replied, "You may be sure father will bring to us whatever will be most useful for each to possess; above all, he will bring back that affection which, while it protects, guides and blesses us. I do pray for his return," she added, fervently; and then lowering her voice, continued, "and I pray that it may be quickly, when I see how ill and pale mother looks."

"I do not think mother looks ill," said little Ellen, stealing up to her sister and placing her rosy lips close to her ear; "I do not think mother looks ill—see how pink her cheek is now, and how her eyes brighten while she reads father's letter." Emily sighed heavily, and Ellen crept to her mother, and nestling her head in her lap, and twining her arm round the thin wrist which rested on Mrs. Allan's knee, waited with much patience till she had finished.

"Now tell me all father says," exclaimed the little girl joyfully, "tell me every word." Mrs. Allan folded Ellen to her bosom, and while she pressed her lips on her fair brow, Ellen felt one or two tears fall upon her cheek: her little heart saddened, and she whispered, "Are you ill, mother?" Mrs. Allan made no reply. "Is father ill, mother?" "No, dearest," answered her mother, "thank God, he is well and happy!—as happy as he can be away from his family. He has already bought for you, Robert, a most beautiful lathe, and all the tools you desired for your workshop."

Robert jumped up in ecstacy. "Oh, how happy I am! nothing shall ever make me unhappy when once father comes home."

"For you, Emily, he has purchased a piano, and pencils, and books, far superior to any that can as yet be procured here."

Emily's quick eye brightened, and she said, "How very grateful I am for his remembering me, when he had so many, many things to think of!"

"But you, Emily, knowing something of the uncertainty of human life, and the vanity of human wishes, do not, I hope, go so far as dear Robert, and say that nothing shall ever make you unhappy when father comes home?"

While Mrs. Allan pronounced these words, she looked seriously at her daughter: Emily perfectly understood her, and her color deepened; she felt a sensation of suffocation in her throat, and, unable to restrain her feelings, hid her face in her mother's bosom, and wept bitterly. Robert looked sad and serious, and Ellen cried outright, from sweet childish sympathy, because her sister was so full of sorrow.

"My dearest Emmy," said Mrs. Allan, "I expected more fortitude from you. I see you understand that, from your dear father's protracted absence, the probability is that when he returns you will have no mother. You, my beloved children, being constantly with me, are not sensible of the decay by which it has pleased God to warn me of approaching death; but I feel it. I have prayed to the Almighty fervently in the night-time, and in the early morning's watch, that I might be spared a little, little longer—at least until *his* return: but it is in vain; it is not God's will that I look upon my husband again in this world. And his will be done! Emily, my first dear child, say with me, 'His will be done!' My Robert, you must not look so resolute, even while the tears are running down your cheeks; bend your own inclinations to the mandate of the Lord, and say, 'His will be done!' It is an early trial, but it will be sanctified to your good; it will teach you the vanity of human wishes, and I pray that it may make you all more united: Emily is old enough——" But poor Mrs. Allan's feelings had exhausted her strength, and she fainted on her daughter's shoulder. Robert and Ellen began to scream and wring their hands; but Emily entreated them to be calm, and, in humble imitation of that mother whom she so tenderly loved, and whose fortitude she endeavored to possess, she procured the necessary restoratives and laid her on a couch. It was a beautiful trait in Emily's character, the steadiness with which she labored to attain that most useful of all acquirements,—a command over self.

How many persons have I seen actually useless members of society, from a want of what is called presence of mind: how many girls will stand still and scream, instead of rendering assistance; how many will shrink from the sight of a wound, instead of endeavoring to bind it

up, and so relieve the sufferings of their fellow-creatures !

Women would do well to remember—nor can the truth be impressed upon them at too early an age—that all the brilliant accomplishments, all the solid information, all the learning in the world, are nothing worth, in comparison to a patient and cheerful temper, and an affection for, and perseverance in, the moral and domestic duties of life. Home ought to be the temple of a virtuous female : she may leave it occasionally, and be happy amid the beautiful fruits and flowers of the world : but let her, like the bee, gather honey from them all, and let that honey be reserved for her own dwelling, be it a palace or a cottage. No one felt and acted upon this principle more than Mrs. Allan ; and neither the precept nor the example was lost upon Emily. It was really extraordinary to see the patience and the wisdom of a girl who had just entered her fourteenth year ; how she watched by her mother's sick-bed ; how she checked her brother's selfishness, and directed Ellen's ardent temper ; so that, instead of being a torment, she became a blessing to all around her : and, above all, to observe the command she obtained over self,—how she learnt to restrain her tears when her mother spoke of dying ; how she bent her desires to the will of the Almighty ; and how truly and fervently she said and felt, in the morning and the evening, at midnight and mid-day, " Thy will be done !"

Her mother continued growing worse and worse ; and at last endured so much pain that the physician began to doubt that her complaint was consumption : he was not by any means wedded to his own opinion, and suggested the propriety of having additional advice. In the meantime letters again arrived from England, and one in particular to Emily from her father, directing who it was he wished to be consulted, and conjuring her to watch over her mother, till his return, which would be immediate.

When the " new doctor," as little Ellen called him, arrived, he said at once that the physician had been at first mistaken, but now was in the right,—that the complaint was not consumption—and that Mrs. Allan might yet be restored to her family if she would submit to an operation : this the poor sufferer immediately consented to, but added, that as Mr. Allan was about to return so much sooner than she had dared to expect, she would wait for his arrival. " I should not," she added, " have strength enough to support it if not attended by some relative, some one whose hand I might grasp, and feel that a relative was with me."

" Mother !" exclaimed Emily, " dear mother, do not put it off ; delay will only confirm this horrid disease—trust to me, I will stay with you, I will hold your hand, I will neither scream nor faint—trust me, I have seen you practise fortitude too frequently not to know its advantage."

The new doctor was a tall, thin, pale Frenchman, not quite so polite as French-

men are in general, and a little sarcastic. "*Ma foi ! mademoiselle*," he said, "you are very heroic ; why, let me see, you cannot be twelve years old, and yet you talk of being present at an operation which I would hardly suffer my junior pupils to attend !"

"I am fourteen, sir," replied the little maid, drawing herself up to her full height ; "I have had five teeth drawn without screaming ; I have nursed my brother through the whooping-cough, and my sister in the measles." She paused, and her colour rose, and her voice faltered. "I have attended my mother for several months nearly night and day, when I feared—believed—that God would take her from us, that my father would return to a desolate home ! and now, when a chance, a blessed chance, a more than chance presents itself, do you think, sir, that, because I am so very little of my age, I cannot have strength and firmness ?"

Again she paused, astonished at her own boldness, and not much relieved by the doctor's patting her head, and then placing his hand under her chin so as to turn upwards her blushing face, saying, "Well, my little maid, we shall see ; the first part of your proposition is wise,—no time can be lost, no time must be lost ; to-morrow I will see Mrs. Allan ; she will not, for the sake of such dear ties, trifle with her life." Soon afterwards he left the chamber.

Now, every body in the world knows that no lady in her teens likes to be patted on the head. I have seen little girls of twelve turn up their noses at it, but to "miss in her teens" it savors somewhat of an insult. Whether Emily Allan did or did not so look upon it, I cannot pretend to say ; but this I know, that before the "new doctor" descended to the hall, a light small hand rested on his arm, and soft blue eyes were uplifted to his countenance.

"Doctor, can I do any thing to convince you that my fortitude, if you trust me to-morrow, will not fail ?" inquired Emily.

"My dear, you are really a very surprising little person, but I would not trust one of my junior pupils to attend a patient under such circumstances, lest he might shrink or tremble, and so lead the patient to suppose the danger was imminent, when perhaps it was over."

"Sir," she persisted, "I know my mother well, and I know that, if I were with her, her desire to set me an example of fortitude would conquer her feelings of pain, and enable her to support her sufferings better ; and I also know that her tenderness for my feelings will prompt her to wish me away, though you can imagine how, as she is far from her own relatives, she would naturally desire to have some support in her hour of trial." The doctor looked astonished. "Put my resolution, sir, to any test you please : draw one, two, or three teeth—I will not flinch, they will grow again ; I would part with this arm if you would let me hold my mother's hands to-morrow !"

"You are so earnest, so affectionate, *ma petite*," replied the gentleman, "that, though I have no inclination to draw your teeth, I would trust you; but it was only last week that one of my pupils got so nervous, while assisting me in an operation upon a woman, that she was near losing her life from his inability to perform his duty."

"Sir," exclaimed Emily, seizing his hand, "*she was not his mother!*" The worthy man was touched, for he said, "Go, you are a good child, a very good child; you must know my Madelaine: if it be possible, your mother shall be saved. I think you may be trusted."

"Shall I tell my mother so, sir?"

"You may, but mind I am not quite certain: do not say what I have not said—do not add to it."

"I have been taught, sir, that an exaggeration is only a shabby untruth," replied Emily. "We will pray for strength; and, dear, dear sir, I am sure, if you agree, you will not repent having granted my request."

"That is a very extraordinary little girl!" said the new doctor to the physician who had previously attended Mrs. Allan.

"She is, indeed; her mother has so well inculcated the benefits arising from self-possession, that I have been astonished at the fortitude she so systematically practises. She is worthy, in that respect, to be a descendant of the Red Indians."

"O!" exclaimed the Frenchman, taking a huge pinch of snuff,—"O! we shall see!"

* * * * *

Have any of my young friends seen a dear and tender parent on the edge—the very brink of the grave?—have they watched day by day her hand grow more thin, her cheek more pale?—have they heard the blessed words of comfort from her lips?—have they observed how she clings to them with all a mother's tenderness; and yet, firmly believing in the wisdom of her Father, her heavenly Father, who gives her strength to support her sufferings, commits them to his protecting care, in full reliance on his mercy?—have they ever gathered for her sweet flowers, and then thought that, even as the perfume and beauty was departing from those flowers, was she whom they loved fading from the earth? Have they experienced all this, and then, when they believed that the time was at hand, and that nothing short of a miracle could save her from the grave, has hope suddenly burst upon them—have they heard the blessed sound,—"She may yet live!"—can they remember the sensations *that* sound created?

If they cannot, imagination can hardly portray what Mr. Allan's children experienced, when the new doctor, and their old friend and physician, closely followed by Emily, entered Mrs. Allan's room the next morning. I will not harrow up either my reader's feelings, or my own, by details of the two hours' agony.

Suffice it, that Emily was so far mis-

tress of herself as to be declared the best girl in Philadelphia. From the position in which she was placed, she could only see her mother's face, which she bathed with strong perfumes, and watched every varying tint with so much judgment, that to see her child's calmness sustained Mrs Allan through the whole. When it was all over, when the assurance came upon her that there was every probability of her beloved parent's recovery, when her aid was no longer necessary, when, through the influence of a powerful narcotic, that dear mother had fallen into a heavy sleep, the French doctor, who for many hours had never left the room, carried the little heroine in a complete state of exhaustion to her chamber, where Ellen, with her face buried in cushions, was praying on her knees for dear mother; and sturdy Robert, his lips white and trembling, was really unable to ask how his mother was.

When Emily recovered, what think you she saw on a chair by her bedside?

"A letter from father?"

No.—You, little pale girl, guess.

"A present from father?"

No.—Guess, Miss Rosylips, again.—Well, I am sure that sage little maid in the corner will surely make it out; can you tell?

"No, ma'am."

Then you all give it up? It was FATHER HIMSELF! what think you of *that* as a surprise?

"I can assure you, sir," said the French doctor to Mr. Allan, "if that young lady was a young gentleman, he ought to be brought up to be a physician; I wish you joy, sir, of your children!"

The thanksgiving in that house was great! "And now," said Robert, "I may be happy: but I have seen so much sorrow that I will never build too much on anything."

"Except the goodness of God," interrupted Emily; "and indeed we can never build too much on that; for, whether in joy or sorrow, it is never failing."

"You are always wise, Emily," said Ellen.

"No," she replied. "My heart is so full that I could weep and dance, and all for joy—pure, pure joy. Do you know that in less than a week, our new doctor says, mother will be able to listen to the tone of my piano?"

RIDDLE.

I HAVE no head, and a tail I lack,
But oft have arms, and legs, and back;
I inhabit the palace, the tavern, the cot—
'Tis a beggarly residence where I am not.
If a monarch were present (I tell you no fable),
I still should be placed at the head of the table.

GOOD NIGHT.

Furnished for this work by LOWELL MASON, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music.

Andante.
Good night! Good night! To the wea - ry slumbers light,
Day draws soft - ly to a close, Bu - sy hands now seek re - pose,
Till awakes the morning bright, Good night! Good night!

2

Seek repose,
Weary eyelids gently close;
Now the watchman's horn so sweet
Echoes through the lonely street,
And the night bids friends and foes
Seek repose.

3

Slumber sweet,
Happy dreams around thee meet;
For the cares and toils of day,
Shall the dreams of night repay,
And the voice of peace shall greet,
Slumber sweet.

4

Good night!
Slumber till the morning bright;
Slumber till another morrow
Comes with all its joy and sorrow!
Till awakes the early light,
Good night!

TO-MORROW.

IA, when do you begin your
"
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the Bristol board for it
lia, "I mean to buy
Georgina Sib-
she had begun
ecilia, "I forgot
nd as one day
ill go and buy
y map."
vas of
graphy
ap for
em,

apply, so Georgina was entitled to great praise for laboring hard where there was not much talent, and Cecilia deserved great blame for not cultivating the talent she was possessed of.

As the day drew on, Georgina applied well to her map, and it was finished on the Friday preceding the eventful Monday. On Monday the class was assembled, map after map was examined, discussed and laid aside, and every heart beat as they saw their own maps lifted by the important gentlemen who were to decide upon the case. These gentlemen were three learned men acting as examinators, and one of whom was to present the prize to the happy lady whose map was pronounced the best.

After some discussion, and an awful ause, Georgina Sibson was ordered to ance, while one of the gentlemen ddressed her:

rgina Sibson, it gives me this day to place around edal, and also to present il ... the reward of

THE HAREBELL, OR CAMPANULA ROTUN

BY MISS MARY HOWITT.

IT springeth on the heath,
The forest tree beneath,
Like to some elfin dweller of the wild;
Light as a breeze astir,
Stemmed with the gossamer;
Soft as the blue eyes of a poet's child.

The very flower to take
Into the heart, and make

GOOD NIGHT.

Furnished for this work by Lowell Mason, Professor in the Boston Academy of M

2

ebell's name.

Seek repose,
Weary eyelids gentl[y] brown,
Now the watchma[n]'s crown
Echoes through [o]ne stem its thick-set flowers;
And the night [h]weed we see,
Sce[n]t
[B]lue-flowered chicory,
[A] strong ivy-growth o'er crumbling towers.

[L]ight harebell, there thou art,
Making a lovely part
Of the old splendor of the days gone by,
Waving, if but a breeze
Pant through the chesnut trees,
That on the hill-top grow broad-branched and high.

Oh, when I look on thee,
In thy fair symmetry,
And look on other flowers as fair beside,
My sense is gratitude,
That God has been thus good,
To scatter flowers, like common blessings, wide!

TO-MORROW.

"CECILIA, when do you begin your map?"

"To-morrow."

"Have you got the Bristol board for it yet?"

"No," replied Cecilia, "I mean to buy it to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and Georgina Sibson again asked Cecilia if she had begun her map yet?

"No," again replied Cecilia, "I forgot to buy the board to-day, and as one day is of little consequence, I will go and buy it to-morrow, and then begin my map."

Georgina knew that a day was of great consequence. Their geography master on Monday gave out a map for each of his pupils to do, telling them, they were all to be exhibited upon that day fortnight, and the one that was best done was to entitle the performer to a prize.

Georgina bought her board that very day, and got it ruled the proper size, that she might have it ready to begin upon Tuesday. Now Cecilia was by far the best drawer of maps in the class; but Georgina was next best, and when she saw Cecilia putting off from day to day the beginning of her's, Georgina felt a sort of hope that she would be the successful candidate; and indeed her map was very well done, it was executed with labor and care, and she was well rewarded for her pains. Cecilia had a natural turn for drawing, but then she did not apply, so Georgina was entitled to great praise for laboring hard where there was not much talent, and Cecilia deserved great blame for not cultivating the talent she was possessed of.

As the day drew on, Georgina applied well to her map, and it was finished on the Friday preceding the eventful Monday. On Monday the class was assembled, map after map was examined, discussed and laid aside, and every heart beat as they saw their own maps lifted by the important gentlemen who were to decide upon the case. These gentlemen were three learned men acting as examinators, and one of whom was to present the prize to the happy lady whose map was pronounced the best.

After some discussion, and an awful pause, Georgina Sibson was ordered to advance, while one of the gentlemen thus addressed her:

"Miss Georgina Sibson, it gives me much pleasure this day to place around your neck this medal, and also to present you this book, inscribed as the reward of merit."

The happy Georgina blushed, curtsied, smiled, and retired to her seat.

"But why," said the master, walking up to his young pupils, "why is Cecilia Robins the only young lady who has no map?"

Cecilia, on hearing this, came from the back seat, to which she had crept, and

endeavored to whisper something into the master's ear.

"Speak out," said Mr. Anson, "why have you no map?"

Cecilia, thus admonished, had to tell aloud that she had no time to finish it.

"Time," cried Mr. Anson, "did you not hear the command for their preparation on the same day that the others did?"

"Yes," said Cecilia, "but I could not get it begun till last Friday; and then, as I was finishing the last mountain, it met with an accident, and I had no time to begin another."

"Why did you not begin before last Friday? Were you busy?"

But Cecilia could not say that she was.

"And what," continued Mr. Anson, "was the accident that your mountain met with?"

"I had forgotten to wash my brush from a color that I had formerly been using, and when I meant to shade the mountains with black, I mistook the brush, and shaded them with carmine, and it would not wash off again; and when I went up stairs, I forgot that I had left it lying in the parlor, and my brother Frank coming in, he cut it down to make a pasteboard lottery of, and so I could not help it."

"Don't say, Miss Cecilia Robins, that you could not help it; for it was entirely owing to yourself that the accident happened, by your always putting off till to-morrow what you ought to do to-day."

The abashed and mortified Cecilia retired to her seat, and all that her friends could say was, that if she had begun in time, her map would have secured the prize.

Cecilia formed many resolutions of amendment, but as she put off fulfilling them till to-morrow, she met with another mortification the week following this examination. She and a party of her young companions were invited to spend a day in a visit to some celebrated springs in the neighborhood of where they lived. Cecilia was much delighted with the invitation, and expressed great pleasure in the prospect of it. But Cecilia could not go; she had put off from day to day the sewing on of two hooks and eyes to the back of the dress she meant to appear in, and when she did sit down to sew them on, which was half-an-hour before the time she was to go, she found no hooks and eyes to sew; and then she remembered that her mother had desired her to lay them away, in case any of the little ones should lift them; and she had intended to do so, but having put it off, she had forgotten it, and they were not to be found. At last, after a great deal of looking, where do you think she found one of the hooks? Why, at the end of a long string, where one of her brothers had tied it to make a fishing-rod; the eyes she never saw. Her mother seeing her in such a flutter and fume, asked her what was the matter.

"O, mother, Frank has taken away the hooks and eyes that I was going to sew upon my frock, and I have not a dress to go in to visit the springs to-day."

"Have you no dress but one, my dear?"

"Yes, mother, but I cannot wear them?"

"Why? what has become of your purple silk?"

"I tore it, mother, and it is not mended yet."

"Not yet!" cried her mother, "why, I gave you a thread of silk the exact color about a week ago; did you not mend it then?"

"I laid by the silk to do so afterwards, and I forgot it."

"Then, where is your green muslin?"

Cecilia colored very much, but said nothing.

"I say," continued her mother, "where is your green muslin?"

"Mother," said Cecilia, "Charles came in one day, and asked me to play battledoer and shuttlecock with him, and the battledoer struck the ink-bottle, and in trying to catch the bottle, as it fell, it all spilt upon me, and destroyed my dress."

"Why was the ink there?"

"I had been writing my version."

"But why did you not put away the ink whenever you were done?"

"I intended to do so when I was done playing."

"There it is," said mother, "you never *do* any thing, you only *intend* to do it, and no lesson makes any improvement upon you. You must stay at home today and mend all the clothes in your drawers that require it, that the next time you have anywhere to go it may not be for want of apparel at least that you have to stay at home."

Cecilia began to weep; she was ashamed that so big a girl as she should be punished, and she was vexed that she could not join the pleasure-party, and she felt distressed on account of what her companions would think of her absence; but she knew that her mother must be obeyed, so she retired to her room with a heavy heart, and began to arrange and look through her wardrobe with a most unwilling mind. When she was thus engaged the bell rang, and in came several of her friends wondering why she was so late, and anxious for her appearance, to whom she related that an accident had happened to her dress, and that she could not go; but her mother added, "the accident that has happened is Cecilia putting off the mending of her dress till it is too late, and the reason of her absence from your party principally is, that I will not allow a girl who is so careless to participate of your enjoyment, in the hopes that to forego this happiness may have a good effect upon her future life."

So hoped her mother, but her hopes were not quickly realized. Cecilia deferred every thing till the last moment, and then it was generally too late; but do not suppose that Cecilia was stupid; on the contrary, she was very clever, for, let her once begin anything she was interested in, and no one could move faster; but her fault was that she trusted too

much to her own abilities, and did not begin in time, and time, my young friends, is essential for all things; be sure you begin early in whatever you wish to excel.

"Cecilia," said her mother one day, "carry this letter to the post-office, you are passing it to-day at any rate."

"Yes, mother," said Cecilia; so saying she took up the letter and deposited it in her reticule. But while out, Cecilia met an acquaintance who persuaded her to go a different road from the one where the post-office was, and Cecilia thought, well I will come home the other way, and remember the letter then. Cecilia did not remember the letter till she reached her own door, and then it was nearly the hour for dinner, and she thought I will go on purpose to-morrow, and it will be a walk to me, and one day will make very little difference in the posting of a letter. Cecilia was occupied the next day, and forgot the letter, and it was not till about a month afterwards, that one morning at breakfast the letter was forcibly recalled to Cecilia's mind, by hearing her father and mother say that it was very extraordinary that no answer had ever come to them from Mr. Carr. At last Cecilia's mother turned quickly round to her, and asked if she was sure that she had put the letter in the post-office that she had given to her some weeks before? Cecilia looked as if she had been shot.

"Mother," at last stammered she, "I forgot."

"Forgot!" said her father, in a voice of thunder, "leave the room instantly," continued he, to the terrified Cecilia, who rose shrinking and trembling from her seat; "you have ruined me!" Cecilia ran up to her room, and bolting the door, sat down and cried as if her heart would break. A few minutes afterwards her mother came up to her, looking very grave indeed; and sitting down, she looked quietly at Cecilia, and then said, "crying will be of no avail, you must now learn to act."

"O, mother," said the distressed girl, "what have I done? what has happened through my neglect?"

"Cecilia," said her mother, "your father has lately lost a great deal of money through the failure of a bank, but he was told of an excellent situation from an old friend of his father's, provided he applied in time; if he sent no application, of course he could not receive the situation; the application was in the letter I gave you to put in the post-office; and now since that is past, you must make up your mind to retire with us to a cottage in Wales, where your father has a small farm, and let us do what we can to live honestly and respectably."

"O, mother!" said Cecilia, "I will do any thing, every thing; but what shall I say to my father? how shall I face him?"

"You must show by your conduct, that you are sorry for your fault, and make amends, in every way that you can, for the injury you have inflicted by simply putting off the posting of a letter."

Cecilia, from this time forward, was a changed character; she became as punctual in her conduct as she had hitherto been noted for the reverse; and in the cottage to which they retired, she became the active manager and cheerful inmate; she assisted the younger ones in their lessons, and mended their clothes; she was a nurse to her mother, who was delicate, and the companion of her father in his walks; in short, Cecilia became to them a "dear and helpful child." But brighter days were yet in store for them all. Cecilia's father was left a handsome property by an uncle whom he had never seen, and who lived mostly abroad; so the family once more prepared to mingle with the society they had left. They had been five years in their retirement; and on returning to society, Cecilia carried with her the character she had acquired in solitude, resolving, if ever she was tempted to put off any thing till tomorrow, that she would remember "the letter she forgot to put into the post-office."

TREES.

(Continued from page 139.)

LETTER IV.

My dear Child,

THIS letter I must devote to the Palm tree: and give you some information concerning the Oak. I dare say you remember the palm tree is spoken of in the 4th chapter of Judges, where it is said: "And she dwelt under a palm tree of Deborah, between Ramah and Bethel in mount Ephraim: and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment."

Branches of palm were considered as the emblems of conjugal affection. They are likewise the attributes of victory and martyrdom. We read in the account given by the evangelists, that as our Savior came along riding on an ass, a very great multitude of people,—who were come to the feast of the passover,—took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, crying Hosannah, &c. In catholic countries, the custom of carrying palms on this day is still continued; but it appears that in England it has ceased since the time of Edward the Sixth, under whose reign the Reformation was established. I must not omit to observe, that, as in this country palm trees did not grow, branches of the yew tree were substituted instead. In fabulous history, mention is often made of the palm tree. Homer, a Greek poet, and the most ancient of profane writers, speaks of one in the island of Delos, supposed to have sprung suddenly out of the earth, to serve as a support for Latona when in trouble. Her son Apollo, when only

four years old, erected an altar on this spot, made with the horns of goats killed by his sister Diana on mount Cynthus. This same tree, Cicero a Roman orator, and Pliny, affirm was still shown in their time. It was believed to be immortal.

The fruit of the palm are called dates. Those which grow in the valley of Jericho surpass all others. Augustus, emperor of Rome, gave them the name of Nicolai, in honor of the philosopher Nicholas, to whom he was much attached. In St. Domingo, the dates are used to fatten hogs. The timber for houses, huts and baskets, is supplied by the wood of the palm.

The Palmetto tree grows 75 feet high, with a cabbage on the top. The berries of the dwarf palmetto are used to cure low spirits, and its leaves are used for thatch all over the West-Indies.

There is in the East-Indies a kind of palm, which has no branches. The trunk is straight, and at the top of it, the leaves, which are very beautiful, form a round tuft. It sometimes grows to the height of 35 feet, and is a great ornament to gardens. Mixed with a chalk of red paste made of sea shells, it is chewed with betel. A considerable trade is derived from areca, or areck, an East-Indian fruit, similar to dates, which is used by rich and poor. At Tonquin, a most horrible superstition prevails. They poison this nut, and cause it to be eaten by a young child, fancying the year will prove fortunate to them by the sacrifice of this innocent victim.

The Oak tree was believed by the ancients to have been created with the world, for the purpose of nourishing and sheltering its first inhabitants. In the plains of Mamre, where Abraham was visited by three angels, there was an oak believed to be the same under which the Patriarch used to repose. Bayle says that this tree still existed in the time of Constantine, a period of at least 1000 years. In the 6th chapter of Judges, we read that the angel of the Lord was seated under an oak, which was at Ophrah, when he appeared to Gideon. In the 24th chapter of Joshua it is written, "And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord," &c. I could give you many more

proofs from Holy Writ, of the antiquity of this tree, but what I have said is sufficient.

We will now turn to the fabulous accounts given of it. Jupiter,—acknowledged in the Grecian mythology as the most powerful of all the gods—according to some accounts, was born under the shadow of an oak tree: for this reason, the tree was consecrated to him. The celebrated forest of Dodona in Epirus, planted with oak trees, surrounded his temple; and it was believed by the people that these trees had power to deliver the Oracles of Jupiter, subject to the interpretation of the Dononides, or priestesses of the temple.

The Arcadians, when rain is wanted, think they will obtain favor with Jupiter, by casting branches of oak into a fountain belonging to his temple, on Mount Lycæus, in Arcadia. The women of Priene, in matters of importance, used to swear by the "gloomy oak," because they had lost their fathers, husbands, and sons, in a battle that was fought near an oak tree in the neighborhood of Priene, a city in Ionia.

Diodorus, called Siculus, (a celebrated historian, born at Argyrium in Sicily, about 44 years before Christ) says, that the oaks, and their acorns, on the Herean mountains in Sicily, were of an extraordinary size. He likewise mentions a tree in Hyrcania, similar to the oak, the leaves of which produce excellent honey.

It is reported that Milo of Crotona, the most celebrated athlete of Greece, lost his life through his endeavors, when an old man, to pull up an oak tree by its roots and break it; but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree when half cleft reunited, and his hands remained pinched in the body of the tree: being thus unable to disengage himself, he was eaten by the wolves.

The crown of oak, which was less esteemed among Greeks than one of gold, was considered by the Romans as a most desirable recompense. A citizen of Rome only could obtain it, and he must have killed an enemy, gained a victory, and saved the life of a Roman. Among the Celts, this tree was worshipped, and considered as the emblem of hospitality, a virtue highly respected among them. In heraldry, the oak is the true emblem of strength and power.

St. Louis, King of France, who was greatly beloved for the gentleness and affability of his demeanor, used to hear the complaints and petitions of his subjects, and redress their grievances, sitting under an oak tree in the wood of Vincennes, a short distance from Paris.

You have read of the unfortunate Charles the Second in England, who, after the Battle of Worcester in 1651, whilst a fugitive, was kindly received at Boscobel House, situated on the borders of Staffordshire. This solitary dwelling was inhabited by five brothers, of the name of Pendrill, who hid the King in a garret, which being matted, prevented any suspicion of a little cavity over the staircase where he was concealed. His

bed was artfully placed behind some wainscot, and shut up very closely.

Charles being dressed in clothes belonging to the Pendrills, was afterwards led into the neighboring wood, and while they pretended to employ themselves in cutting wood, he mounted upon an oak, where he sheltered himself among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours. This tree was afterwards denominated the "Royal Oak," and is now enclosed by a brick wall, surrounded by laurels, which were planted to commemorate that event.

When Charles was restored to the throne in 1660, he visited the house in which he had been so kindly received, and the oak which had so providentially sheltered him. He gathered some of its acorns, planted them in St. James's Park, and watered them with his own hands every morning. A descendant of the Cooksey family still keeps the gloves and garters which the king left behind him at Boscobel house. It is near three o'clock, at which hour I have an engagement, so must bid you adieu.

P. S. I cannot close my letter without telling you that the oak tree is a favorite simile among the Poets. Homer compares two heroes to two tall oaks on the mountains.

"As two tall Oaks before the wall they rise;
Their roots in earth, their heads amongst the skies;
Whose spreading arms with leafy honors crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appear their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm."

The poet Spencer represents the person of Contemplation in the figure of a venerable old man, almost consumed with study.

"His snowy locks adown his shoulders spread,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an Oak half dead."

Once more, Adieu.

ENIGMA.

Three feet I have, but ne'er attempt to go,
And many nails thereon, though ne'er a toe.
Tempestuous winds and storms I've often been in,
And still go naked, though I deal in linen.
I both in city and in country dwell,
And have no head; yet I can reckon well.
I often cheat the ladies of their due;
You'll think it strange, but yet 'tis very true.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.—Page 143.

1. A Foot-ball.——2. Alphabet.

*208 A flower.

*209 A macaw.

210 Perspective. Lay a row of books on the table, and view them from one end of the table; which book appears broadest? How do they appear as they go from you? How do they appear when you keep at the same distance, but raise yourself and afterwards stoop? Now place the books upright in a row like the fronts of so many houses, and look from one end; how do they appear now? Go in different positions to look at them, and tell me how they appear.

211 The shoe, No. 89, to be drawn from memory. A shoe, to be also drawn from the object.

212 The cherries, No. 90, from memory.

213 The pupil should draw two fingers from nature.

214 Perspective, &c. Look at that row of houses (or trees, or pales of equal size), how do they appear when near, and at a distance? Look at this man who is near, and at that one who is at a distance, do they seem equally large? Where must a boy stand so that he shall appear to you as tall as a man?

215 An umbrella shut up, to be drawn from the object.

216 The section, or cut face of an apple or orange, from nature.

*217 A house, } Dots, and a faint out-
*218 A cat, } line, to be first used.

*219 A pair of scales. Care must be taken to make the sides of the balance of equal length, and the scales of equal shape and size.

220 A loaf may be drawn from general recollection, and corrected afterwards from the object.

221 A bow and arrow, from memory.

222 The boy, No. 228, from memory.

223 A piece of paling partly broken down, to be drawn from invention.

224 Look at the cows in that field (or horses in that road), which appear largest and which smallest? Do the cows or horses, going one after another into that road, seem of the same size? Can a calf ever appear of the size of a cow? How must a cow be placed to appear of the size of a kitten which is close to you.

220 A tea-pot, from the object, in outline.

226 A milk-jug, in outline, from the object.

227 An eye, to be drawn from nature.

*228 A boy. Dots, and a faint outline, to be first used.

*229 A squirrel.

230 A cottage, with two stories; a door and one window below; and two windows above, with slanting roof and two chimnies, to be drawn from this description.

231 A ninepin or skittle, and ball, from general recollection.

232 A birch broom, from general recollection.

233 An open hand, from nature, the fingers and thumb being kept straight.

234 A window and frame, from the object.

235 The boat, No. 93, and butcher's block, No. 94, from memory.

236 Hold up your hand straight before you, with the palm opposite to you, and notice how it appears. Now turn it slanting from you, still keeping it upright; how does it now appear? How must it be held to appear as broad as possible?—as narrow?—as long?—as short? Hold up this knife so as to see the most of it—the least of it:—so as to see little length—little breadth—little length or breadth. When does a horse appear longest?—when least long? Let one pupil stretch out his arm for another to try how he must view it to see it longest and shortest.

*237 An old windmill, with shading.

238 The side of the room should be looked at carefully; its relative length, height, and the position of objects on it should be estimated, and a drawing of it made from memory, which should afterwards be compared with the original. See No. 467, figs. 3 and 4.

239 The dog's head, No. 55, to be drawn first twice and then three times the size of the copy.

240 A bow and arrow to be drawn, first twice the size, and afterwards half the size of No. 92.

241 The pupil, if accustomed to write, may write down a description of the cottage, No. 58, specifying the kind of roof, door, chimney, window, palings, &c.

242 Sugar-tongs, from the object.

243 A simple fire-grate from the object.

244 A penknife or wafer-stamp, &c. from the object; to be shaded, and the shadow given. It should be placed on white paper, and in a strong light, that the shaded part and shadow may be distinctly marked.

245 Perspective, &c. If you hold your slate upright and straight before you and then move it further and further away without changing the position, what difference will appear in the slate?—will its shape appear changed?—will its size appear changed? How must you hold it so that its shape may appear changed? Place three sticks (or lay three pieces of string) across a long table or bench so as to separate it into four equal parts; look along the table or bench with your eye almost on a level with it; of what size do the parts of the table or bench appear? If you look from one corner of the table how do they appear? Look also in as many other ways as you can.

*246 A porter with a load. This may be compared with No. 155, to show the difference between a slight and a more finished drawing.

*247 A bridge and landscape. The pupil may be first questioned as to what each part of this landscape is intended to represent, and whether the observer is supposed to be standing above or below the arch, and on which side of it; also respecting the reflection and and shadow.

No. 208.

No. 209.

No. 217.

INSTINCT OF THE DOMESTIC CAT.

RELATED BY UNCLE THOMAS TO HIS NEPHEW HARRY.

THOUGH far from being so general a favorite as the dog, the domestic cat has many qualities to recommend it to attention and regard, and some of the stories which I am going to tell you exhibit instances of instinctive attachment and gentleness which cannot be surpassed.

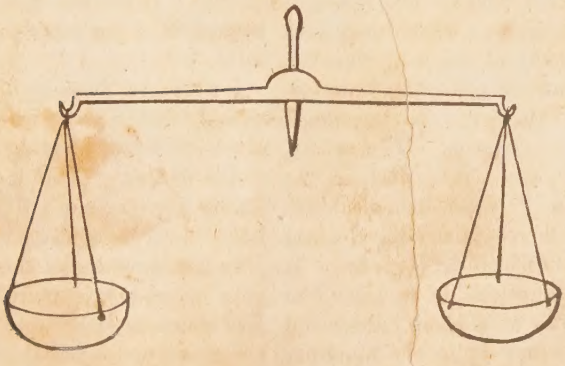
Here is one of attachment, which will match with the best of those of the dog.

A cat which had been brought up in a family, became extremely attached to the eldest child, a little boy, who was very fond of playing with her. She bore with the most exemplary patience any maltreatment which she received from him —which even good-natured children seldom fail, occasionally, to give to animals in their sports with them—without ever making any attempt at resistance. As the cat grew up however she daily quitted her playfellow for a time, from whom she had formerly been inseparable, in order to follow her natural propensity to catch mice; but even when engaged in this employment, she did not forget her friend; for as soon as she had caught a mouse, she brought it alive to him. If he showed an inclination to take her prey from her, she anticipated him, by letting it run, and waited to see whether he was able to catch it. If he did not, the cat darted at, seized it, and laid it again before him; and in this manner the sport continued as long as the child showed any inclination for the amusement.

At length the boy was attacked by small-pox, and, during the early stages of his disorder, the cat never quitted his bed-side; but, as his danger increased, it was found necessary to remove the cat and lock it up. The child died. On the following day the cat having escaped from her confinement, immediately ran to the apartment where she hoped to find her playmate. Disappointed in her expectation, she sought for him with symptoms of uneasiness and loud lamentation, all over the house, till she came to the room in which the corpse lay. Here she lay down in silent melancholy, till she was again locked up. As soon as the child was interred, and the cat set at liberty, she disappeared; and it was not till a fortnight after that event, that she returned to the well-known apartment, quite emaciated. She would not however take any nourishment, and soon ran away with dismal cries. At length, compelled by hunger, she made her ap-

No. 218.

No. 219.



pearance every day at dinner-time, but always left the house as soon as she had eaten the food that was given her. No one knew where she spent the rest of her time, till she was found one day under the wall of the burying-ground, close to the grave of her favorite; and so indelible was the attachment of the cat to her deceased friend, that till his parents removed to another place, five years afterwards, she never, except in the greatest severity of winter, passed the night any where else than at the above-mentioned spot, close to the grave. Ever afterwards she was treated with the utmost kindness by every person in the family. She suffered herself to be played with by the younger children, although without exhibiting a particular partiality for any of them.

There is another story of the cat's attachment, of a somewhat less melancholy cast, which I lately saw recorded in a newspaper.

A country gentleman of our acquaintance, who is neither a friend to thieves nor poachers, has at this moment in his household a favorite cat, whose honesty, he is sorry to say, there is but too much reason to call in question. The animal however is far from being selfish in her principles; for her acceptable gleanings she regularly shares among the children of the family in which her lot is cast. It is the habit of grimalkin to leave the kitchen or parlor, as often as hunger and an opportunity may occur, and wend her way to a certain pastrycook's shop, where, the better to conceal her purpose, she endeavors slily to ingratiate herself into favor with the mistress of the house. As soon as the shopkeeper's attention becomes engrossed in business, or otherwise, puss contrives to pilfer a small pie or tart from the shelves on which they are placed, speedily afterwards making the best of her way home with her booty. She then carefully delivers her prize to some of the little ones in the nursery. A division of the stolen property quickly takes place; and here it is singularly amusing to observe the cunning animal, not the least conspicuous among the numerous group, thankfully mumping her share of the illegal traffic. We may add that the pastrycook is by no means disposed to institute a legal process against the delinquent, as the children of the gentleman to whom we allude are honest enough to acknowledge their fourfooted playmate's failings to papa, who willingly compensates any damage the pastrycook may sustain from the petty depredations of the would-be philanthropic cat.

I remember how highly pleased you were with the story which I told you about the dog discovering the murderers of his master. There is one of a very similar description of a French cat which I am sure will equally interest you.

In the beginning of the present century a woman was murdered in Paris. The magistrate who went to investigate the affair was accompanied by a physician; they found the body lying upon

No. 228.

the floor, and a greyhound watching over it, and howling mournfully. When the gentlemen entered the apartment, it ran to them without barking, and then returned with a melancholy mien to the body of his murdered mistress. Upon a chest in a corner of the room sat a cat, motionless, with eyes expressive of furious indignation, steadfastly fixed upon the body. Many persons now entered the apartment, but neither the appearance of such a crowd of strangers, nor the confusion that prevailed in the place, could make her change her position. In the mean time, some persons were apprehended on suspicion of being the murderers, and it was resolved to lead them into the apartment. Before the cat got sight of them, when she only heard their footsteps approaching, her eyes flashed with increased fury, her hair stood erect, and so soon as she saw them enter the apartment, she sprang towards them with expressions of the most violent rage, but did not venture to attack them, being probably alarmed by the numbers that followed. Having turned several times towards them with a peculiar ferocity of aspect, she crept into a corner, with an air indicative of the deepest melancholy. This behavior of the cat astonished every one present. The effect which it produced upon the murderers was such as almost to amount to an acknowledgment of guilt. Nor did this remain long doubtful, for a train of accessory circumstances was soon discovered which proved it to complete conviction.

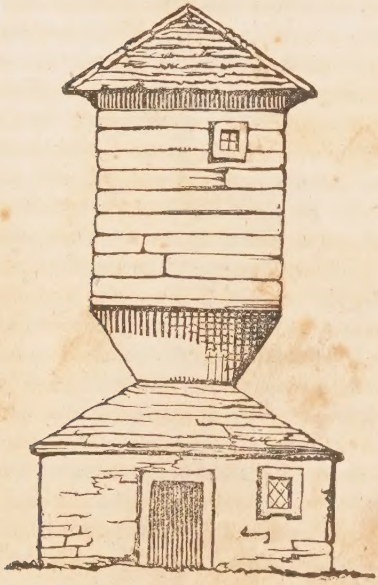
I have often warned you against stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, and shown you on how frail a foundation they generally rest. There is a story in which a cat was one of the principal actors, which contains the elements of as marvellous a tale of this description as could be desired. It happened in the west of Scotland.

Some years ago, a poor man whose habits of life had always been of the most retired description, giving way to the natural despondency of his disposition, put an end to his existence. The only other inmate of his cottage was a favorite cat. When the deed was discovered, the cat was found assiduously watching over her late master's body, and it was with some difficulty she could be driven away.

The appalling deed naturally excited a great deal of attention in the surrounding neighborhood, and on the day after the body was deposited in the grave, which was made at the outside of the church-yard, a number of school-boys ventured thither, to view the resting place of one who had at all times been the subject of village wonder, and whose recent act of self-destruction had invested it with additional interest. At first, no one was brave enough to venture near; but at last, the appearance of a hole in the side of the grave irresistibly attracted their attention. Having been minutely examined, it was at length determined that it must have been the work of some body-snatcher, and the story having spread, the grave was minutely examin-

No. 229.

No. 237.



ed, but as the body had not been removed, the community considered themselves fortunate in having made so narrow an escape. The turf was replaced, and the grave again carefully covered up.

On the following morning the turf was again found displaced, and a hole deeper than before, yawned in the side of the sad receptacle. Speculation was soon busy at work, and all sorts of explanations were suggested. In the midst of their speculations, alarmed perhaps by the noise of the disputants, poor puss darted from the hole, much to the confusion of some of the most noisy and dogmatic expounders of the mystery. Again the turf was replaced, and again and again was it removed by the unceasing efforts of the faithful cat to share the resting place of her deceased master. It was at last found necessary to shoot her, it being found impossible otherwise to put a stop to her unceasing importunities.

Poor puss! What a pity it should have been necessary to destroy such a faithful animal. I wonder no one tried to gain its affections, and thus charm it from its dreary abode. Uncle Thomas, did you ever hear Dr. Good's account of a very extraordenary instance of sagacity exemplified by his cat? I was very much struck with it when I saw it a day or two ago in his "Book of Nature." If you please, I will read it to you.

Very well, Harry, I shall be glad to hear it; I dare say it is an old acquaintance of mine. I have been such a diligent searcher after stories of this description, that I think very few have escaped me.

A favorite cat, that was accustomed from day to day to take her station quietly at my elbow, on the writing table, sometimes from hour after hour, whilst I was engaged in study, became at length less constant in her attendance, as she had a kitten to take care of. One morning she placed herself in the same spot, but seemed unquiet, and, instead of seating herself as usual, continued to rub her furry sides against my hand and pen, as though resolved to draw my attention, and make me leave off. As soon as she had accomplished this point, she leaped down on the carpet, and made towards the door, with a look of great uneasiness. I opened the door for her, as she seemed to desire, but, instead of going forward, she turned round, and looked earnestly at me, as though she wished me to follow her, or had something to communicate. I did not fully understand her meaning, and, being much engaged at the time, shut the door upon her, that she might go where she liked.

In less than an hour afterwards however she had again found an entrance into the room, and drawn close to me, but, instead of mounting the table, and rubbing herself against my hand as before, she was now under the table, and continued to rub herself against my feet, on moving which I struck them against a something which seemed to be in their way, and on looking down, beheld with equal grief and astonishment the dead

body of her little kitten which I supposed had been alive and in good health, covered over with cinder dust. I now entered into the entire train of this afflicted cat's feelings. She had suddenly lost the nursling she doted on, and was resolved to make me acquainted with it,—assuredly that I might know her grief, and probably also that I might inquire into the cause, and finding me too dull to understand her expressive motioning that I would follow her to the cinder heap on which the dead kitten had been thrown, she took the great labor of bringing it to me herself, from the area on the basement floor, and up a whole flight of stairs, and laid it at my feet. I took up the kitten in my hand, the cat still following me, made inquiry into the cause of its death, which I found, upon summoning the servants, to have been an accident, in which no one was much to blame; and the yearning mother having thus obtained her object, and gotten her master to enter into her cause, and divide her sorrows with her, gradually took comfort, and resumed her former station by my side.

Thank you, Harry, I do not think I ever heard that story before. Here is one that will match it however, displaying considerable ingenuity in a cat in the protection of her young.

A cat belonging to Mr. Stevens, of the Red Lion Hotel, Truro, having been removed from that town to a barn at some distance, soon afterwards produced four kittens. Not wishing the stock increased, Mr. Stevens desired three of them to be drowned, next morning, before opening their eyes on the world. Puss was deeply affected by this bereavement, and resolved on removing her remaining offspring to a place of security. When the person appointed to feed grimalkin went with her breakfast next day, no traces of her or her kitten were to be found. He called; but all was silent as the tomb; every corner was searched in vain; no cat was forthcoming. Here the matter rested for several days, when, at length, early one morning, puss made her appearance in the court of her master's house, a melancholy picture of starvation. Having satisfied her hunger, and loitered about the house during the day, late in the evening she took her departure, carrying away some meat. For several days she continued her visits in the same manner, taking care never to leave home empty-mouthed at night. Her proceedings having excited attention, she was followed by two men, in one of her nocturnal retreats, and traced to the top of a wheat stack, at some distance. On obtaining a ladder, her surviving kitten was found, in a curious constructed hole, sleek and plump, but as wild as a young tiger, and would allow no one to touch it. A few days afterwards, the mother finding perhaps that her own daily journeys were rather fatiguing, or thinking it was time that the object of her solicitude should be introduced into the world, or probably that the kitten had attained an age when it could protect itself, she took advantage

of a dark and silent night, when cat-worrying dogs and boys were reposing, to convey it safely to Truro, where tabby and her kitten found a welcome reception.

Though from bad education the cat and dog are generally the most determined enemies, some instances have occurred of the greatest friendship subsisting between these animals. Here is an instance recorded by a French author on the Language of Brutes.

I had a cat and dog, which became so attached to each other, that they would never willingly be asunder. Whenever the dog got any choice morsel of food, he was sure to divide it with his whiskered friend. They always ate sociably out of one plate, slept in the same bed, and daily walked out together. Wishing to put this apparently sincere friendship to the proof, I one day took the cat by herself into my room, while I had the dog guarded in another apartment. I entertained the cat in a most sumptuous manner, being desirous to see what sort of a meal she would make without her friend, who had hitherto been her constant table companion. The cat enjoyed the treat with great glee, and seemed to have entirely forgotten the dog. I had had a partridge for dinner, half of which I intended to keep for supper. My wife covered it with a plate, and put it into a cupboard, the door of which she did not lock. The cat left the room, and I walked out on business. My wife meanwhile sat at work in an adjoining apartment. When I returned home, she related to me the following circumstances:—The cat having hastily left the dining room, went to the dog, and mewed uncommonly loud, and in different tones of voice; which the dog, from time to time, answered with a short bark. They then went both to the door of the room where the cat had dined, and waited till it was opened. One of my children opened the door, and immediately the two friends entered the apartment. The mewing of the cat excited my wife's attention. She rose from her seat, and stepped softly up to the door, which stood ajar, to observe what was going on. The cat led the dog to the cupboard which contained the partridge, pushed off the plate which covered it, and, taking out my intended supper, laid it before her canine friend, who devoured it greedily. Probably the cat, by her mewing, had given the dog to understand what an excellent meal she had made, and how sorry she was that he had not participated in it; but, at the same time, had explained to him that something was left for him in the cupboard, and persuaded him to follow her thither. Since that time I have paid particular attention to these animals, and am perfectly convinced that they communicate to each other whatever seems interesting.

THE HORNET'S NEST.

THE HORNET.

BY MISS MARY HOWITT.

So, there at last I've found you, my famous old fellow!
Ay, and mighty grand besides, in your suit of red and yellow!
I often have heard talk of you, but ne'er saw you before,
And there you're standing sentinel at the hornet-castle door!
Well, what a size you are! just like a great wasp-king!
What a solemn buzz you make, now you're upon the wing!
My word! I do not wonder that people fear your sting!
So! so!—Don't be so angry! Why do you come at me
With a swoop and with a hum,—Is't a crime to look at ye?

See where the testy fellow goes whiz into the hole,
And brings out from the hollow tree his fellows in a shoal.
Hark! what an awful, hollow boom! How fierce they come! I'd rather
Just quietly step back, and stand from them a little farther.
There, now, the hornet-host is retreating to its den,
And so, good Mr. Sentinel—lo! here I am again!
Well! how the little angry wretch doth stamp and raise his head,
And flirt his wings, and seem to say, "Come here—I'll sting you dead!"
No, thank you, fierce Sir Hornet,—that's not at all inviting:
But what a pair of shears the rascal has for biting!
What a pair of monstrous shears to carry at his head!
If wasp or fly come in their gripe, that moment they are dead!
There! bite in two the whip-lash, as we poke it at your chin!
See, how he bites! but it is tough, and again he hurries in.
Ho! ho! we soon shall have the whole of his vindictive race,
With a hurry and a scurry, all flying in our face.
To potter in a Hornet's nest, is a proverb old and good,
So it's just as well to take the hint, and retreat into the wood.
Oh! here behind this hazel-bush we safely may look out,
And see what all the colony of hornets is about.
Why what a furious troop it is, how fierce they seem to be,
As they fly now in the sunshine, now in shadow of the tree!
And yet they are noble insects! their bodies red and yellow,
And large almost as little birds, how richly toned and mellow.
And these old woods, so full of trees, all hollow and decayed,
Must be a perfect paradise, for the hornet legions made.
Secure from village lads, and from gardeners' watchful eyes,
They may build their paper-nests, and issue for supplies
To orchards or to gardens, for plum, and peach, and pear,—
With wasp, fly, ant, and earwig, they'll have a giant's share.
And you, stout Mr. Sentinel, there standing at the door,
Though Homer said in his time, "the hornet's soul all o'er,"—
You're not so *very* spiritual, but soon some sunny morning
I may find you in a green-gage, and give you little warning,
Or feeding in a Windsor pear; or at the juicy stalk
Of my Negro-boy, grand dahlia,—too heavy much to walk;
Ay, very much too heavy,—that juicy stem deceives,—
"Makes faint with too much sweet such heavy-winged thieves."
Too heavy much to walk,—then pray how can you fly?
No, there you'll drop upon the ground, and there you're doomed to die!

The Hornet is an insect that every one has heard of, because the fearful effects of its sting and its fierceness are proverbial; but it is by no means common in many parts of the country. In the midland counties hornets are often talked of, but rarely seen. We have lived in several of the midland counties, and heard a good deal of them, but never saw a hornet

there. Since coming to reside in Surrey, we have found plenty of them. They come buzzing into the house, and are almost as common in the garden as wasps themselves, devouring the fruits above mentioned, and also as voracious of the green, tender bark of the dahlia, as ants are of the juice of the yucca. They peel the young branches with their nippers or shears, as a rabbit peels a young tree; and wasps, and the great blue-bottle and other flies follow in their train, and suck its juice greedily. In common too with the wasps, which by their side appear very diminutive insects, they gorge themselves so with the pulp of fruit as to drop heavily on the earth on being suddenly disturbed, and are then easily destroyed. They frequently make their nests in the thatch of cottages, and out-buildings, where it is difficult to destroy them, as in such situations neither fire, sulphur, nor gunpowder can be used, and producing large swarms there, they are dangerous and devouring neighbors.

On Bookham Common, a pleasant wide tract, overgrown with trees, principally oaks, and resembling a forest with its fern and green turfy glades, much more than a common, we found two nests within a few yards of each other, in two hollow trees, where the sentinel, and indeed the whole swarms, behaved themselves as above represented. Whether three of these insects are sufficient to kill a horse, as the old country saying avers, is doubtful; but, from size, the irritability of their nature, and the appearance of their stings, they are very formidable creatures indeed.

THE "NOT" FAMILY.

MY DEAR MARY,

I REMEMBER to have heard how amused, and I am happy to add, how improved you were, by a "Chapter on Misses," written by an excellent lady,* who, I am grieved to say, is dead; one to whom I, as well as thousands of others, owe a deep debt of gratitude, for her books afforded me a great deal of instruction when I was a little girl—quite as little, and, I do believe, more *wild*, than you. I am now about to introduce you to a family, not as interesting perhaps, but quite as varied, as "the Misses."

The eldest of them is known but too intimately to many young folk of my acquaintance. Were I to draw a picture of this disagreeable person I would pencil a dark, sulky-visaged boy, with overhanging brows, firmly-compressed lips, and forbidding aspect, ill dressed, and ill looking. His name is WILL NOT. Master Will is, believe me, a very dangerous companion; he is so fond of his own way that he scorns advice, and pays no attention whatever to the counsel of those who are better informed. I shall never forget the distress he inflicted upon his mother one day, when a most kind and benevolent man, Mr. Lovechild, attempted to teach him that pretty hymn of Dr. Watts's, commencing—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

Instead of being grateful to the excellent gentleman, he pouted and flouted, knit his great eyebrows, clenched his teeth,

* Mrs. Barbauld.

and—would you, Mary, believe it possible?—refused to utter a single word. I am a great enemy to flogging; but, if boys affect to possess no more intellect than brutes, they must expect to be treated as brutes, and I should scarcely grudge WILL NOT a sound whipping. This obstinacy renders him, as you may suppose, ignorant and contemptible, while his manners are rude and abrupt in the extreme. He is sadly despised by sensible people, and shunned by all who value the kindly feelings of social life. I trust that you, my dear, have never formed, and never can form, acquaintance with so unamiable a character.

Nor should I wish you to know his sister either, though she is of a very different temper and disposition from her obstinate brother. A trembling, pale, delicate creature, full of fears and absurdities, anxious to do well, and yet getting into all sorts of awkward predicaments from her excessive timidity. If she is directed to place a China vase on a shelf, she is sure to let it fall; if her parents wish her to try a new piece of music, or to copy a drawing, she always makes some provoking observation as to her inability, that must annoy those who are much better able to judge of her capacity than she can possibly be. Indeed, although there can be no doubt that her brother WILL NOT is the worst of the family, I have been often as much vexed with the nervous indecision of Miss CAN NOT, as with Master Will's obstinacy.

You have often heard, my dear Mary, that to be useful is better than to be clever, though to be both is best. Now CAN NOT, unless good education perfectly changes her habits, will never be useful or clever. The other night her cousin's cap caught fire, and, instead of throwing on her head the vase of water that stood upon the work-box, or, better still, snatching off the table-cover and smothering the flames with it, she stood still and screamed! Her poor cousin consequently was dreadfully burnt. And then CAN NOT said "she was very sorry;" but sorrow is perfectly useless, unless when it tends to improvement. And I regret to say that, as yet, she has not taken the necessary means to strengthen her character.

Another tormenting brat is Master DID NOT. I would fain hope that he is afflicted with a defective memory;—I say hope, because then allowances might be made for his inattention; but I am convinced in my own mind that his *forgetfulnesses*—as he calls them—are premeditated. Be this as it may, he is a very imp, with undefined features, and inexpressive eyes; sluggish and awkward in his gait, and negligent in his dress; not of so overbearing a disposition as his elder brother, yet equally difficult to manage. I once knew a poor family starved to death by his carelessness. His mother had absolutely committed the charge of both food and money for their relief to this ungracious boy; yet his habitual negligence prevented his attending to her directions. It was hoped that this

misfortune would have cured him of his bad habits, but I fear they have become too strongly rooted; DID NOT continues careless and negligent as ever.

Displeased, as I have every reason to be, with these three persons, I feel very differently towards their cousin, whom I recommend to your attention as a careful, amiable young lady, one who never offends by her flippancy, or injures by ill-natured observation. Her picture has been often painted, her finger resting on her sweet and silent lips, and her mild, dove-like eyes beaming with simplicity and truth. She walks with a sedate step, and is universally admitted into the best society, because every one is convinced that she is a lover of peace and a hater of scandal. Some giddy persons accuse her of being over-particular, and too silent in company; but opinions of the thoughtless are of no value, and I shall certainly take the earliest opportunity of introducing you to my especial favorite, Miss SAID NOT; who, with her sister MAY NOT, are greatly esteemed by all amiable people.

MAY NOT is a profound reasoner, and worthy of trust in all things. She never suffers impulse to act in opposition to reason, and even her parents frequently apply for and value her opinion. Her principles are fixed, and her deeds worthy of imitation. I could say a great deal more in her praise; but, as I desire that you closely cultivate her friendship, you will soon discover what a valuable acquisition you have made. At first you may think her somewhat austere, and fancy that her dignified countenance bears the expression of severity; but the more you know, the more you will love her, and her counsel will prevent your getting into many of the scrapes to which young ladies under, ay, and *over* the age of twelve are liable.

Farewell for the present then, my dear young friend. You have hitherto been, and I trust will continue to be, a happy little girl. How can you be otherwise, with such kind, good parents, who do all that is best and wisest for you? My letter has been longer than I intended, and my space and your patience are nearly exhausted, yet I must in conclusion assure you of the affection and friendship of

A. M. H.

LETTERS FROM A COUSIN.

No. 7.—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(Continued from p. 139.)

DEAR CHARLES,

ONCE more I take up my pen to tell you of one of those men, who by his *deeds*, has rendered his name immortal.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769. "His family was noble, though, during their residence in Corsica,

rather reduced in fortune." When Napoleon was ten years old, he was sent to the military school at Brienne; and at the age of fourteen he left this school, and went to complete his education at Paris. In his seventeenth year, Napoleon was appointed lieutenant in a regiment of artillery, quartered at Valence; and in 1792, he became a captain.

Napoleon gained by his genius and application, so high a character, that at the age of twenty-five, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. In 1796, Bonaparte was intrusted with the command of the army sent against Italy. Here he met with but one continued chain of brilliant victories. On Bonaparte's return to Paris, after this successful campaign, he was received by the people "with the most rapturous applause." I shall have to proceed more rapidly with this history than I could wish, but want of room compels me to be brief. Bonaparte by his good fortune and bravery, obtained the good will of the French people, and the Directory being overturned, he was appointed Chief Consul. He continued to add to his power by degrees, and on the 2d of December, 1804, he was crowned Emperor, with unusual splendor at Paris. The next year Napoleon placed upon his head the crown of Italy, and immediately annexed Genoa to his Italian kingdom. Most of the European sovereigns joined with England in a confederacy against Napoleon.

On the 24th of September, 1805, he again joined the army, and again we are presented with a series of brilliant victories. Although the different nations of Europe raised and sent large armies against him, he was found to be for a long time invincible. So greatly was he loved and respected by his soldiers, his name alone was considered a sure pledge of victory.

In 1806, Napoleon marched with four hundred thousand men to the conquest of Russia. After having taken Moscow, it was burnt by the Russians themselves; and winter setting in earlier than he had anticipated, Bonaparte was obliged to retreat; and the cold was so severe, that most of his army perished. Again he raised a new army, and again vanquished his enemies on every side.

But at last fortune deserted Napoleon, and he was compelled to abdicate his throne, on the 4th of April, 1814, and was banished to the island of Elba, over which he exercised absolute sway. But his wife and child being kept from him, and his salary not being paid by the European sovereigns according to agreement, Napoleon returned to France, on the 1st of March, 1815; the soldiers immediately joined him, and he found himself seated once more without opposition on his throne. The allied powers hearing of this, again sent a powerful army against him. Bonaparte was defeated in the battle of Waterloo, and after a reign of a "*hundred days*," he abdicated his throne the second time, on the 22d of June, 1815. He surrendered himself

into the hands of the English, asking permission to retire to England, and there to live as a private gentleman. To this they would not consent, but banished him to the island of St. Helena. He arrived here on the 17th of October, and landed at Jamestown. As soon as a house could be prepared for him, in the interior of the island, he went to live there, and there continued until he died. He was not treated in *all* respects, as he should have been; but he obtained no redress.

He died on the 5th of May, 1821, aged 51 years, 8 months. Thus died Napoleon Bonaparte, who for his exploits is justly called "the second Alexander."

Allen's Hill. Farewell, N. N. I.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

JONATHAN OUTDONE.—A short time ago, "a fine old English gentleman," in the good town of Burnly, though perhaps not one of the "olden times," always anxious to have the earliest news, went, in the course of his daily rounds, to a Mr. Bonniface, who is distinguished for his wit and intelligence, and inquired of him the news of the morning. Mr. Bonniface hesitated, and stammered out "None;" but shortly, as if recollecting himself, told him that the latest authentic news was, that a superb and elegantly fitted up steam vessel was about to cross the Atlantic from Liverpool, which had on board two acres of grass land, as many cows and sheep, and poultry, &c., as would fill them with milk and butcher's meat during the voyage out and home, and that the spirited proprietors intended to bore for coal, which they hoped to find, and thus be prepared for any length of voyage, without the fear of being short of fuel. The old gentleman, astonished, scratched his head, and walked away, muttering as he went, "These are strange times; what shall we see next."—*English Paper.*

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

FROM D. T. N.—Boston.

I am a word of sixteen letters; my 7th, 2d and 6th is a useful member of the body; my 8th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 15th, is something that boys like to do; my 4th, 6th and 6th is a useful article for food; my 12th, 15th, 8th, 16th and 4th is a thing which some boys and girls like to do; my 2d, 13th, 6th, 7th and 15th is the emblem of the United States; my 11th, 15th, 9th, 8th, 14th and 12th is one of the houses of Congress; my 13th, 9th and 10th is one of the copulative conjunctions; my 1st, 15th and 10th is a nickname; my 6th, 7th, 8th and 10th is a feeling which we have on seeing an old friend; my 3d, 2d and 1st is a troublesome thing which some people have; my 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th is what sailors like to see when they are on the ocean; my 6th, 2d, 3d, 6th, 8th, 3d and 16th is a name given to things that are showy but without value; and my whole is a name given to a part of the United States.

FROM R. R. B.—Illinois.

I am a word of twelve letters; my 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th is a ruler of a tribe of Indians; my 1st, 2d, 7th and 4th is the opposite of soft; my 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th is a part of the human body; my 12th, 2d and 3d is what the ladies use to cool themselves with in summer; 8th, 2d, 4th and 6th is a word which means tame or soft; my 8th, 2d, 3d and 6th is a reed from which sugar is extracted; my 3d, 6th, 2d and 12th is a fist; my 3d, 6th, 2d and 4th is the opposite of far; my 3d, 6th, 11th and 8th is a word which means want; my 3d, 10th, 8th, 9th and 11th is a hollow place; my 7th, 2d and 3d is preterit of to run; my 7th, 6th, 2d and 7th means to raise up; my 6th, 2d and 7th is one of the organs of the body; and my whole is a very useful article.

FROM W. C. jr.

I am a word of thirteen letters; my 2d, 3d and 14th is the name of a quadruped; my 12th, 10th and 5th makes a pleasant beverage; my 1st, 10th, 2d and 11th is food for man; my 6th, 2d and 12th a small animal; my 7th, 8th and 12th is the name of a small dwelling; my 6th, 7th, 10th, 9th and 12th is a useful piece of furniture; my 7th, 2d and 12th is a comfortable article; my 1st, 2d, 11th and 12th is much wanted in stormy weather; my 1st, 2d, 6th and 10th is the name of a valuable spice; my 10th, 2d and 12th is a pleasant task; my 7th, 10th, 5th and 12th is possessed by all living; my whole is the name of a distinguished state.

FROM W. W.—Philadelphia.

I am a word of thirteen letters; my 1st, 5th and 3d is where wild beasts dwell; my 6th, 2d, 3d and 12th is a narrow road; my 10th, 2d, 3d and 1st is a heavy kind of earth; my 13th, 2d, 4th and 3d is necessary to vegetation; my 5th, 8th and 6th is a species of snake; my 9th, 5th, 8th and 13th is a kind of liquor; my 7th, 2d, 11th, 15th and 13th is a powerful element; my 6th, 2d, 7th and 10th have found a firm supporter in my whole; my 10th, 3d, 2d, 4th and 6th is not a swift moving animal; my whole is an ardent friend of his country.

Whenever you speak any thing, think well, and look narrowly what you speak; of whom you speak; and to whom you speak; lest you bring yourself into great trouble.

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ON the north bank of the river Karaj, the king is building a palace surrounded by a fort, and a town which is to be called Sulimanieh, from the city of that name which was taken from the Courdish chief, Abdurakhman Pasha. The spoils of the captured city and country are to defray the expences of its construction. The bricks which form the building are baked in the sun, and are composed of earth dug from the pits in the vicinity, which is mixed up with straw, and then, from the form or mould, in which they have been cast, are arranged on a flat spot in rows, where the sun hardens them. The peasants who were at work had been, as usual, collected by force, and were superintended by several of the king's officers, who with hard words, and sometimes harder blows, hastened them in their operations. Their fate resembled that of the Israelites, who no doubt were employed in the same manner in building for Pharaoh, and with the very same sort of materials. Their bricks were mixed up with straw; they had to make a certain quantity daily, and their task-masters treated them cruelly if their task was not accomplished. The complaints which they made were natural, and resembled the language used frequently on similar occasions by the oppressed in Persia.—"*There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, Make brick: and, behold, thy servants are beaten; but the fault is in thine own people.*"—EXODUS v. 16.

MORIER.

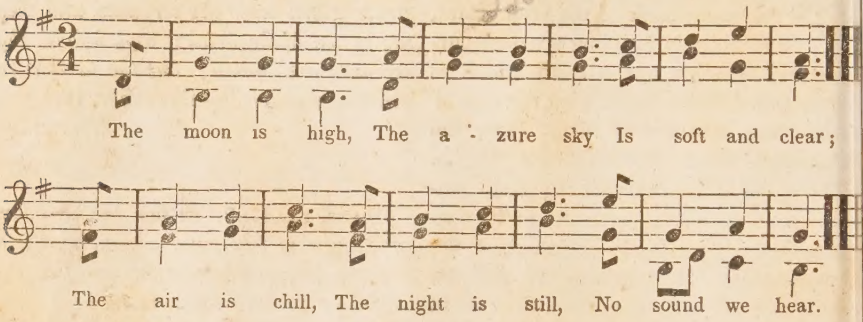
MATT. xx. 1—7. "*For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard,*" &c.—The most conspicuous building in Hamadan is the Mesjid Jumah, a large mosque now falling into decay, and before it a *maidan* or square, which serves as a market-place. Here we observed every morning before the sun rose, that a numerous body of peasants were collected, with spades in their hands, waiting, as they informed us, to be hired for the day, to work in the surrounding fields. This custom, which I have never seen in any other part of Asia, forcibly struck us as a most happy illustration of our Saviour's parable of the laborers in the vineyard: particularly when passing by the same place late in the day we still found "*others standing idle,*" and remembered his words, "*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*" as most applicable to their situation: for on putting the same question to them, they answered us, "*Because no man hath hired us.*"

MORIER.

The little child's go-to-bed song.

Furnished for this work by Lowell Mason, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music.

Music from the German.



2

The evening-star
That blinks afar
Is in the west;
And I must lay
My toys away
And go to rest.

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THE YOUNG PAINTER.

STORY OF THE YOUNG PAINTER.

THE following story, as well as two others in our last volume of Parley, pages 265 and 363, is taken from the BOY'S STORY BOOK, a new work to be published by Munroe & Francis in the autumn.

IN a cottage in a remote village in France dwelt a little orphan boy, under the care of an old woman, who supported him on a very small pittance, all that the broken fortunes of his father had enabled him to leave for that purpose; but this little fund only sufficed to purchase the bare means of existence for two persons—it was quite inadequate to pay for any education, and the little neglected wild flower seemed destined to receive no culture. Alexis however had a mind that raised him above the circumstances in which he was placed by fortune: he felt painfully the ignorance to which he seemed condemned, and burned to distinguish himself by some effort that would break the chain which bound him to obscurity and idleness.

Hour after hour and day after day passed, and the restless child was still doomed to feel the pangs of disappointment, and to sigh for some pursuit for his active mind, when a trifling circumstance decided his future fate, and marked the path which he was destined to tread. He was walking on the high road leading from a town at some distance, when a travelling-carriage, driving at a furious pace, came in sight: at the same moment the door accidentally opened, and some books, or rather trifles, fell to the ground. The driver descended, replaced them in a moment, shut the door, and drove on still faster than before. As Alexis approached the spot however, he perceived that the books were not the only things that had fallen, and he picked up a small box, on the lid of which was a miniature beautifully set round with brilliants. Their splendor might have dazzled more experienced eyes; but the whole soul of Alexis was riveted on another object—the portrait they surrounded;—it was indeed lovely! It represented a lady in the bloom of youth and the most luxuriant beauty, in an attitude of anxious expectation, her head leaning forward and resting on her hand, and her eyes earnestly fixed on some object in the distance. The illusion was so complete, that the simple child raised his eyes in search for a moment of the object she was looking at. His imagination was absolutely fascinated by the picture, and the incognita seemed the genius of his sleeping and waking hours. She inspired him also with the first rude attempts that led to the development of his future talents.

He now spent his time in sketching with pieces of charcoal, of chalk, or anything he could find, on boards, on walls, faint efforts to copy these features; and even in these rude drawings the hand of future genius might be traced.

After passing a month in this pursuit, he found it impossible to confine his rapture at the possession of his treasure to himself, and walked some distance to show it to Father Benoit, the priest of his parish. The good father listened to his tale with interest; but at sight of the portrait, his eyes (for tastes are various) glanced from what he called a painted lady, to the brilliants that surrounded her. "My boy," said he, "these diamonds are very valuable; you know not what they would purchase."—"Yes, father," said the boy; "but they are not mine."—"No," replied the priest; "but it is now more than a month since its owner lost it: from your description of the circumstance I conjecture that he will not soon return. At any rate however this box must be kept for him: but still, in this uncertainty, I cannot think, my child, that we should do wrong to extract one or two of these diamonds. If he returns, I will myself bear the blame of this act; and by means of them we could procure for you the power of cultivating the talent which you seem to possess, and which, if perfected, will enable you to restore the diamonds tenfold."

Little argument is necessary between an old man and a docile child,—between him who gives agreeable advice, and him who desires to take it. Two diamonds were at first extracted, and after some time two more, and the money carefully husbanded by the kind father, and entirely expended on purchasing, first, materials of painting for the gifted child, and afterwards in providing him with a general education, and the best masters in painting that the nearest town could supply. His ability in that art rivalled and soon surpassed that of all these masters: he had chosen the study of figures rather than landscape. You will easily conceive that the fair image still lingered in his mind; in fact, it was in private his favorite study, and he repeated it over and over on his ivory. The Grecian line of feature that distinguished it, the peculiar grace that pervaded the whole face and figure even to the drapery, appeared to his improved taste as captivating as the sweet expression had done to his first glance. He completed a beautiful enlarged copy from this model. His fancy had supplied the furniture of the picture;—a vase of flowers at her feet, a tripod covered with ornaments, a fan of gorgeous feathers by her side. She was gazing from an oriel window over a marble balcony, and her eyes seemed to penetrate a deep grove in the distance, and to see what other eyes could not discover.

This picture finished, he sent it to an exhibition which was then open in the chief town of his province, and where a specimen of his art had been desired.

Two days had scarcely elapsed, when, having returned for a short time to his cottage, he had risen early to contemplate the beauty of the rising sun as it mounted above the rugged peaks of the mountains and chased away the grey mists of the morning, when a stranger on horseback hastily advanced to the house, and, without announcing his name, abruptly entered his room. He seemed agitated, and, after the first civil expressions were interchanged, asked hastily if Alexis was the painter of the picture exhibited at Luneville. On being answered in the affirmative, "Where —O where," said he with a hurried voice, "could you have seen the original of that portrait?—it is of the greatest importance to me that it should not be exposed to the public, and just in that place too!"—"I never did see the original anywhere—I cannot tell you who the lady is," replied Alexis in surprise. "Impossible!" exclaimed the stranger incredulously, "impossible! Those features have never been moulded but once! Young man! that picture was not, could not be, the work of your own fancy! Where did you see my Constance?"—"Your Constance!" cried the young painter, touched by the distress of the stranger. "Noble sir, I have then a restitution to make to you:" and he produced the little box, explaining how it came into his possession, and excusing the absence of the diamonds.

The stranger seized the portrait, and pressed it to his lips; he then, at the earnest request of the young painter, gave a slight sketch of some part of his story. It appeared that he and this fair lady had been attached; that the match was equally opposed by both their parents, owing to an old family feud. They had escaped to unite their fate, and to receive that bitter boon henceforth to be the portion of each—a father's curse. The poor lady languished under it: to restore her to repose, he had returned to this spot to try by any humiliation to propitiate her offended family; but they had spurned him. It was at this moment that he had seen her picture publicly exhibited at Luneville. Certain that her family, all-powerful in that province, would, if they heard of it, tear it from the walls and offer it every insult, he came in the utmost agitation to urge the painter to remove it. Alexis immediately wrote an order for that purpose, and, as he put it into his hand, again reverted to the diamonds; but the stranger impatiently interrupted him, and assured him that they, as well as those which remained, were freely his. "Keep them," said he; "it is not money that I wa[illegible]at it but peace of mind: but that no one c[illegible]le, give! Restore to me only that picture, and give me your own work, that no vestige of my Constance may remain in a spot so fatal to her happiness."

Alexis, with a sigh, separated with his little painting-knife the picture from the lid of the box. The stranger also sighed as he took it: "I remember the very spot where it must have fallen," said he;

"and often I see the figure of her old father in my dreams. He holds up his wasted finger and says, 'You took both —both my child and her image!—the substance and the shadow! Already you have lost one; see that the other does not slip from your grasp!' But this," said the stranger, attempting to smile, "is a brighter omen!" Alexis, in silent sympathy, placed before him a little portfolio in which were all his different sketches of the unknown: it was the tribute of an upright, noble mind. The stranger took them all, and the order for Luneville, and pressing with emotion the hand of the young painter, disappeared.

A new era now commenced in the life of Alexis. Amply supplied with the means of finishing his studies, he calculated his riches and found that the darling wish of his heart could now be accomplished, and he could afford to go for a couple of years to Rome to perfect himself in his art,—Rome, that great school where genius seems to spring unaided from the classic ground. He went: ceaseless in application, constant in ardor, he succeeded; and after the expiration two years, and another spent in the exercise of his profession so as to acquire fame beyond his brightest hopes, he returned to his native country completely rich from his own exertions, and possessed of talents that would ensure to him more wealth than his contented mind would ever covet.

The sun was sinking slowly as he wandered over the first village of his beloved France, the spot of his birth. He had stopped there to enjoy the stillness of the hour; and as he seated himself on a rustic bench in the little green where the villagers assemble in the evening, his thoughts reverted to the rising sun of three years before: "My life," thought he, "almost commenced then; and since, what bustle—what a change! I am no longer a boy, but a man. Gentle sun! thy softened beams seem to tell me henceforth to seek repose, solitude, and the country." His fanciful reflections were interrupted by a low conversation which he overheard. Two persons were speaking without regarding him, and these words reached his ears: "Poor, poor little children! their father did indeed die suddenly. Did you not hear? then I will tell you all. A few days ago they arrived here at the Green Dragon. The gentleman asked if any letters were waiting for him: one was given him directed as he described. He tore it open and only exclaimed, 'He refuses! —oh! what will become of her—of them?' when, putting his hand to his side, he fell down insensible. His poor wife became like one frantic, for he never recovered—he was quite dead; and she continued to watch by the corpse until yesterday, when they tore her away by force to bury it. The landlady, finding by a search among their effects that she had no money, went to turn her out altogether; but the poor lady had meanwhile run up stairs to a wretched garret which overlooks the burial-ground, from

which she will not be removed. They let her stay to starve there with her children, I believe—indeed, she eats nothing; but who is to feed those poor babes?"

The young painter, much grieved, turned round and hastily asked the speakers the way to the Green Dragon. He went thither, and was directed up a miserable staircase to a small attic. He gently pushed open the broken door, and remained transfixed with emotion, at the object that presented itself. There, seated on a low stool, her head resting on the hollow of her hand and gazing on an humble burial-ground, her hair dishevelled and her eye glazed, he saw at once the object of his heart's secret devotion! the original of the portrait! The sparkling glance, the coral lip, the wreathed smile, were not indeed there; but that cheek, pale as statuary marble—that deep impassioned gaze, spoke to his soul in a language never to be forgotten. He burst into a flood of tears. The lady looked up wistfully; but her attention could not be abstracted for a moment, even by the caresses of two lovely children who sat at her feet. The overcharged eyes of Alexis gushed afresh, as he saw these infant miniatures of herself, and thought he traced some resemblance to the stranger. He stole out of the room and brought them back food. They eagerly took it; their little faces brightened; and at the sound of their voices, their poor mother again looked up. Alexis seized her feeble hands: "O, madam," cried he, "let me be your guardian, your brother!—you may: I owe a large debt of gratitude to him who is no more—he was my benefactor, my friend. I consecrate my future life, all I have, to his widow!" The lady still looked wildly: "I want nothing for myself," answered she hastily; "but these orphans!"—"They shall never want a friend," said Alexis vehemently: "I will guard them as my own soul!"

The poor lady, now moved by gratitude, attempted to rally and to relate her story. He gathered from her incoherent exclamations enough to learn that, from some circumstance or other, the stranger and herself had been suddenly reduced from affluence to great want: that her own father had, in dying, disinherited her, and then some "summer friends" had deserted them; that at last, without any resource, they had resolved to appeal for bread to his family; that the letter he had received had undoubtedly refused all assistance, as her husband's exclamation proved. The letter itself had indeed never been removed from his grasp, for its contents, as she said, were too evident. Alexis now found that it became very painful, almost impossible, for the poor mourner to speak any longer; he therefore only trusted himself to say, "Instruct me, dear lady, how to serve you: commend me; send for me when you please. I remain in this village to devote myself to you; and, oh! be satisfied that I will never desert your little ones!" So saying, he tore himself

away, for the poor lady had gradually turned her eyes with their wonted gaze on the grave of her husband. They were never afterwards (as he heard) withdrawn, except in the hours that she was surprised by sleep, and she kept continually watching the same spot.

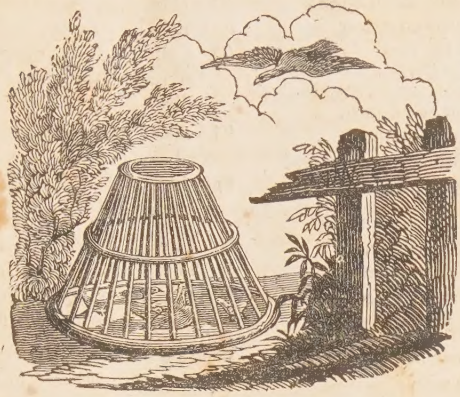
Alexis had, meanwhile, given orders for her comfort: he undertook to pay all her expenses, and had the children liberally supplied with all they could want; it was indeed his only thought and occupation. He lingered near the inn, always in hopes that the lady would send for him; but was disappointed. She did not however detain him long in that sad place. One morning (a few days after their first meeting) he received a summons to go to her immediately: he flew to obey it. He found her supported by pillows, and reclining on a bed placed opposite to the fatal window: but she gazed there no longer; she seemed to have risen above this world, and the shreds of mortality that she was leaving behind. As he entered, he saw that she had one arm thrown round the neck of each of her children. He approached, and she seized his hand and pressed it fervently to her lips, imprinting on it many kisses; then raising her eyes, she seemed to invoke Heaven to record the sacred vow to befriend her orphans that his lips had uttered, and that her heart had fondly registered: they dropped once again on her beloved ones, and then closed for ever.

Alexis had witnessed in silent agony this sad scene, and would willingly have kept watch over her pale remains with the same anxious devotion as she had done over those of the stranger; but he was recalled to a remembrance of the charge he had undertaken, by the tears and cries of the orphan children. He led them out of the room to console them, and suppressed as much as he could the burst of his own feelings. One consolation he himself had, when some days afterwards, on leaving the village, he carried away with him "the portrait," found among the effects of the stranger, —that picture which he had seen under such different feelings. It was not, as before, the favorite subject for his easel, but never quitted its situation next to his heart.

The children of Constance remained ever afterwards with their young benefactor, who treated them with the most devoted tenderness; and though he afterwards rose by his talents to the greatest eminence, and acquired fame and fortune, yet, as he simply expressed himself in the terms of his art, "their affection, their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, decided all the color of his future life."

Those who receive, best know how the thing should be given.

If you would destroy your own repose, disturb that of your neighbor.



DAME BIDDY.

WRITTEN FOR PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

)AME BIDDY was housed in a coop,
Because it so chanced, that Dame Biddy
ad round her a family group
Of chicks, young and helpless and giddy.

nd when she had freedom to roam,
She so liked the life of a ranger,
ie led off her brood far from home,
To fall into mischief or danger.

ne'd trail through the grass to be mown,
And call all her children to follow;
nd scratch the seeds that were sown,
Then lie in their places and wallow.

She'd go where the corn in the hill
Its first little blade had been shooting,
And try by the strength of her bill,
To learn if its bottom was rooting.

And when she went out on a walk
Of pleasure, through thickets and brambles,
The covetous eye of a hawk
Delighted in marking her rambles.

'I spy,' to himself he would say,
'A prize of which I'll be the winner!'
Then down would he pounce on his prey,
And bear off a chicken for dinner.

The poor frightened matron then heard
The cry of her youngling in dying,
And screamed at the merciless bird,
That high with his booty was flying.

But shrieks could not stop her distress;
Nor grief her lost darling recover.
She now had a chicken the less
For taking the way of a rover.

And there was the plumage all torn,
And flying one way and another,
That still her dear child might have worn,
Had she been more wise as a mother.

Her owner then thought he must teach
Dame Biddy a little subjection;
And cooped her up out of the reach
Of hawking, with time for reflection.

He then threw a net o'er a pile
Of brushwood that near her was lying,
In hope to its meshes to wile
The fowler that o'er her was flying.

For hawk, not forgetting his fare,
And having a taste to renew it,
Sailed round o'er the coop, on the air,
With cruel intention to view it.

The owner then said, 'Mister hawk,
If you love my chickens so dearly,
Come down to my yard for a talk,
That you may address them more nearly.'

But 'No,' thought the sharp-taloned foe
Of Biddy, 'my circuit is higher!
If I to his premises go,
'Twill be when I see he's not nigh her.'

The farmer strewed barley, and told
The chickens the brush to run under;
And left them, when hawk, growing bold
Thus tempted, drew near for his plunder.

As nearer and nearer he drew,
With appetite stronger and stronger,
He found he'd but one thing to do,
And plunged! to defer it no longer.

But now he had come to a pause,
At once in the net-work entangled,
While through it his head and his claws
In hopeless vacuity dangled.

The chicks saw him hang overhead,
Where they for the barley had huddled,
Then all in a flutter, they fled,
And quick through the coop-holes had scu
dled.

The farmer came out to his snare,
And saw the bold captive was in it:
Said he, 'If this play is unfair,
Remember, I did not begin it.'

He fastened a cork on his beak,
The airy assassin disarming;
Unspurred him, and rendered him weak
By blunting each talent for harming.

Then into the coop he was thrown:
The chicks gathered under their mother,
For hawk by his feathers was known,
As him who had murdered their brother.

Dame Biddy, beholding his plight,
Determined to show him no quarter,
In action gave vent to her spite,
As motherly tenderness taught her.

She shouted, and blustered, and then
Attacked the poor captive unfriended;
And you,—who have witnessed a hen
In anger—may guess how it ended.

She made him a touching address,
If pecking and scratching could do it;
Till sinking in silent distress,
He perished before she got through it.

We would not however convey
A thought like approving the fury,
That gave, in this summary way,
Punition without judge or jury.

Whenever 'tis given, it tends
To lessen the angry bestower.
The *fowl* that inflicts it descends—
But the *featherless biped*, still lower.

48 The cottages, Nos. 50 and 58, to be drawn reversed; that is to say, each part that is now on the right should be placed on the left.

49 An easy flower or head of grass, to be drawn from nature.

50 A simple shell, to be drawn from nature.

51 A leaf or two, to be drawn from nature and exactly the size of the original.

52 Exercises in light or shade. Hold your hand up to the light. Can you hold it so that both sides shall have the same quantity of light on them, or be equally well lighted? Hold it so that one side shall have much more light on it than the other. Do you know what the side that has the least light on it is called (the dark side, or the shaded side; or it is said to be in the shade)? Can you hold your hand up so that there shall be a shadow on the wall? If your hand were taken away would there be a shadow? Would there be a shadow if the light were away? If the wall were away would there be the shadow? What makes or causes the shadow on the wall? The following exercises should be performed by candle-light. Can you hold this top, pincushion, or any object laying about, so as to have a light side and a shaded side? Try if you can hold it so that every part shall be in the light; and so that no part shall be in the light? Can you make a shadow on the table with this book? On which side of the book is the shadow?—and on which side is the light? Can you place the candle and shadow on the same side of the book? Can you find out how the candle and shadow always must be?—and where the object or thing that makes the shadow, must be? (Between the light and shadow.)

253 A straight horn or trumpet, from general recollection.

254 A shepherd's crook, from recollection.

255 A milk-pail or a tub, from general recollection.

256 A spoon, in outline, from the object.

257 A pair of scissors, in outline, from the object.

258 A pepper-castor or vinegar-cruet, in outline, from the object.

*259 A tumbler. The shape of the rim and bottom may also be compared with that of the object. The pupil may also draw this tumbler with a perfect circle for the rim and bottom, to show how absurd such a representation would be. He may next draw straight horizontal lines for the rim and bottom, and try if he can see the tumbler in that aspect.

*260 The capital letters G O, as before, at Nos. 124 and 205.

*261 A cross and landscape, slightly shaded. The pupil should be questioned as to the meaning of each part of the picture, and his position with regard to the cross, namely, whether

he is above or below it, which part is nearest to him, &c.; and dots should be made before the drawing is commenced.

262 Perspective. If you place this slate or book so as to touch your eyes, can you see it well?—can you see the whole of it? How must you place it to see the whole of it? How must you stand looking at this table to see the most of it?—and also the least of it? Can you place yourself in this room so as to see every part at once, without moving your head or eyes? Where must you stand to see the most of it? What are the parts of the room you can see when you stand in the middle of the room without moving your body, head, or eyes? Can you see behind you? Can you see before you without changing your position? Can you see before and behind you at the same time? Can you make what was behind you appear before? Can you see before and to the right and left all at once? In how many directions can you see perfectly at the same time? Can you look at the sky or the ceiling and your feet at the same time? Can you hear behind you and before you at the same time? Look at what is before you without moving your head or eyes; now turn directly opposite and notice what you see without moving your head or eyes. By these two looks can yo see everything that is round you, or do you need three such looks, or four, to see all round perfectly? When you go close to the w or to a door can you see the whole it?

263 The porter, No. 155, going the c posite way.

264 The capital letters I A G O, to drawn half the size and twice the si of the copies, Nos. 124 and 260.

265 A pigeon-house made of a barr stuck on a long pole, to be drawn fro invention.

266 A bunch of cherries, currants, gooseberries; or a group of two three apples or oranges; to be draw in outline from nature.

267 An apple, orange, or ball, placed a strong light, to be drawn from n ture, with the shading and shadow.

268 The pupil should draw the variou kinds of palings he recollects.

269 The pupil may invent an iron rai ing with an ornamental head.

270 Perspective. Can you see the who of the side of that house when you g so close as almost to touch it? Whe must you stand so as to see the who side of the house well at one view Where must you stand to be able t see some of the roof of the house Tell me all the different shapes whic the rim of this tumbler or cup appea to have, when held in different way (Round, oval (more or less), a straig line, a curved line.)

271 A description should be given i writing of the woman, No. 152, he apparent age, dress, what she appea to be doing, &c.

No. 246.

THE HERON.

BY MISS MARY HOWITT.

LO! there the hermit of the waste,
The ghost of ages dim,
The fisher of the solitudes,
Stands by the river's brim!

Old Heron, in the feudal times,
Beside the forest stream,
And by the moorland waters,
Thus didst thou love to dream.

And over towers and castles high,
And o'er the armed men,
Skirmishing on the border-lands,
Or crouching in the glen;

Thy heavy wings were seen to flit,
Thy azure shape was known
To pilgrim and to anchorite,
In deserts scorched and lone.

Old Heron, in those feudal times
Thou wast in dangerous grace,
Secured by mandates and by laws
All for the royal chase.

No meaner head might plot thy death
Than one which wore a crown;
No meaner hand might loose the shaft,
From the skies to strike thee down.

And out came trooping courtly dames,
And men of high degree,
On steeds caparisoned in gold,
With bridles ringing free.

Came king and queen; came warrior stou
Came lord and lady fair,
All gallant, beautiful and bold,
Into the autumn air.

The abbot and the bishop grave,
The monk with crown new-shorn,
Who sore did rue their ravaged stew*
In the last Lent forlorn.

The keepers with their dogs in leash;
The falconers before,
Who proudly on their sturdy wrists
The hooded tercel bore.

And in thy solitary haunts
By stream or sedgy mere,
The laugh, the shout, the cries of dogs
And men, came to thine ear.

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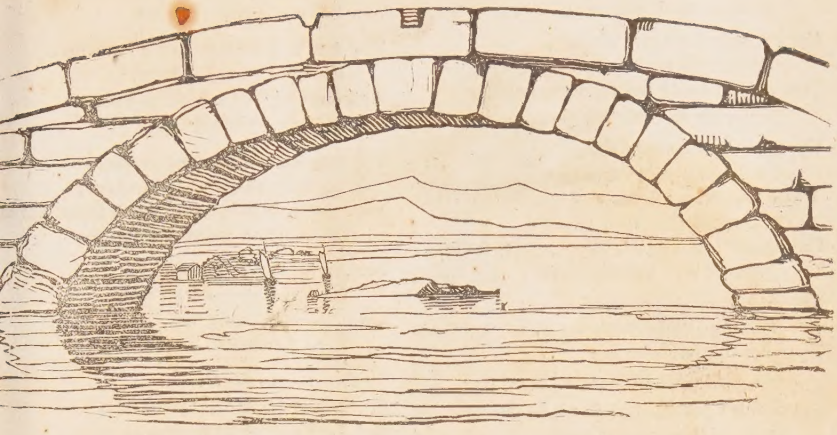
* Fish-pond.

No. 247.



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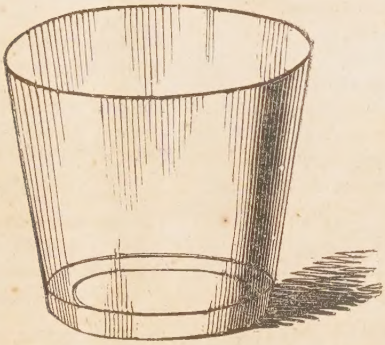


And starting from thy reverie,
And springing from the bent,
Into the air, from joyous hearts,
Another shout was sent.

Up, up, into the azure skies
On circling pinions strong,
Fair eyes pursued thy mounting course
While the falcon sped along.

Up, up, into the azure skies
Thy strenuous pinions go,
While shouts and cries, and wondering eyes,
Still reach thee from below;
But higher and higher, like a spirit of fire,
Still o'er thee hangs thy foe;

Thy cruel foe, still seeking
With one down-plunging aim,
To strike thy precious life
For ever from thy frame!

But doomed perhaps, as down he darts
Swift as the rushing wind,
Impaled upon thy up-turned beak,
To leave his own behind.

Old Heron, all those times are past,
Those jocund troops are fled;
The king, the queen, the keepers green,
The dogs, the hawks are dead!

In many a minster's solemn gloom,
In shattered abbey's lone,
Lie all thy crowned enemies,
In midnight vaults of stone!

The towers are torn, the gates outworn,
Portcullis, moat, and mound
Are vanished all, or faintly mark
Some rarely-trodden ground.

O'er all those abbeys, convents, all
Those chanteries and crosses,
Where thou didst glide past in thy pride,
Grow tawny ferns and mosses.

Where banners waved, the ivy grows;—
Baronial times are o'er!
The forests now are cornfields green,
Green is the lakelet's shore.

Where grew the furze, now runs the fence
Where waved the wild-rush free,
And whistled moorland-grasses sere,
Fat cattle roam the lea.

The bow is gone, the hawk is thrown
For ever from the hand;
And now we live a bookish race,
All in a cultured land.

Yet here and there some remnant stands
Of those old woodland times;
Some waste lies brown; some forest sprea
Some rocky streamlet chimes.

And there, beside the waters,
On moorland and on wold,
I find thee watching still,
Thou fisherman of old.

Oh fair, fair is the forest,
When summer is in prime!
And I love to lie by mountain lake,
On its slopes of heath and thyme!

In the thyme so richly fragrant,
In the heath that blooms so fair,
And list the quaint bird-voices
From the moorland and the air.

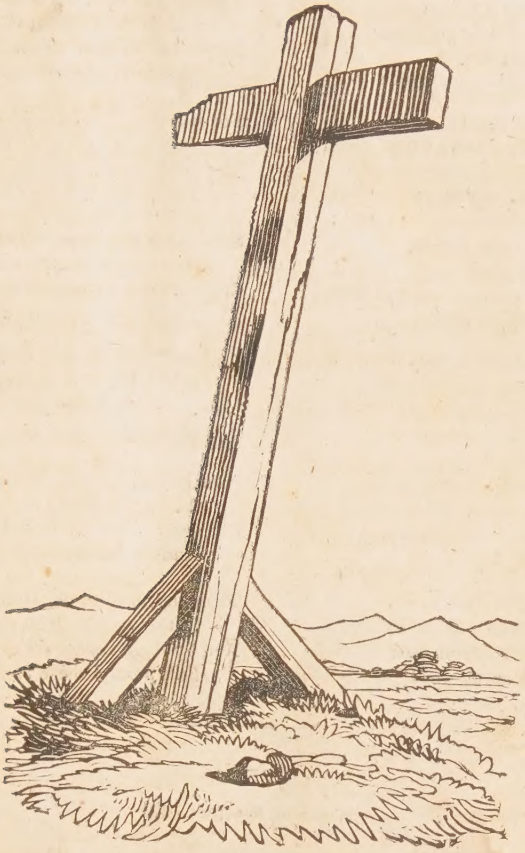
All those that lead their sweetest lives
Far from the haunt of men,
Are sending forth their gladness
In many a wild cry then.

The curlew and the plover,
The gor-cock on the brae,
Send, with the singing of the lark,
Their voices far away!

The coot and moor-hen from the reeds,
Or where the waters run
Crystal and warm and glittering,
O'er the pebbles in the sun.

And from the air, in circling flight,
Comes suddenly the crowd
Of all the wild-duck army,
With pinions rustling loud;

No. 261.



And, dashing down into the lake,
The splashing waters bound
In drops and showers of silver,
And in snow-flakes all around.

Such is the joy that wakens,
That clamors, and that lives,
In all the winged creatures,
Where nature still survives;

Where nature still survives
In her regions wild and free;
So lives in all her creatures,
Old fisherman, but thee!

Whene'er I meet thee, Heron,
By river broad and deep,
Where mountain-torrents run and moan,
Or ponded waters sleep;

By tarns upon the naked hills;
In stony regions grey,
Or wading in the sounding sea
Amid the hissing spray:

Whene'er I see thee, Heron,
Thy cheer is silent still;
Solemnly watching by the wave,
Or o'er the dusky hill,

Waving thy shadowy wings
In motion grave and slow,
Like a spirit of the solemn past
That museth on its woe!

Like one that in all present joy
Finds no congenial tone,
For his heart is in the perished past,
And seeketh that alone!

Then hail to thee, old Heron,
Flit on from dream to dream;
Be yet the watcher on the shore,
The spirit of the stream;

For still at sight of thee come back
The storied times of old;
The jovial hawking-train, the chase,
The sturdy bowman bold.

Still wandering over cultured fields,
Or 'mid the human throng,
Come back the feudal castle,
The harper and his song.

And it is pleasant thus to dream
In this kingdom of the free,
Now laws are strong and roads are good,
Of outlaw 'neath his tree.

Now knowledge falls like sunshine,
And peace walks in our towns—
Oh pleasant are the feudal days
And the bloody strife of crowns!

Then hail to thee, old Heron,
Flit on to lakes and streams;
And by their waters dreaming,
Still prompt these pleasant dreams!

TREES.

(Continued from page 175.)

LETTER V.

My dear Child,

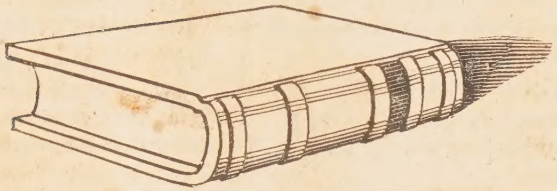
I WITH pleasure retake my pen and continue my account of the Oak tree, which is, without doubt, the most useful, as well as ornamental, tree in Europe.

The accounts given of the extraordinary growth to which this tree sometimes attains, are almost incredible. Ray, in

No. 260.

GO

No. 274.



No. 275.

his General History of Plants, speaks of several oaks in Westphalia of an enormous bulk, one of which served as a citadel, another measured thirty feet in diameter, and one hundred and thirty in height. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, mentions an oak that could shelter upwards of four thousand people.

The ship timber is called "Heart of Oak." Before it is in a state to be used, it is requisite that the bark be stripped off, and the trees then suffered to stand uncut for three or four years, that they may become perfectly dry. It will endure, if preserved from damp, six hundred years.

Until the introduction of mahogany, oak timber was very generally used for furniture; but it is now chiefly used up in ship building.

The bark of the young trees, reduced to powder, in order to tan leather, is called rough tan, or tanner's bark. The bark is also used for a yellow, brown or black dye. That which has dressed the hides, is called prepared tan. Peat is likewise made from it, for the beds of hot-house plants.

The acorn, fruit of the oak, is good food for pigs and fallow deer; they also serve to fatten poultry.

A prodigious variety of insects live on the oaks, and form different sorts of nut-gall, which are used in preparing stuffs to receive different dyes, and also to make ink.

The Mistletoe is one of those plants which draw their nourishment from some other plant. It generally grows on the apple tree, sometimes on the oak. The bark, the sap, the wood, the leaves and the fruit, are all useful, either in arts or medicine.

The Druids, who were priests of the ancient Britains, used to surround their religious places with oaken fences, and strew their altars with leaves and branches of the oak. But the mistletoe was with them an object of higher veneration. They yearly met at an appointed time to receive what they considered the annual present of the Gods. People flocked from all quarters to be present at this solemnity, clothed in white. The priest, arrayed in like manner, ascended the tree, and with a consecrated gold pruning hook, cropped the mistletoe, which he threw into a white sheet held by certain of the people. Two bulls were then sacrificed. Feasting, dancing, and singing terminated the ceremony.

I will close my letter with a few lines by Langhorne.

THE MSTLETOE AND THE PASSION FLOWER.

In this dim cave a Druid sleeps,
Where stops the passing gale to moan;
The rock he hallow'd o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
A Hermit's holy ashes rest:
The schoolboy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal motive blest.

That truant time full well I know,
When here I brought in stolen hour,

The Druid's magic Mistletoe,
The holy Hermit's Passion-Flower.

The offerings on the mystic stone
Pensive I laid, in thought profound;
When from the cave a deepening groan
Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still—dost thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy start?
The sound still vibrates through mine ear—
The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,
Unmix'd, unmelodiz'd with breath;
But grinding through some scrannel frame,
Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still: 'Depart,' it cries;
'No tribute bear to shades unblest;
Know, here a bloody Druid lies,
Who was not nurs'd at nature's breast.

'Associate he with demons dire,
O'er human victims held the knife,
And pleas'd to see the babe expire,
Smiled grimly o'er its quivering life.

'Behold his crimson-streaming hand
Erect!—his dark fix'd murderous eye!'
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died,—I felt it die.

I see him still—dost thou not see
The haggard eyeball's hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart through the sable shade of air?

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues th' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey?

What wretched—hark!—the voice replies,
'Boy, bear these idle honors hence!
For here a guilty Hermit lies,
Untrue to nature, virtue, sense.

'Though nature lent him powers to aid
The moral cause, the mutual weal;
Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,
The desperate suicide of zeal.

'Go teach the drone of saintly haunts,
Whose cell's the sepulchre of time;
Though many a holy hymn he chaunts,
His life is one continued crime.

'And bear them hence, the plant, the flower,
No symbols those of systems vain!
They have the duties of their hour,
Some bird, some insect to sustain.'

Adieu.

THE "GOOD" FAMILY.

THE "Good" family are of ancient and honorable descent; originally, I am led to believe, they were all good; but they married into different families, and took the names of their various connexions in addition to their own. One or two had names given them, of which they are rather ashamed. Such is the case with Mr. *Good-for-nothing*, who has a great deal of pretension about him, and yet is avoided by all respectable people, as a dangerous acquaintance; the less therefore I say about him the better.

Mrs. *Goodnature* is a great and deserved favorite with all young people, though I have known persons who af-

fected to turn up their noses at her when they did not require her assistance. She is never absent—that she is not desired; and certainly no society is cheerful or pleasing for any time where she is not. Her voice is so kindly, her manners are so obliging, that she deserves universal gratitude. Perhaps upon your first introduction you do not think her handsome, but she never fails to win your affections; and the world would be really cold if her mild blue eyes ceased to beam upon us. She is fond of children; indeed their very existence, during their early years, depends almost entirely upon her; she is so patient, so forgiving. She under-rates whatever trouble she takes; and over-rates what little she gives. She is the best mistress in the world; her servants serve her pleasantly. I must confess, that her manner is sometimes a little bustling and undignified; perhaps this proceeds from her being but seldom in what is called *high society;* though she is privately intimate with many of our nobility. She does not patronise fashionable novels; but she is well read in good books, and acts up to a precept, which you can find if you please to look for it, and which is as simple as beautiful. It is this:—

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

She is also the very queen of innocent amusements; can romp with my little friends in the nursery; sing with them in the drawing-room; render their tasks easy, their labors light; and, what is better still, watch by a sick-bed, and nurse sick children, with so sweet a tenderness, that invalids say, Mrs. Goodnature charms away their pain. I think she is my favorite of the whole family.

The good-intentioned are a widely extended branch of the Goods. I have heard that they are found in every part of the habitable world. There is an hereditary *lameness* in this particular division of the family, which renders them remarkable; they are tolerated in society; but I never knew one who was either respected or beloved. They are weakly from their birth; are fond of talking, which weakens them still more; and I tell you, as a secret, that you must not entirely depend on what they say; they do not mean to deceive you, but, as they constantly deceive themselves, they are not to be trusted. They generally die as they live, without being of service either to themselves or others; and if it was not for the bounty and kind exertions of Mrs. Goodnature, I fear that many of the Goodintentioned would come to an untimely end.

Another member of this numerous family, a Miss Good, married an Irishman of the name of Fellow; and be out of compliment, of which all Irishmen are very fond, united her name to his, and thus the two became *Goodfellow*.

There are very few if any female descendants of this name, either in Ireland or elsewhere; the male descendants are in my opinion still too numerous. A *Goodfellow* need not of necessity be a

good man; indeed, many of those called Good-fellows whom I have met, have been, in my opinion, very bad persons.

They are generally wild, careless, intemperate people, who have squandered their own property thoughtlessly, and love jesting and foolish talking better than employment. I should not like any of the dear children whom I know to make aquaintance with the Masters Good-fellow; they are such idle boys!—fond of low company, and donkey races. Nothing I am certain could transform a Good-fellow into a gentleman; so why should I say any more about them?

If I dislike the Good-fellows, I can hardly tell you how much I admire the *Goodtempered!* The ladies of this family are particularly delightful, and, believe me, you can never be too intimate with them; there is a sweetness in their smiles, a serenity in their eyes, a gentleness in their aspect, which it is impossible to describe. Their motto is, "Bear and forbear." I could tell you many anecdotes of families reconciled—quarrels prevented—asperities softened, by the worthy members of this family, who seem bound to please not only each other, but all the world. They do not court admiration, though their influence in general society is very considerable; but they are the charm and essence of domestic life. As sisters, they are so gentle, so unselfish! remembering, in the beautiful words of Scripture, "That a soft answer turneth away wrath." They reply when spoken to quickly or harshly, with the utmost serenity; and so great in the end does their influence become, that they have frequently the happiness of rendering others as amiable as themselves, by the mere force of example.

As daughters, the Misses *Goodtempered* are really exemplary. I knew one, whose maternal grandmother was lame, deaf, more than half blind; and oh! so cross—nothing ever pleased her. Morning, noon, and night, she did nothing but find fault. This was not right, and t'other was not right; then the weather; the poor old lady was ever murmuring at God's will; it was always too hot, or too cold, or too dry, or too dark, or too light. I used to feel for Julie, and Julie seemed to feel for every body but herself. At last, one evening, her good-temper fairly overcame her grandmother's crossness. I will tell you how it was.

"Julie," said the old lady, "pull down the blind;" the blind was pulled down. "Julie, pull up the blind, I can't see at all;" up went the blind. "Julie, why did you not answer me, when I told you to pull up the blind? you should have said, yes." "*Yes, dear grandmother,*" shouted Julie, at the top of her voice. "Ah!" said the old lady, "I wish somebody would read to me whom I could hear; I want to know what they said in the House of Commons last night." Julie had an appointment with some young friends to take a walk; yet, instead of doing so, she took off her bonnet and sat down upon a stool at her grandmother's feet, with a pleasant and cheerful counte-

nance, to read or rather to scream out the debates, which we all know can possess no immediate interest for a young lady of fifteen. No impatience manifested itself in her sweet countenance. She read paragraph after paragraph, and speech after speech; some of them twice over; and at last the old lady fell asleep. Julie opened the window softly, and stood enjoying the soft warm air, and the gentle twilight of a summer evening. She had not had five minutes to herself during the whole of the past week. The window overlooked a pleasant valley, and she could hear the laughter and the songs of her young friends. I believe tears did gather in her eyes, but she wiped them quickly away, and turned with renewed patience to the sharp, impatient exclamation of her grandmother, who called "Julie!" only to commence fresh lamentations and complaints.

"I wish, Julie, you were a little taller, that I might lean on you while I walk, instead of leaning on my maid,—she moves so quickly."

"Lean on my shoulder, grandmother, instead of my arm," replied the girl, who well deserved the name "Good temper."

"Your shoulder is too high," replied the old lady, peevishly. "I wish you were either taller or shorter, and then you might be of some use."

I know some young ladies, who, instead of replying in gentle terms to this certainly *unmerited* reproach, would have said, "Indeed, grandmother, I cannot help my height; and as to being useful, I am sure I am as useful as I can be." But no, the colour mounted to Julie's cheek: she felt hurt, and no wonder; good temper does not prevent our feeling, but it prevents our evincing that feeling in any unamiable manner; its natural sweetness destroys the acidity of human nature, and renders the bitter palatable.

"I will stoop, grandmother, I can very well walk so; you suffer so much pain that I would do anything in my power to alleviate it," said Julie. The old lady looked in her grand-daughter's face, and said, "Humph!" nothing more, and leaned upon her shoulder, crawling up and down—up and down the room, for more than half an hour.

"That will do, Julie," she said at last; "and now I will sit down, and you shall read me last night's debate over again. What I did hear was very interesting, but part of the time I was asleep; and you did not read quite loud enough." While one servant was bringing in candles, another brought Julie a little note; it was from her dearest friends who lived in the next cottage, requesting her to come to them for two or three hours, as they were going to try over some new music, and dance some quadrilles. Again Julie's cheek flushed. "If I ask grandmother," she thought, "she will not prevent me; but then, her maid cannot read as loudly as I can; and she has set her heart upon those debates." She looked at the old lady; there was an expression of settled pain upon her features that touched Julie's heart. She

wrote a short note of apology to her friends, and sat down with a satisfied spirit to her task. Does it seem strange to you, that Julie, after the first feelings of disappointment were over, felt happy? I am sorry for it if it does, because it is a proof to me, that you have not yet tasted the sweets of *self-denial*. I assure you, Julie was happy, perfectly happy. She had not only done her duty, but she had done it with cheerfulness. While Julie was assisting to undress the old lady at night, the little note of invitation which she had received, fell from her bosom. "What note is that, Julie?" inquired her grandmother.

Julie, I am happy to say, never either told a story or equivocated.

"A note I received from the cottage this evening, grandmother."

"What about, Julie?"

"Inviting me to go in to hear some music."

"And why did you not go, child?"

"Because, dear grandmother, you wished me to read you the debates."

"My maid could have done that," observed the old lady; and she did not speak again for several minutes; at last she exclaimed, "Julie!"

"Well, dear grandmother."

"I do not think you can love me, I cause you so many deprivations?"

"My dear grandmother, I feel a little disappointed sometimes; but I do love you for all that, and when you seem pleased with what I do, I am perfectly and entirely happy."

The old lady went to bed; Julie prayed by her bed-side as usual; but when she went to her in the morning, she saw she had been weeping.

"I am afraid you are not well, my dear madam," said the kind girl.

"I am never well," she replied; "but, Julie, I begin to think I make myself worse; I fret and fidget, and torment myself and others, more than I need. I have lived a great many years in the world, and instead of regretting present pain as much as I do, I ought to think of past happiness, and endeavor to look towards that enjoyment which I hope to have hereafter. You have been a good girl, Julie—a very good girl; I cannot call to mind your having *once* made me an improper answer, or evinced the slightest symptom of impatience, though I know I have often provoked you."

"No, no!" exclaimed Julie, "it was my duty, grandmother, to bear whatever you chose to say."

"My dear, I am sorry to say, people do not always do their duty. I, an old woman! am willing to acknowledge, that old as I am your example has done me good. I am not ashamed to say, that I will try and follow it. Pain, my dear,—pain and long habit will prevent me from being what I ought to be; but I know I can say this to you, Julie; you have made your grandmother sorry for her crossness, by your invincible good temper. Bless you, my dear child! you *have* been a blessing to me all your life!" Tears ran down the old lady's cheeks as

she spoke; Julie kissed them off, and assured her grandmother, that the greatest happiness of her life would be to do all in her power to render her old age tranquil and comfortable. It was both pleasing and extraordinary to see how well the old lady kept her resolve; she continued for many years an example of the precept, that it is "never too late to mend."

The *Good-hearted* are another branch of this family; but I confess that many take the name who have no right to it. When I hear persons, who I know have done all manner of mischief in the world, called "Good-hearted," merely because they have free and careless habits, and are ready to give away what, in strict justice and honor is not their own, I know that they have adopted the name, "Good," to cloak the reality "Evil;" so that when persons are called "*Good-hearted*," I would always wish my young friends to ascertain if they really deserve the distinction. The truly "Good-hearted" are most estimable people, combining in themselves all the good qualities of the Goods; but the *Good-hearts* are known by *good deeds;* one never exists without the other. I cannot say more about this family at present; but of one thing I am certain, that if you cultivate the acquaintance of those I have ventured to recommend to your notice, you will be the happier for it all the days of your life.

ABBOTT'S ROLLO BOOKS.

Mr. Abbott has recently written a series of books for children, which we feel happy to recommend to our little readers as books that will do them a great deal of good, beside giving them a fund of entertainment in the reading: for Little Rollo is a famous fellow for work and for play; and the way in which he did both these things is exceedingly curious to read about. M. Berquin, many years ago, devoted his time and talents to writing a large number of stories for youth which he called the Children's Friend, and which he had the happiness to see translated and published in several languages and circulated extensively. All his books tended to exalt the virtues of benevolence, truth and justice; and his phraseology, costumes and manners, were appropriate to the age and society in which his books circulated. But these of Mr. Abbott, are adapted to the present state and condition of society in New-England, and tend essentially to aid in cultivating the amiable and affectionate qualities of the heart, as well as to raise the thinking powers of children; and there is no doubt that parents will soon come to estimate these books as they are worth. We extract a few pages from "Rollo at Work," by way of sample of the manner in which the books are written.

THE WHEELBARROWS.

CAUSEY-BUILDING.

SAND-MEN.

NEXT to little wooden blocks, I think that good clean sand is an excellent thing for children to play with. When it is a little damp, it will remain in any shape you put it in, and you can build houses and cities, and make roads and canals in it. At any rate, Rollo and his cousin James used to be very fond of going down to a certain place in the brook, where there was plenty of loose and playing in it. It was of a fine color, and somewhat mixed with

stones; but then they used to like the pebble-stones very much to make walls with, and to stone up the little wells which they made in the sand.

One Wednesday afternoon, they were there playing very pleasantly with the sand. They had been building a famous city, and, after amusing themselves with it some time, they had knocked down the houses, and trampled the sand all about again. James then said he meant to go to the barn and get his horse-cart, and haul a load of sand to market.

Now there was a place around behind a large rock near there, which the boys called their barn; and Rollo and James went to it, and pulled out their two little wheelbarrows, which they called their horse-carts. They wheeled them down to the edge of the water, and began to take up the sand by double handfuls, and put it in.

When they had got their carts loaded, they began to wheel them around to the trees, and stones, and bushes, saying,

"Who'll buy my sand?"

"Who'll buy my white sand?"

"Who'll buy my gray sand?"

"Who'll buy my black sand?"

But they did not seem to find any purchaser; and at last Rollo said, suddenly,

"O, I know who will buy our sand."

"Who?" said James.

ties Mother."

that pare he will," said James. "We

pages fro it up to the house."

ten. set off, and began wheeling their loads of sand up the pathway among the trees. They went on a little way, and presently stopped, and sat down on a bank to rest. Here they found a number of flowers, which they gathered and stuck up in the sand, so that their loads soon made a very gay appearance.

Just as they were going to set out again, Rollo said,

"But James, how are we going to get through the quagmire?"

"O," said James, "we can step along on the bank by the side of the path."

"No," said Rollo; "for we cannot get our wheelbarrows along there."

"Why, yes,—we got them along there when we came down."

"But they were empty and light then; now they are loaded and heavy."

"So they are; but I think we can get along; it is not very muddy there now."

The place which the boys called the quagmire, was a low place in the pathway, where it was almost always muddy. This pathway was made by the cows, going up and down to drink; and it was a good, dry, and hard path in all places but one. This in the spring of the year, was very wet and miry; and during the whole summer, it was seldom perfectly dry. The boys called it the quagmire, and they used to get by on one side, in among the bushes.

They found that it was not very muddy at this time, and they contrived to get through with their loads of sand, and soon got to the house. They trundled their wheelbarrows up to the door lead-

ing out to the garden; and Rollo knocked at the door.

Now Rollo's mother happened, at this time, to be sitting at the back-parlor window, and she heard their voices as they came along the yard. So, supposing the knocking was some of their play, she just looked out of the window, and called out,

"Who's there?"

"Some sand-men," Rollo answered, "who have got some sand to sell."

His mother looked out of the window, and had quite a talk with them about their sand; she asked them where it came from, what color it was, and whether it was free from pebble-stones. The boys had to admit that there was a good many pebble-stones in it, and that pebble-stones were not very good to scour floors with.

THE GRAY GARDEN.

At last, Rollo's mother recommended that they should carry the sand out to a corner of the yard, where the chips used to be, and spread it out there, and stick their flowers up in it for a garden.

The boys liked this plan very much. "We can make walks and beds, beautifully, in the sand," said Rollo. "But, mother, do you think the flowers will grow?"

"No," said his mother, "flowers will not grow in sand; but as it is rather a shady place, and you can water them occasionally, they will keep green and bright a good many days, and then you know, you can get some more."

So the boys wheeled the sand out to the corner of the yard, took the flowers out carefully, and then tipped the sand down and spread it out. They tried to make walks and beds, but they found they had not got as much sand as they wanted. So they concluded to go back and get some more.

In fact, they found that by getting a great many wheelbarrow loads of sand, they could cover over the whole corner, and make a noble, large place for a sand-garden. And then besides, as James said, when they were tired of it for a garden, they could build cities there, instead of having to go away down to the brook.

So they went on wheeling their loads of sand, for an hour or two. James had not learned to work as well as Rollo had, and he was constantly wanting to stop, and run into the woods, or play in the water; but Rollo told him it would be better to get all the sand up first. They at last got quite a great heap, and then went and got a rake and hoe to level it down smooth.

Thus the afternoon passed away; and at last Mary told the boys that they must come and get ready for tea, for she was going to carry it in soon.

A CONTRACT.

So Rollo and James brushed the loose sand from their clothes, and washed their

faces and hands, and went in. As tea was not quite ready, they sat down on the front-door steps before Rollo's father, who was then sitting in his arm-chair in the entry, reading.

He shut up the book, and began to talk with the boys.

"Well, boys," said he, "what have you been doing all this afternoon?"

"O," said Rollo, "we have been hard at work."

"And what have you been doing?"

Rollo explained to his father that they had been making a sand-garden out in a corner of the yard, and they both asked him to go with them and see it.

They all three accordingly went out behind the house, the children running on before.

"But, boys," said Rollo's father, as they went on, "how came your feet so muddy?"

"O," said James, "they got muddy in the quagmire."

The boys explained how they could not go around the quagmire with their loaded wheelbarrows, and so had to pick their way through it the best way they could; and thus they got their shoes muddy a little; but they said they were as careful as they could be.

When they came to the sand-garden, Rollo's father smiled to see the beds and walks, and the rows of flowers stuck up in the sand. It made quite a gay appearance. After looking at it some time, they went slowly back again, and as they were walking across the yard,

"Father," said Rollo, "do you not think that it is a pretty good garden?"

"Why, yes," said his father, "pretty good."

"Don't you think we have worked pretty well?"

"Why, I think I should call that *play*, not work."

"Not work!" said Rollo. "Is it not work to wheel up such heavy loads of sand? You don't know how heavy they were."

"I dare say it was hard; but boys *play* hard, sometimes, as well as work hard."

"But I should think ours, this afternoon, was work," said Rollo.

"Work," replied his father, "is when you are engaged in doing any thing in order to produce some useful result. When you are doing any thing only for the amusement of it, without any useful result, it is play. Still, in one sense, your wheeling the sand was work. But it was not very useful work; you will admit that."

"Yes, sir," said Rollo.

"Well, boys, how should you like to do some useful work for me, with your wheelbarrows? I will hire you."

"O, we should like that very much," said James. "How much should you pay us?"

"That would depend upon how much work you do. I should pay you what the work was fairly worth; as much as I should have to pay a man, if I were to hire a man to do it."

"What should you give us to do?" said Rollo.

"I don't know. I should think of some job. How should you like to fill up the quagmire?"

"Fill up the quagmire!" said Rollo. "How could we do that?"

"You might fill it up with stones. There are a great many small stones lying around there, which you might pick up and put into your wheelbarrows, and wheel them along, and tip them over into the quagmire; and when you have filled the path all up with stones, cover them over with gravel, and it will make a good causey."

"Causey?" said Rollo.

"Yes, causey," said his father; "such a hard, dry road, built along a muddy place, is called a causey."

They had got to the tea-table by this time; and while at tea, Rollo's father explained the plan to them more fully. He said he would pay them a cent for every two loads of stones or gravel which they should wheel in to make the causey.

They were going to ask some more questions about it, but he told them he could not talk any more about it then, but that they might go and ask Jonas how they should do it, after tea.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE of the United States, was made July 4th, 1776. It was written by Thomas Jefferson, and after some modifications by Dr. Franklin and John Adams, was adopted, with one or two alterations by Congress, and signed by all the members present, except John Dickenson. From this time, the United States date their existence as a nation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received a number of communications from our young correspondents, and are obliged, for various reasons, to omit them. It is of little consequence to tell those reasons. The story from Allen's Hill entitled the "Honeoye Chief," the writer will please excuse our publishing; and the article from Plainfield on "Gold Mining in Egypt," shall appear whenever we find an opportunity, and without excluding more entertaining reading for the younger portion of our numerous subscribers. The "Indian War Whoop" shall have a place in our August number.

The Magazine increases in its circulation and popularity every month. The DRAWING BOOK, with which we still continue to embellish its pages, is much admired for its usefulness, and we shall endeavor, at the end of the year, to supply its place with other and not less useful exercises.

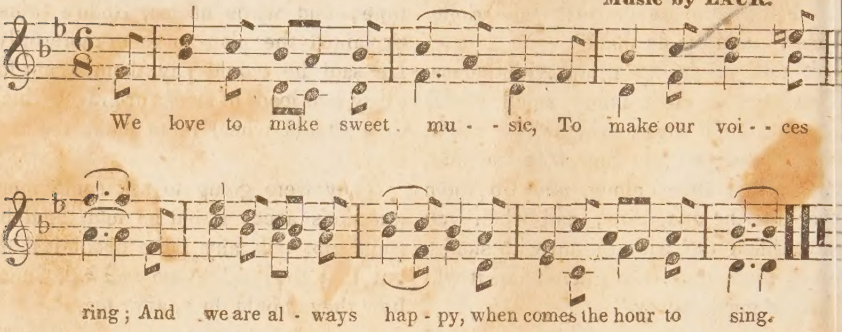
ANSWERS TO ENIGMA AND PUZZLES IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

ENIGMA, PAGE 178. Yard-stick.——PUZZLES, PAGE 198. D. T. N. New England States.—R. R. B. Handkerchief.—W. C. jr. Massachusetts.—W. W. Daniel Webster.

We love to make sweet music.

Furnished for this work by LOWELL MASON, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music.

Music by LAUR.



2

O come and let us sing, then
Let's sing like birds so gay;
And look as bright as dew-drops,
In warm and sunny May.

3

We'll sing of love and kindness;
We'll sing of home and school;
We'll sing of glorious mid-day
And evening breezes cool.

4

And while we sing so cheerful,
We'll better grow each day;
And then our songs of pleasure
Shall never fade away.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1839.

A STORY TO LOUISA.

WRITTEN FOR PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

COME here, my dear Loui, and laugh at thy fear;
The bee has not hurt thee, so brush off thy tear;
And silence the sob, while I tell thee a tale
About the white cottage that stood in the vale.

Around that low cottage sweet eglantine grew,
Bright goldenrod, cowslips, and violets blue;
The raspberry-bloom, and a thousand wild flowers
Were scattered, or clustered, or twined into bowers.

The rich honeysuckle climbed up to its eaves;
And near it the balm spread its high-odored leaves;
Green trees stood around the wing'd warblers to house,
And robins and yellow-birds built in their boughs.

And there the bird caroled at eve and at morn;
And brought little haws they had plucked from the thorn,
Or wild seeds and insects they'd gathered for food
To drop in the wide-open beaks of their brood.

Behind the neat cot stood a snug little hive,
Which, had you peeped in, would have looked all alive,
At twilight, with bees in a swarm on the comb,
Retired for the night, at their cellular home.

But soon as the day dawned, the bees issued out,
To fly to the new-opened flower all about,
Where, making their bread and their honey, they thought
Of winter, when none could be made, or be bought.

Then, back to the hive with their treasures they went,
Where all brought together with love and content,
The fruits of their labor, in one common store
To save for the future; and hied off for more.

While thus they were roving on air through the day,
And scattered so widely, still each knew the way
That led to their dear distant home, where at night,
They all met together in peace and delight.

At peace with mankind, and content with their lot,
A family dwelt in that snug little cot,
While known free from envy, and ever to thrive,
As busy and happy as bees of their hive.

And forth from the cottage two fair little girls
Would run, while the fresh morning breeze tossed their curls,
With joy in the eye, and a smile on the lip,
To see the glad bees at the honey-cups sip.

Said one to the other, 'How charming, to see
The flow'rs yield their honey to breakfast the bee,
And still in their colors and fragrance remain
As perfect as ever, and free from a stain!'

'And then,' said her sister, 'the brisk little bees'
That range through the bloom of the plants and the trees,
And mind their own business, in constant employ,
Appear every moment of life to enjoy.

'They like not that others should come, it is true,
To meddle with them, or the course they pursue;
And none ever learns they've a sting, by its touch,
But those who have troubled or vexed them too much.'

The children, those sweet little sisters, were seen,
At morn where the bee fed, at eve, on the green
The fire-flies were lighting with gem after gem,
To bloom like twin flowers of the vale on their stem.

Newburyport, 1839.

THE INDIAN WAR-WHOOP.

I PRESUME all the readers of Parley's Magazine are sufficiently acquainted with American history, to know that at the commencement of our *rebellion*, as the British government called it, great numbers of British troops were stationed in Boston, in the hope that the presence of so many valiant soldiers would awe the inhabitants into submissiveness, and convince them how vain it would be to contend against so formidable an enemy.

But the presence of the troops and their insolent behavior to the citizens increased, instead of diminishing their determination to resist, and punish the tyranny which was so odious; those of you who have visited the Diorama of the battle of Bunker-Hill, know how well they executed that determination, and how little terror was inspired by the 'red coats,' as the Americans called them.

But I do not intend to give you a chapter of history, only to tell you a story of that period.

While Boston was made a garrison for British soldiers, many of the inhabitants shut up their houses and removed to some of the neighboring towns. Among the number was a widow lady with two children, who, after removing her most valuable furniture to some place of safety, locked her house and left the city, until it should be freed from its disagreeable intruders.

The daughter of this lady was a lively and rather romantic young lady of sixteen, and she persuaded her mother to send her to a village in New Hampshire to spend the summer with the family of a respectable farmer, who had frequently supplied them with butter, cheese, &c.

A journey to New Hampshire was far more difficult then than it is now; for the roads were very rough, and the inhabitants so widely scattered, that one might ride half a day without seeing a single house; and most of the time through thick forests, in which might occasionally be seen a bear, or a wild

cat, and now and then, to the great dissatisfaction of the good people, small parties of Indians, remnants of the tribes which once owned the country.

This journey was performed in the last of May, a few weeks after the battle of Lexington, which was still the subject of conversation with all the people they met; and whenever they stopped for the night, the travellers from Boston, which was considered the principal scene of action, were surrounded by eager questioners, who wished to hear all the news. And while the farmer was giving his information to an attentive audience in the kitchen, the young lady, whom I will call Clara, was attended in the parlor by all the women of the house, who were anxious to hear everything about the expected dangers of the war, which every one saw would soon take place. And in return for the desired information, the good folks had much to say of a source of alarm which the residents of the cities and towns in Massachusetts had thought little of.

It was feared that the Indians, who were still wandering about in considerable numbers, might join the British army as they had been hired in the French war, as it was termed; and the horrible cruelties they had then committed were well known; for many of these farmers had served in the British army in that war, and felt more terrified at the possibility of a contest with the ferocious savages than anything else.

As these exciting subjects were discussed, and all the impending evils exaggerated by the active imaginations of the country girls, Clara began to wish she had remained with her mother, and not felt so warm a desire for novelty and adventure; but thinking it was now too late to repent of her journey, she wisely concluded not to express her fears, but appear as calm as possible.

The woods appeared still more dark and wild to the young traveller during the rest of the journey; she kept constantly watching for wild beasts and Indians; and more than once fancied she could discern a painted savage lurking in some thicket ready to spring out and tomahawk them; but she dared not tell her companion her fears, lest she should be laughed at; for he seemed to feel no apprehension whatever, but conversed as cheerfully, and laughed as heartily as though he never had heard of an Indian warrior, or a black bear.

At length, to Clara's great joy, the journey was ended, and about sunset they arrived at the comfortable farm-house of Mr. Brown; and soon after had a substantial supper, consisting of nice hot cakes of the farmer's own wheat, new rye bread, fresh butter, cheese, honey in the comb, various kinds of preserves, for which Mrs. Brown was quite famous, rich cream, and several other country luxuries, which were not enumerated to me by the one who told me the story; but you may suppose they had every thing nice which you ever saw at a farm house, for Mr. Brown had a large and

well cultivated farm, and his table was noted for the abundance of good things with which it was always supplied.

Clara was so much fatigued by her long journey, that she was glad to retire to rest very early; leaving Mr. Brown earnestly engaged in relating to his family all the information he had acquired in his visit to Boston.

Clara found that a pretty cool, chamber had been neatly arranged for her reception; and the honeysuckle and wild grape-vine, which had been trained to almost cover the front of the house, clustered so prettily and lovingly around the small windows, that she quite forgot her fears of savages and wild beasts, and thought the summer would pass delightfully.

The bright colored striped carpet which covered the floor, Mrs. Brown told her city guest, was made of wool from her own sheep, which had been spun, dyed and woven by her own and her daughter's industry; and the snow white linen sheets, which made the bed look so tempting, were likewise of her own manufacture.

The astonishment and admiration of the young lady seemed to gratify the good woman very much, and having seen her guest comfortably deposited in the soft bed, which almost seemed in danger of burying its occupant in its luxuriant fulness, she left her with many kind wishes for her repose, which Clara, who had been almost unable to keep her eyes open for the last ten minutes, thought quite unnecessary.

The next morning was warm and sunny, but the sun had been up some time before the tired young traveller awoke, and she found the family had breakfasted, and dispersed to their various occupations. She felt rather mortified at her lateness, but the good woman made her apologies unnecessary, by saying it could not be expected she should be accustomed to such early hours, and besides she had taken so long and tiresome a journey, she thought she would need to sleep all day to rest herself.

A little table had been set for her by an open window, loaded with every variety, which it was supposed would please the young lady from Boston,—whom the family appeared to consider a person of much consequence, as people from the city were always regarded, by those who lived at so great a distance in the country; especially when newspapers were so much more rare than now, and travelling so difficult, that a young lady who had journeyed *all the way from Boston* was considered much more an object of interest, than one would be now who had come across the Atlantic in the Great Western.

Clara found much to interest and amuse her in the country; and so busily was she occupied, in watching the bee hives, feeding the geese and turkies, and learning how to milk the cows, that she seldom thought of the Indians, though more than once when she went into the woods to pick berries, the scream of the cat bird, or the cry of the whippoorwill,

sent her back to the house with trembling haste.

But as her fears were laughed at by the more courageous country girls, she became less timid, when an incident occurred, which revived all her frightful imaginings which had disturbed her during her journey.

One pleasant afternoon in the middle of August, Mrs. Brown was invited to spend the afternoon with a neighbor about four miles distant, for the purpose of attending a lecture which was to be delivered in the evening at the school house,—for they had no church in the village—by a celebrated preacher.

Clara was prevented from going by a very bad tooth ache; and as Mr. Brown and his men were absent helping a farmer, about ten miles distant, to get in his hay, there was no one to leave at home with her except a little boy; and in consequence Mrs. Brown was just sending back a message, saying that it would be impossible for her to come, for there was a young lady from Boston who would be afraid to stay alone, when Clara happened to come into the kitchen. As soon as she heard the invitation, she insisted on its being accepted, and declared she should not be in the least afraid, and she should be very sorry to have them disappointed by not hearing the preacher, as his arrival had been expected with much interest, and he would only be in the village this one day, being on a journey.

Clara was rather ashamed of having it known that she was so timid, and as she was not at all selfish, she disliked the idea of depriving them of any pleasure on her account, and it was finally decided that they should go.

The day had been extremely hot, and, when the sun set, the piled-up masses of clouds in the horizon betokened an approaching thunder storm. Clara sat at the window a long time, admiring their varying forms, as they rose one above another, looking, as the light reflected from their summits, like lofty mountains covered with snow; and their sides hollowed into caverns, with here and there a foaming waterfall leaping over frightful precipices; indeed there is hardly any thing wild and magnificent, one cannot fancy in the clouds of a summer thunder shower.

There was not a breath of wind, and every leaf on the great oak trees in front of the house, was as motionless as if turned to stone, until at length, when the black clouds had almost entirely covered the sky, and the frequent flashes of lightning and growling of the thunder indicated the rapid approach of the tempest, there came a sudden rush of wind, which bowed the forest trees almost to the ground, and roared through their branches with a sound like a mighty waterfall. It passed, and then it was so still for a moment, that Clara could hear the dropping of the rain as it came over the woods like a thick fog; and then came another blast, accompanied by a brilliant flash and a peal of thunder, so

long and loud, beginning with a sudden crash as if a hundred trees were felled at once, and ending with a long deafening roar—that Clara sprang from her seat in terror and went into the kitchen, to ask the boy to come and stay with her. Ben, who was a stout fellow about twelve years old, had just come in from milking, and was very willing to give the young lady the pleasure of his company, so he lighted a candle, for it had become quite dark, and after closing the doors and windows they sat down together to listen to the tempest.

For about an hour, the flashes of lightning were incessant, of that blue color, which casts such a ghastly radiance over every thing, and makes every leaf and twig distinct; and the continued roll of the thunder was almost distracting. At length the storm seemed to have spent its force, the thunder grew less frequent and terrific, and the wind occasionally lulled, so there was a moment of silence.

During one of these intervals of quiet, Clara was startled by a wild and frightful cry, which seemed to come from the woods behind the house. She held her breath in terror!—what could it be?—it was like nothing she had ever heard before—a shrill, unearthly yell! it rang through the depths of the forest, and echoed back from the surrounding hills, as if answered by many voices.

As she listened in trembling silence, the thought flashed into her mind, that the fearful cry must be an Indian war-whoop, and at that moment it was repeated—yes, it was no doubt the sound which had so often struck terror into the hearts of brave men, when heard in the stillness of the night; and recollections of each frightful scene of savage warfare, which had been described to her, crowded into her mind.

A report which had reached them a few days before, which was not however generally believed, that great numbers of Indians had been hired by the British commander, to assist his troops, now confirmed her in this idea.

How dreadful was her situation! alone and defenceless,—too far from any other house to admit the possibility of escape, or assistance from any one. Her heart almost ceased to beat, she felt faint and dizzy as the horrid fate, which seemed to await her, rose before her imagination! and she fancied the ferocious savages, decorated with the hideous war paint and brandishing their tomahawks, leaping and yelling round the house like demons!

These thoughts passed through her mind with the rapidity of light, and she sprang from the window and hastily snatched the table cloth and the farmer's coat and hung them at the windows, to prevent the expected assailants from looking in, and fastened the doors. This done, she went to Ben, who had fallen asleep on the floor, and shaking him by the arm, she whispered in his ear—"the Indians! the Indians!" but all her efforts to arouse him were in vain, he was very tired, and the oppressive heat had made him drowsy. Clara pulled and thump-

ed him to no purpose; she dared not raise her voice above a whisper, lest she should be heard by some of the savage intruders, who she did not doubt were listening close to the house.

In a few moments the loud yell was repeated, and this time so near did it sound, that Clara was convinced they had surrounded the farm house, and were preparing to break in the doors and windows; then she heard the rustling of leaves, and a murmuring noise, as if of many feet, and again from a little distance, came the fearful cry; it was evidently a signal from some near the house answered by those in the forest.

The thunder had now become indistinct, only a faint growling in the distance, accompanied with occasional flashes of lightning; and all was still except the groaning and creaking of the giant forest trees, as the wind swayed their branches to and fro, and the loud ticking of the family clock. Clara's agony of terror and suspense became almost insupportable, and she tried again to arouse the sleeping boy; but to no purpose, he slept as soundly as if he were never to awake again; and again came the wild and thrilling war cry, and she heard the crashing of the bushes and young trees, as the sound of stealthy footsteps came nearer and nearer! It seemed strange the Indians should be so long in preparing to attack a lonely and defenceless house, until the frightful thought occurred, that they had probably ascertained the absence of the family, and were waiting for their return, to spring upon them from the woods, and having murdered them, to assail the house and burn it, as was the custom of their barbarous warfare. It was now about nine o'clock and Clara knew they would soon be here; what could she do to apprize them of their danger?—alas, there was no possibility of it, and their first warning would be the fearful death-cry, and the murderous stroke of the tomahawk! the idea was appalling, and Clara sank on the floor in agony;—but hark! the sound of wheels became distinctly audible, and she flew to the door, in the faint hope that they might be able to reach the shelter of the house, before it would be too late; but no, they came talking and laughing; O, how the trembling girl longed to bid them be silent; and at the bottom of the lane which led up to the house, the horse slackened his pace and walked leisurely along; Clara hardly breathed,—they drove up to the door, and no sound of alarm or attack had been given; the Indians were probably waiting until the door was opened to rush in; in terrified haste she opened it, and exclaiming—"be quick! be quick!" grasped the astonished females, and, looking out at Mr. Brown, cried, "for Heaven's sake come in, don't stop to put up the horse!" The wondering farmer obeyed, and Clara fastened the door behind them, and turning round to the astonished group, stood in the attitude of a listener a few minutes, and then in a voice scarcely above a whisper, asked, "did you see them? did you hear

them?" "What! who!" they all exclaimed at once, frightened by her pale face and trembling voice. "The Indians! I have heard their war whoop in the forest every few moments for the last hour."

The terror depicted in Clara's countenance, was now reflected from those of her auditors, for that word was too surely connected with cruelty, to be heard calmly. And Ben, who had just awaked, came forward with a most dismal countenance; but Mr. Brown, who was not easily alarmed, insisted on hearing her reasons, for fearing the attack of a savage band. She described the sound; and with rather an anxious face, he took his gun from behind the door, and examined the lock; when suddenly came, loud and shrill, that appalling yell,—"there they are!" exclaimed Clara, sinking into a chair, almost fainting: when, to her great amazement, Mr. Brown, putting down his gun, burst into a loud and hearty laugh, in which he was joined by all the rest: she looked at them in amazement; had terror destroyed their reason? or what strange frenzy possessed them, to laugh at the prospect of so shocking a fate?

As soon as he had recovered his breath, the good farmer shouted, "Why, child, it is nothing in the world but a *screech-owl!*"

Was it *possible* that a bird *could* make that terrific shriek? Clara could hardly be convinced that all her fears were groundless; but the repeated assurances of the whole family that it was so, and their merriment at the idea that she had been curtaining all the windows to keep the owl from looking in, at length restored her calmness, and she felt almost disposed to laugh at herself, for her readiness to be alarmed.

After eating a good supper of bread and milk, the whole family retired to rest; and Clara felt, as she laid down in her comfortable bed, more than ever grateful for the safety in which her Heavenly Father had preserved her, and ashamed to recollect, that, amid all her distress and alarm, she had never once thought of His power to protect her.

Clara heard the frightful cry of the screech-owl several times again during the summer, and it always caused a laugh in the family, at the recollection of their preparations for defence against the harmless bird; and when the 'Boston young lady,' as she was called, returned home, the story of the Indian war whoop afforded her many a merry laugh.

This story was told me when I was a little girl, and as it amused and interested *me* very much, I thought it might please the readers of Parley's Magazine; if it has failed to do so, I can only say, it must be because I have not related it as well as my mother told it to me.

MARIE.

272 A bird, to be drawn from memory, and corrected by No. 102.

273 The same bird, to be drawn looking the other way.

*274 A book, in perspective. The pupil should also place a real book in a proper position, that it may be compared with the copy.

*275 A cock.

276 A chimney and mantel-piece, from the objects.

277 As many gates as the pupil recollects may next be drawn.

*278 A cottage. Dots, &c. to be first used.

*279 A hat, shaded. A real hat may be compared with the copy.

280 General exercise. What must you have given to you before you are able to draw? If you had no pencil, what could you have to draw with instead? What things will do for drawing on? Here is a leaf, could you draw it if you were to try? Could you draw it if you had never seen it? Could you draw it if it were away, provided you had once looked well at it? What should you call drawing in this last way? (Drawing from memory.) Could you draw the leaf if it were here, though it was quite dark?—if it were here but you were blindfolded?—if your hands were tied behind you? What else do you need to have before you can draw this leaf? Now try if you can tell me all the things that are needed to be had or done before the leaf could be drawn. Could the cat draw the leaf if she had paper, pencil, and the leaf before her? Why could she not draw it? Could a baby draw it? Each question must be varied according to the pupil's preceding answer.

281 A tea-pot or milk-jug, from the object, with shading and shadow, the object being placed in a strong light.

282 A shoe, with shading and shadow, from the object.

283 The sole of a shoe not in any way foreshortened, which is, in fact, a ground plan.

284 A section of the shoe, supposing it to be cut through across; also the cross section at an equal distance between the toe and instep. A section of the shoe, supposing it to be cut across half way between the instep and heel. A section of the shoe, supposing it to be cut into two in its whole length.

285 A cart-wheel, from memory.

286 The candlestick and pigeon-house, Nos. 103 and 108, from memory.

287 Various sorts of combs from general recollection.

288 Shading. Is every part of this pincushion (or box, &c.) equally in the shade, or are some parts more in the shade than others? Are all the light parts equally in the light? Which part of this cup is most shaded? Which part of it is least so? Which parts of the inside are most in the shade? Why is that part of the inside which is nearest the light most shaded? Can you

place the cup so that no part of the inside shall be in the shade?—and also so that no part of it shall be in the light?

Shadows with candle-light. Look at the shadow of this cup on the table: keep the candle still, but move the cup to different parts of the table; does any change take place in the shadow? What must you do to make the shadow longer?—shorter? Can you make the shadow lighter or darker in any way? Now keep the cup still, but raise and lower the candle in different ways, and say what changes are made in the shadow. Can you make the shadow go along the whole of the table? Watch several of these shadows, and try if you can find out whether they are all of the same degree of darkness in each part. Which part of a shadow is generally the darkest?—and which is the lightest?

289 A tea-kettle, from the object, with shading and shadow.

290 A hat or bonnet, from the object, part of the inside being visible, with shading and shadow.

291 Various forms, in which milk-jugs might be made, to be invented and drawn by the pupil.

292 The ground plan of a yard, court, playground, or small garden, to be drawn by the pupil. See No. 467, fig. 5.

293 The section of a hat made long ways and short ways should be drawn by the pupil, a hat being before him.

*294 A boy jumping.

*295 A dog.

296 The same dog to be drawn reversed, or looking to the left instead of the right.

*297 A duck: at first from memory only.

298 Shadows by candle-light. Make the shadow of your hand on the wall. Try in which way you can make it the smallest. Now try how you can make it largest. Try and make it as dark as possible; and as light as possible. Make the shadow so that it shall be the best picture of your hand. Is it the best picture of your hand when it is smallest or largest?—and darkest or lightest? Try how the candle must be held so as to make the clearest and darkest shadow. Try and make some shadow pictures on the wall with various objects, as a cup, a ring, a top, a pincushion, a ball, &c. &c. Try if you can make a shadow-picture or profile of my face on the wall. Try and make some shadows on the wall in different ways, but so that the shadow shall not be at all like the object. Make some shadows of different objects, as of pencils, pens, &c., first on a table, or on a piece of white paper laid flat on the table; next on a piece of paper held upright or vertically; next on a piece of paper held slantingly or obliquely; next, when the object is held exactly between the light and the paper, so that the paper and light shall be even or parallel with each other; next, when

the paper and light are not held even with each other, but the paper is held obliquely.

299 A lump of coal, or a large stone, to be drawn from nature, with shading and shadow.

300 A flower from nature.

301 A small plant, entire, from nature.

302 An ornamented gate, to be invented and drawn by the pupil.

303 An ornamented poker, to be invented and drawn.

304 A shell, to be drawn and shaded after nature.

305 Two or three vegetable roots, as potatoes, onions, carrots, and turnips, to be piled up in a picturesque manner, and drawn from nature, with a little shading.

306 Perspective. Hold this picture so that you may see every part of it well. (A landscape, with the various distances clearly marked, should be shown to the pupil.) Remove it further: what parts do you not see so well now? Further still: could you tell now what it is a picture of if you did not know? This process may next be reversed with another picture, the picture being viewed first from the most distant point. When you are far from a house can you see each of the bricks, tiles, or slates, panes of the windows, &c.? If you were a great way off a house could you tell there was one, though you could not see the windows?

307 The various kind of fish the pupil knows, to be drawn from memory.

308 A quart bottle, to be drawn from memory, with shading and shadow; the drawing to be afterwards compared with the object, and corrected.

309 Various sections of an inkstand to be drawn. See No. 467, figs. 1 and 2.

310 The ground plan of a room, and of several pieces of furniture in it, to be drawn. See No. 467, fig. 6.

311 The boy jumping, No. 294, to be drawn jumping back again.

312 An old woman in a cloak, to be drawn from invention.

313 A group of two or three shells, to be drawn from nature.

314 Let the pupil draw some cottage that he recollects to have seen.

315 Perspective. If you are directly in front of a house, or tree, or man, or cup, &c., and go straight back, do these objects appear the same in shape at different distances? Do they appear the same in other respects as well as shape? Can you place this sphere or ball in such a position as that you shall see all the outside at once? How much of the outside can you see at once?

*316 A pig.

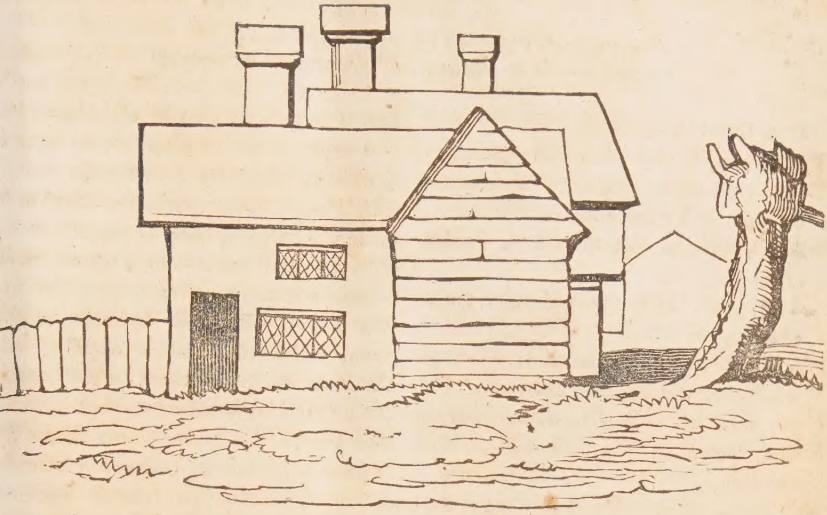
*317 A hare.

*318 Piony.

319 Let the pupil draw from this description an arched gateway, with an embattlement on the top: the arch should be round.

320 Let the pupil describe in writing the castle, No. 371, stating its different parts; their shape; the parts which

No. 278.



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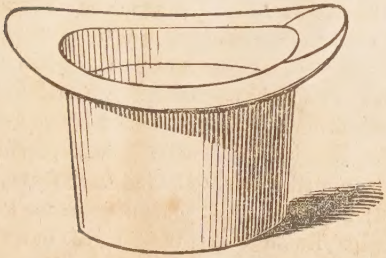

LETTERS FROM A COUSIN.

No. 8.—GEN. FRANCIS MARION.

(Continued from p. 195.)

"On Vernon's Chief, why lavish all our lays?
"Come, honest Muse, and sing great Marion's praise!"

DEAR CHARLES,

I CANNOT close this series of letters, without doing injustice to a great and good man, if I should neglect to pay my feeble tribute to the merits of Francis Marion.

The year 1732 was a glorious era in the history of America, as it gave birth to two of her noblest sons,—George Washington and Francis Marion. "The latter was born in St. John's parish, South Carolina. His father was also a Carolinian; but his grandfather was a Huguenot, or French Protestant, who lived near Rochelle, in the blind and bigoted days of Louis XIV."

We are told, that when quite young, Marion was of a very feeble constitution; but being sent on a voyage to the West Indies, for the sake of his health, the vessel in which he sailed was lost, and our young hero with difficulty escaped with his life.

But this affair, which at first sight was looked on as a great misfortune, proved in the end an inestimable blessing. His countenance after this assumed a bright and healthy appearance; his constitution seemed renewed, and his frame commenced a second and rapid growth. After this, Marion never thought of another trip to sea, "but continued in his native parish, in that most independent and happy of all callings, a cultivator of the earth, till his twenty-seventh year."

Although Marion delighted most of all in his farming pursuits, yet when the Cherokee Indians made an attack on the frontier settlers, he was among the first who turned out with his rifle against them. His countrymen were so well convinced of his courage and constancy, upon this and other occasions, that he was gradually promoted from one office to another; and upon the breaking out of the revolutionary war, in 1775, he was advanced to the rank of Brigadier General.

On account of the smallness of his forces, the character of the enemy he had to contend with, and the nature of the country, Marion could regulate his proceedings by none of the ordinary rules of warfare, but was compelled to strike out into an entirely new track. He was willing to undergo cold, hunger and fatigue, for his country's good, and to spend and be spent, for her welfare. It cannot be expected that I should reduce all the exploits of this distinguished person to the compass of a short letter, but I would refer you, when older, to a more enlarged memoir of him. I shall content myself with relating one anecdote, which

No. 294.

No. 295.

trust will cause you to desire more earnestly, that

> "Immortal may their memory be,
> Who fought and bled for liberty—"

While the British army was in the possession of Georgetown, an officer was sent to Marion's encampment, to make some arrangements about the exchange of prisoners. Having heard much about Marion, his fancy had sketched out for him some stout figure of war, such as O'Hara, or Cornwallis himself, of martial aspect and flaming regimentals. But what was his surprise, when led into Marion's presence, he beheld in our hero a swarthy, smoke-dried little man, poorly clad, and in place of tall ranks of gaily dressed soldiers, a handful of 'undisciplined yeomanry.' Having recovered a little from his surprise, he presented his letter to general Marion, who perused it and soon settled every thing to his satisfaction.

The officer took up his hat to retire. "O no!" said Marion; "it is now about our time of dining; and I hope, sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner." At the mention of the word *dinner*, the British officer saw no preparations which could raise the spirits of a hungry man; but without persuasion he consented. "Well, Tom," said the general to one of his men, "come, give us our dinner." The dinner to which he alluded, was no other than a heap of sweet potatoes, that were very snugly roasting under the embers, and which Tom, with his pine stick, soon liberated from their ashy confinement,—pinching them every now and then, especially the big ones, to see whether they were well done or not. Then having cleansed them of the ashes, he piled some of the best on a large piece of bark, and placed them between the British officer and Marion, on the trunk of the fallen pine on which they sat. "I fear, sir," said the general, "our dinner will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish."

The officer, who was a well bred man, took up one of the potatoes and affected to eat as if he had found a great dainty. But presently he smiled, and good naturedly observed, "I was thinking how drolly some of my brother officers would look, if our government should give them such a bill of fare as this."

"I suppose," replied Marion, "it is not equal to their style of dining."

"No, indeed," quoth the officer; "and this, I imagine, is one of your accidental dinners; in general you no doubt live a great deal better?"

"Rather worse," answered the general; "for often we don't get enough of this."

"But probably," replied the officer, "though you are stinted in provisions, you draw noble pay?"

"Not a cent, sir," said Marion, "not a cent."

"Why, then you must be in a bad box indeed; I don't see, general, how you can stand it?"

"Why, sir," answered the general

No. 297.

No. 316.

No. 317.

"the heart is all: and when that is much interested, a man can do any thing. I long to be my own master, planting my vineyards, sowing my fields, and reaping the golden grain; and seeing millions of brothers all around me, equally free and happy as myself."

The officer replied, "that both as a man and a Briton, he must certainly consider this as a happy state of things."

"Happy!" quoth Marion; "yes, happy indeed! and I had rather fight for such blessings for my country, and feed on roots, than keep aloof, though wallowing in the luxuries of Solomon!"

When the British officer returned to Georgetown, being asked what made him look so serious, replied, "I have seen an American general and his officers without pay, and almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water; and all for *liberty!* What chance have we against such men?" The young officer was so struck with Marion's sentiments, that he never rested until he threw up his commission, and retired from the service.

When the independence of this country was acknowledged by Great Britain, Marion sheathed his sword, and went up to cultivate his plantation in St. John's parish. But the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, did not permit him to remain long in obscurity; for at the next election, he was sent to the legislature, to aid with his counsel the operations of that government, to whose freedom his sword had so largely contributed.

After conducting himself in this responsible station with great honor, we again find Marion retiring to his plantation, where he spent the short remnant of his days, amidst the benedictions of his countrymen,—and feasting on the happy retrospect of a life passed in fighting for his country, and looking forward to a better, with a christian's hope—"a hope of glory."

Allen's Hill, Ont. Cy., N. Y. N. N. I.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MOTHER.

ON BEAUTY.

(Continued from p. 134.)

NEXT day, when Caroline came to read her history, she said, "O, mother! I have been thinking so much of poor Queen Elizabeth and her little boys. Will you let me read about some more queens that were beautiful to-day?"

"Yes, my dear;" and she gave Caroline the reign of Henry VIII. to read. Caroline read all about his many wives, and the terrible deaths of two of them, Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard. When she had done, she said, "O, mother, what a man Henry must have been!"

"Well, my dear, you have read to-

No. 318.

day of three queens that were beautiful, among all these; were they happier than the others?"

"O, no! they were the most unhappy, for two of them were beheaded, and one died very soon after she was queen; but those that were not beautiful, were all allowed to live; let me count—there was Catharine of Arragon, and Anne of Cleves, and Catharine Parr, all lived.

"Well, Caroline, you see this day's reading does not help you out at all in your proof that beauty is any addition to happiness; but we shall see what more we may meet with on the subject in our reading."

Next day, Caroline said, "Mother, are there any more beautiful queens for me to read about to-day?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Moubray; and she made Caroline read the history of Mary Queen of Scots.

"O, mother!" said Caroline, when she finished it, "How very, very sorry I am for poor queen Mary. How very cruelly Queen Elizabeth treated her!"

"And yet, my dear, for all this terrible cruelty, jealousy of her personal beauty seems to have been one great cause. So here is another person to whom beauty was no advantage, but the cause of much and sore suffering. Now, Caroline, are you beginning to be convinced how mistaken you were on this subject?"

"Yes, mother, at least about queens, especially if they lived long ago, when there were no right laws, and people could cut off one another's heads whenever they liked; but you know it is quite different now; nobody could cut off Mary Anne Maxwell's head now,—could they, mother, just because she is pretty?"

"No, they certainly could not. But human nature is the same in every age, civilized or barbarous, though it may show itself in a different way. The jealousy that formerly showed itself in cutting off heads, is now vented in coldness and dislike to those more favored in this respect than ourselves; in watching their conduct for something to find fault with; in listening to, and retailing, and often adding to, all stories to their disadvantage. Now, all this sometimes makes the poor victim of its malignity very unhappy. But I must have done talking to you now, Caroline."

CASTLE-BUILDING.

MRS. FINDLAY was engaged sewing at a table, round which were seated her two sons and two daughters. They were building houses of wood painted like bricks, and nicely cut, and exerting their ingenuity in making castles, towers, and cottages, suitable to the various tastes and fancy of the young architects.

"Mother," said Agnes, "what is a castle in the air?"

"Castle in the air," said Robert, with a loud laugh, "how can there be a castle in the air, unless," said he, trying to be very witty, "it be made with clouds, and a rainbow for the bridge to walk into it?"

"You need not laugh," replied Agnes, "for I heard mother say to Miss Ross, that Miss Anderson was a very nice girl, but she was always building castles in the air."

"Did you, mother?" said Robert, opening his eyes very wide, and looking the picture of surprise.

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Findlay.

"Then, mother," said Agnes, "tell me if you please how she did it?"

"I have seen both Robert and Agnes build castles in the air as well as Miss Anderson."

"I!" said Robert, more and more bewildered.

"Yes," said Mrs. Findlay; "and I will explain how. When you begin to build with these bricks, what is the part you first begin with?"

"The foundation, mother."

"Well; and as in the air there can be no foundation, a castle can never be there; so, when any person says they will do so and so, things it is quite impossible they can do, these things are called castles in the air, because they never take place,—they have no foundation. A great many people are in the habit of building these sort of castles. When set down to learn their lessons, they begin to think how delightful it would be to get the highest prize, and make a figure at the examination, when all the time they are forgetting to learn their lessons, the only way by which they can get the reward they so earnestly wish for. Girls and boys who are great castle-builders are generally very indolent and lazy, for they take up so much of their time *in wishing*, that they do not *act*, and so none of their castles in the air ever reach the earth. It is a very bad habit, and unless checked and got the better of, 'tendeth to poverty,' as well as many other evils. I knew a lady once, now dead, who had been so great a castle-builder that she said one day, she had built so many castles in the air that she was like to forget that she was living in a cottage. And I also heard of a little girl whose head was always filled with these castles, and she never was fit for any work; for when desired to mend a frock, she drew it all together, thinking on some other thing; and when desired to make some button-holes one day, she cut so big a hole that it would have let through a dozen of buttons instead of one, —all from the evil habit she had of thinking upon her delightful castles in the air. When she grew up to be a young lady, she behaved no better, but did so many absurd things that her friends began to think she was deranged. She had read some story-books about wonderful things happening to the people she read of in the books, and she thought all these things would happen to her. Once she fell into a stream that ran near her father's garden; it was too small to drown her

but she was quite wet; yet for all that she would not rise, but lay still thinking some handsome prince in disguise was to come past and take her out. But after she lay till she was tired, and besides began to feel very cold in her wet dress, she rose and went home all dripping, and quite surprised that no one came to rescue her. She was very ill afterwards. For having lain so long in the cold water, it brought on a rheumatic fever, and she suffered so much pain that she could think of no castles, but the agony she felt, and the quantity of medicine she had to swallow to make her well again.

"Remember, my dear children," continued Mrs. Findlay, "that the present moment only is ours. We know not what a day may bring forth, and instead of weakening and bewildering our minds by fancying what may never happen, let us endeavor to fulfil the duties incumbent upon each of us in our every-day life, and 'whatever our hand findeth to do, let us do it with all our might.'"

I do not know whether the little Misses and Masters Findlay remembered this conversation so completely as always to avoid castle-building; but this I know, that I once heard their schoolmaster say, I like these Findlays, they are always thinking of what they are about, and I never need to tell any of them the same thing twice over.

TREES.

(Continued from page 218.)

LETTER VI.

My dear Child,

YOUR attention and desire to obtain information delights me exceedingly. As I have found no historical mention of the Sycamore, which tree I intended to make the subject of this letter, I can say but little about it; I shall therefore first answer your query concerning the Celtes, who descended from Gomez, the eldest son of Japheth, one of the sons of Noah. This people were designated by the Ancients under various appellations; as, Gomerians, Comerians, Cymmerians, Cymbrians, Celtes, Galations, and Gauls; to which may be added those of Saces, or Saeks, and Titans. They first settled in Phrygia, a country of Asia Minor, but afterwards established themselves along the river Jaxante—now the Sir or Sihon—beyond the Caspian sea, quite up to the province of Bactria. They also spread themselves in the plains of Armenia, Cappadocia, and all the provinces along the Euxine sea, till they were stopped by the Logdians, of the race of Mogog. Some of them are supposed to have crossed the vast mountains to the south of Margiana, and entering the country of the Median Arii, there fixed themselves by main force;

and being separated from the rest of their brethren, were called in scorn, Parthians, a name signifying in the Celtic language, *parted* or *divided from.*

From the Euxine sea their progress was towards the Palus Moetius, where we find their name in the Cimbrian, or Cimmerian, Bosphorus; whence, by crossing the Tanais, or Don, they entered Europe, and spread themselves throughout its whole extent.

History informs us that these people had religious, civil, and military institutions; but the precise nature of them is unknown. Their judges were called Curetes, and afterwards Druids, or bards. They neither built temples nor erected statues to their deities, but planted spacious groves in which they offered up their orisons. The oak was their symbol for the deity, and its wood, fruit, and misletoe, were all made use of in their sacrifices and other parts of their worship. They afterwards adopted the idolatrous superstitions of the Romans, and other heathen nations. Their arms were helmets, bucklers or light shields, bows and arrows, broad swords, daggers, and chariots armed with scythes, in the management of which latter they displayed peculiar dexterity. Originally a brave and warlike people, they led a wandering life, carrying their families in waggons, and ranging from place to place in search of conquest, pleasure, or pasture for their numerous flocks and herds, on the milk and flesh of which they chiefly subsisted. From this primeval simplicity, they seem to have quickly departed; and from the plainest and most simple mode of life, suffered drunkenness and luxury to creep in among them; and when they came to build houses, towns and cities, they fortified and adorned them with spacious walls, towers, and sumptuous edifices.

The only remnant of their language is to be found in Wales; where, notwithstanding a great accession of Greek and Latin words, it still retains its grammatical simplicity, and bears ample testimony to its high antiquity.

We will now bid adieu to the Celts, and I will see what I can tell you about the Sycamore tree.

It is mentioned in Holy Writ, that on the day our Lord made his solemn entry into Jerusalem, little Zacheus, chief among the Publicans, mounted up into a sycamore tree to see Jesus pass by. But the scripture sycamore is not the same as those which grow in this country, which is Acer Magus, one of the kinds of Maple. The Egyptian sycamore partakes of two natures, the Fig tree in its fruit, and the Mulberry tree in its leaves. This fruit sticks to the trunk of the tree, and its taste is like a wild fig; but according to Pliny and other naturalists, it does not ripen till it is rubbed with iron combs, after which process it is fit to eat in four days. Adieu.

I think it would be a pretty amusement for you to trace in your map of the world the progressive increase of the Celtic dominion. Adieu.

BASALTIC ROCKS.

CAN you or mother describe to us some of the Basaltic Rocks? said Frederic to his father.

Mr. Elwood. O yes! Staffa, one of the Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland, lies a few miles to the west of Mull, within a sort of bay formed by the two projecting extremities of that island. Staffa itself is a very small island, scarcely a mile in length from north to south, and about half that extent at its greatest breadth from east to west. Although one of the most wonderful natural curiosities in the world, it appears to have remained almost entirely unnoticed until a comparatively recent period. The late Sir Joseph Banks, in the course of a voyage to Iceland, was induced to put in at a port in Mull, where he and a friend were very hospitably received by Mr. Maclean, the principal proprietor of the island. At Mr. Maclean's the travellers met with a Mr. Leach, an Irish gentleman, who told them that the day before, in the course of a fishing excursion, he had fallen in with what, in his opinion, was one of the greatest wonders in the world, though none of his Highland acquaintance seemed even to have had their attention attracted to it. This account so greatly excited their curiosity, that it was resolved forthwith to make an expedition to the island; and on reaching it they found it to be by far the most stupendous example of that striking production of nature, basaltic architecture, of which they had ever heard.

At that time, the Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, was the chief collection of pillars of basalt which was generally known to the public, or among scientific inquirers; but since then many other specimens have been described by travellers and geologists in Wales, Iceland, Germany, Italy, France, and other countries.*

Emma. What is there so remarkable, father?

Mr. E. The pillars may be described generally as consisting of a greyish or brownish stone, of finer or coarser grain, formed into clusters of angular columns, having each from three or four to six or seven sides or faces, and, in many cases, so regularly cut, if the expression may be used, as to rival the symmetry of human architecture. Sometimes these columns are found, as it were, chopped down into fragments, and lying scattered and in confusion like a heap of ruins; in other instances, although the several blocks which compose each shaft still adhere firmly together, the whole inclines so much as to present at best only the appearance of an edifice half fallen down; but in some rare specimens the magnificent pile stands almost as erect as any work of human hands, thus forming a structure, in which all the regularity of art is combined with a grandeur which art never reached.

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* Among others Titan's Pier or Column at Mount Holyoke, Northampton, described by Professor Hitchcock, in his 'Report on the Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoology of Massachusetts.'

Frederic. How, father, were these columns formed ?

Mr. E. As lava is always an accompaniment of these basaltic formations, it is thought that they are a volcanic product, or, in other words, have been thrown up from the earth by the action of internal fire. It does not, however, seem so easy to explain how the fused stone, in the process of cooling, crystallized into the regular shapes which it now exhibits. It is probably owing to certain affinities or mutual tendencies naturally belonging to the atoms of which the material consists. The island of Staffa is, indeed, a mere mass of lava and basalt. The columns of the latter substance, which compose the chief part of it, are generally hidden under a thin layer of soil ; but, in many places, even of the surface of the island, they are to be found shooting out through this acquired covering ; and the stone is every where reached on digging a few feet down. Around nearly the whole circumference of the island, the rock stands bare to the view. The grassy top of the isle seems to be supported nearly all round on a range of pillars, in some places indeed so low as to be almost on a level with the surface of the water, but for the greater part elevated far above it, and in some places rising into the air to the lofty height of a hundred and fifty feet. The name of this extraordinary isle accordingly describes it by its most remarkable feature. Staffa is a Norse term, meaning staffs or columns.

Mrs. E. The highest part of the line of pillars is at the southern end of the island ; and it is here that a celebrated natural excavation, called Fingal's Cave, is situated. Its opening is very near the south-east corner, and it extends nearly due north. Its name appears to be merely a modern and accidental designation. Sir Joseph Banks states, that, on asking his Highland guide what it was called, the boy answered in Gaelic, the Cave of Fiuhn ; and, in reply to a second question, explained Fiuhn to be Fiuhn Mac-Coul, or, as he has been called, Fingal.

A subsequent visiter, however, says, that on making a careful and minute inquiry, he could not learn that any person there, or in the neighborhood, knew the cave by the name which Banks had given it. It was universally called Uamh an Binn, that is, the Cave of Music. Still it is not impossible that there may be also a tradition of its having been the work of the great Fingal, to whom other stupendous miracles of nature, in various other parts of the Highlands of Scotland, are popularly ascribed. One traveller, who visited Staffa, says, " Our interpreter, on hearing me express my admiration of this wonder of nature, told me, that it was generally considered the work of Fiuhn Mac-Coul, but that, for his part, he thought it had been built by St. Columba."

E. Then St. Columba must have been a very wonderful man. What sort of a place, mother, is the cave ?

Mrs. E. The excavation is a vast opening, 42 feet in width at the mouth, extending 227 feet in depth, and gradually

diminishing from nearly 100 to about 50 feet in height, supported throughout on both sides by perpendicular columns of extraordinary regularity. The opening is surmounted by a noble arch; and from this to the farther extremity of the cave, the roof extends in an unbroken surface, composed in some parts of smooth and unvariegated rock; in others, of the ends of pillars stuck together in groups or bunches; and, with the substance that fills up the interstices, displaying a species of mosaic work of great regularity and beauty. On the west side, the wall of pillars is thirty-six feet in height; but on the east, although the roof is of the same elevation, they spring from a much higher base, and are themselves only eighteen feet in length. Along this side is a narrow foot-path, raised above the water, which covers the floor, along which it is possible for an expert climber to make his way to the farther end of the cave, although the attempt is rather hazardous. The proper and usual mode of viewing the cave is by entering it in a boat; but even this can only be done with safety when the weather is tolerably calm. From the opening being so spacious, there is abundance of light to the extremity; and from the same cause the waves, when there is a heavy sea, roll into it with great force. It is said, that very far in, there is a hole in the rock, below the water, which makes a singularly agreeable sound on the flux and reflux of the tide. This melodious murmur of the waters passing into it, doubtless originated its common name of the Cave of Music.

E. Father, what do you remember of the substance of these columns?

Mr. E. The basaltic pillars of this cave are of one ingredient only, which is a granular splintery material, resembling clinkstone, highly coloured with iron, but of a greenish black hue. Between the several pillars a yellowish substance has exuded, producing everywhere a deep contrast of two distinctly defined colours, which admirably relieves what would otherwise be the sombre aspect of the cave. The stone, according to Dr. Garnett, is in many places richly colored with light green, yellow, and orange, produced by different species of lichen growing on it. But I will read you the close of Dr. Mac Culloch's account: 'It would be no less presumptuous than useless to attempt a a description of the picturesque effect of that to which the pencil itself is inadequate. But if this cave were even destitute of that order and symmetry, that richness arising from multiplicity of parts, combined with greatness of dimensions and simplicity of style which it possesses; still the prolonged length, the twilight gloom half concealing the playful and varying effects of reflected light, the echo of the measured surge as it rises and falls, the transparent green of the water, and the profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene, could not fail strongly to impress a mind gifted with any sense of beauty in art, or in nature.'

Mrs. E. Sir J. Banks also discovered

great enthusiasm. Speaking of the general aspect of Staffa, he exclaims: 'Compared to this, what are the cathedrals or the palaces built by men? Mere models or playthings, imitations as diminutive as the works of man will always be when compared with those of nature. Where is now the boast of the architect—regularity, the only part in which he fancied himself to exceed his mistress? Nature is here found in her possession, and here it has been left undescribed for ages. Is not this the school where the art was originally studied? And what has been added to this by the whole Grecian school? A capital to ornament the column of nature, of which they could execute a model only; and for that very capital they were obliged to a bush of Acanthus. How amply does nature repay those who study her wonderful works!'

THE following stories are taken from a little book recently written by Mr. T. D. P. Stone, and published by Stearns, Boston; entitled "STORIES TO TEACH ME TO THINK." The best way to recommend so good a book, is to let it speak for itself; and we hope our little readers may be as well pleased with it as we have been. There are twenty-five or thirty stories, and all well calculated to be useful, and so we hope parents will find it when they permit their children to own it.

THE FROGS—A FABLE.

WHEN a prudent man is going to do any thing, he always thinks how it can be done, before he begins. Before he concludes to do any thing, he thinks whether it is *best* to do it. Perhaps when he first thinks of it, it seems to be best, but afterwards he finds that it would do no good; then he asks his friends what *they* think of it. He thinks of it himself, again and again. He is afraid to go on until he is sure that he ought to. It is only when men *do not* stop to think in this way, that they make mistakes, and are imprudent. If a man goes into a store, and thinks he wants something, and buys it, without being sure that it is best for him to buy it, he is almost always sorry for it. If a man begins to build a house, without thinking whether he has enough money to pay for finishing it, others call him imprudent, and foolish.

The river ran at the very bottom of the meadow. When it had not rained hard, it did not rise over the grass; but after a thunder-shower, or the heavy rains in the spring, it came almost up to the house; then, when the rain stopped, and the water went back to its place, some of it was left in little pools. It would sometimes stay there almost all summer. In one of these pools there lived a great many frogs. In the morning you could never see them, for I suppose they were asleep. When the sun was warm at noon, they

would swim about, catch flies to eat, hop on the banks, and, if you went near the place, they would all jump into the water, and hide. Once in a long time they would get up to the very top of a bank, where they could look over all the meadow, and down into the river. It seemed a great deal more pleasant to them, to stand on so high a place, where they could look all around them, than to stay in the pool, where they lived. What could be better, thought they, than to go down and live in the river? They foolishly thought they could see as well there, as they could where they stood. They supposed they could see the meadow, and the house, and the road. But the river was shaded by bushes, so that they could not see them at all, if they should go down into it. Indeed they could not see the sky. They talked about it a few minutes with each other, then one of them said, 'Come, let us go.' 'But are you not afraid something will hurt us?' 'Why, no! nothing ever hurt us in the pool, where we have always lived; why should there be any thing to hurt us in the river? it is a great deal pleasanter there than it is here.' 'But is there no danger on the way?' 'What danger? Is it not all green grass, and who is afraid of that! I am not;' and with that, I should think the frog leaped a yard, down towards the river. They all followed, one after the other, jumping as hard as they could. Sometimes they would fall into a ditch, which the grass had covered so that they could not see it; and it took them a long time to get out. One of them made a long leap the wrong way. There used to be an old house in the meadow, but it had fallen down, and the grass had grown where it once stood; but there was a well there, and it was not covered. When the frog, which had jumped out of the way, found that the others had gone off, and left him, he made another desperate effort, and was dreadfully frightened to find himself going down, down, down, till he hit the water, at the bottom of the well. If you put your hand softly on to the water, it will yield, and let your hand down, but if you strike it hard, it will hurt you almost as much as it would to strike a rock. It hurt this poor frog very much, and when he found he could not get out, but must stay there as long as he lived, he said to himself, 'O, I wish I had *stopped to think* before I set out.' Another frog hit a large limb of a tree, as he was jumping along, and broke one of his legs, so that I do not know that he ever got back to the pool. A monstrous black snake came rolling along after the others, and I believe ate up several of them; and when the rest had got to the river, some pickerel, fishes which lived in the water under the bank, came out with their mouths wide open, to catch them. By this time, they began to feel heartily sorry for having left their home, and resolved, if they ever got back, they never would start off again without thinking what they were about.

How often children do, as these frogs in the fable did. They first see some-

thing they wish for, and then try to get it, without once stopping to ask whether it is best to. Perhaps they are killed by some accident, while trying. I hope this fable will show you very plainly, that to do *right*, you must stop and think a great deal before you do or say any thing.

THE BOY WHO COULD GOVERN HIS THOUGHTS.

THERE are two schools kept in the same district, in a great many towns in Massachusetts. One of the schools is for the larger scholars, and is generally taught by a man. The other is taught by a female teacher, who has the youngest children, and teaches them how to read. It is sometimes the rule, that all who are under eight years old, shall be taught by the lady, while all who are older than that go into the other school. But it would be better for all to stay in the lady's school until they could read, and write, and answer all the questions in some such arithmetic as Colburn's First Lessons.

One day, the schoolmistress told Henry that she would examine him, to see if he could not go into the other school. He hardly knew whether to be glad, or sorry. He had heard that the teacher of the other school was very strict; that the scholars never whispered, nor laughed, nor played, and always learned all their lessons. That night, the children were dismissed first. Henry thought if he could see the older scholars when they came out, he could tell whether they were happy or not, and whether their teacher was a kind man. So he sat down on the steps, and looked at the door of the other school-room. When it opened, and the large girls came out (for the girls were always dismissed first), he saw that they smiled, and turned around and bade their teacher good evening. He was not certain, but he thought he heard the teacher bid them good evening. And when the large boys came out, the teacher spoke very kindly to some of them. He thought then, that the teacher must be a very kind man, and the boys told him, on his way home, that he would love him a great deal better than he did the lady. The next day he was examined. He could read well, write his name, and give every answer in the arithmetic right, and it was decided that he could go in with the larger scholars. He was placed in the lowest class, which were studying written arithmetic. He had never used a slate and pencil before, and did not know how to get his lesson.

When he went into the class, he was thinking how different it was from the class he had just been in, in the other school. He thought how differently the teacher spoke, and how differently the class was seated, when he ought to have been thinking what his teacher said. Because he did not listen to his teacher, he did not know where his next lesson was,

nor how to get it. It was not till he had been at home some time, that he thought any thing about the lesson for the next day. He knew that if he did not learn it perfectly, he should be blamed. He went into the little room where his mother had told him he might study, and determined not to go out, till he had learned his lesson. But after he sat down, he recollected that he had been thinking of something else, when the teacher gave out the lesson. He had heard his mother say that he ought to govern his thoughts, that is, to think of what he ought to think about. And he now saw, that because he did not govern his thoughts when he was in the class, he must go to school to-morrow without any lesson. He thought of going to ask one of his playmates, and ran out and asked his mother if she would give him leave. But when she had heard the whole story, she thought he would learn to govern his thoughts better, if he should go to school for once without his lesson. He went back to his room, and looking over his book, tried to find the place where the class were reciting, but he had forgotten all about it. He looked the book over again and again. He thought of every thing which he did the day before. He governed his mind well, then. If a fly came across his book, or a butterfly flew against the window, or he heard the door-bell ring, or a noise in the street, he did not look up, but kept on thinking of his lesson. I suppose he learned more for not getting his lesson this time, just as his mother expected, because it taught him something which he never forgot. It taught him, that if he wished to remember any thing, he must know what it was; and he must not think of any thing else at the time. He must always govern his thoughts.

AN ACROSTIC.

WRITTEN BY A MISS OF ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

A rmed with a thousand fatal shafts, this legion, waxing bold,
R eady with all their guileful arts to tempt both young and old;
D ressed in their various disguise, have with some fair pretence
E ntered the doors of every home and drawn their victims hence.
N or young nor old, nor rich nor poor, nor those of highest station,
T aken by them, can e'er escape and save their reputation.

S ages have wrote, divines have spoke, and laws have been enacted;
P arents have warned, children mourned, and mothers gone distracted.
I n vain the laws, the cries and tears, when once this fiend has entered;
R esign'd and calm the victim sits, nor dreams he is distempered.
I n this sad case can naught be done, if christians will agree,
T o strip the captives of their chains, and make those demons flee?
S aviour of men, to thee we call! Lord, we appeal to thee!

MY MOTHER.—A STORY OF NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LOVE contemplating apart
From all his homicidal story,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's glory.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye methinks pursued the flight
Of gulls to Britain half way over,
With envy; they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover!

A stormy midnight watch he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm the vessel brought
To England nearer!

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead on the deep
Come shoreward floating!

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day—laborious—lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working!

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description; such a wretched wherry,
Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field—
'Twould make the very boldest shudder,
Untarr'd—uncompass'd—and unkeel'd—
No sail—no rudder.

From neighboring woods, he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows,
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.

The French guard caught him on the beach—
His little argus sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him come to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace or danger,
And in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:—

"Rash youth, that wouldst yon channel pass,
With twigs and staves so rudely fashioned!
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But—absent years from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my Mother."

"And so thou shalt!" Napoleon said,
"You've both my favor justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

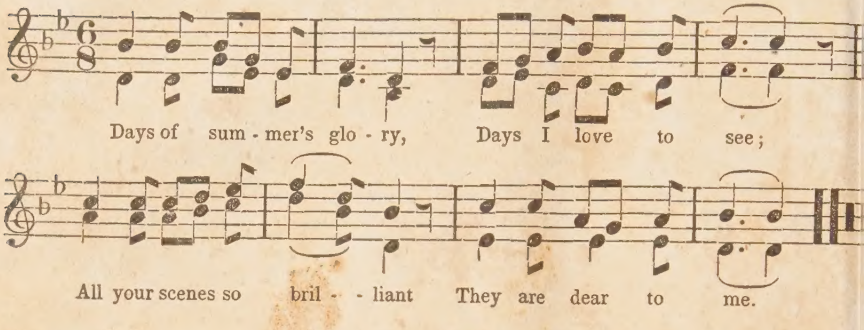
He gave the tar a piece of gold;
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Buonaparte.

SUMMER SONG.

Furnished for this work by LOWELL MASON, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music.

Music by LAUR.



2

All the day I'm lively,
Though the day is long;
And from morn to evening
Sounds my happy song.

3

Let my heart be ever
Bright as yonder sun!
Pure as are the breezes,
When the night comes on.

4

Meadows, fields and mountains,
Clothed in shining green,
Little rippling fountains,
Through the willows seen;

5

Birds, who sweetly warble
All the summer days;
All things speak in music
Your Creator's praise.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1839.

THE ROSE TREE.

WRITTEN FOR PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

ROSE TREE, O my beauteous Rose Tree!
Often have I longed to know
How thy tender leaves are moulded—
How thy buds are burst and blow.

I have watered, sunned and trained thee,
And have watched thee many an hour;
Yet I never could discover
How a bud becomes a flower.

So, last night I thought about thee
On my pillow, till at last
I was lost in quiet slumber,
And a dream before me passed.

In it I beheld my Rose Tree
Stripped of flower and bud and leaf;
And the naked stalk and branches
Filled me with surprise and grief.

Then methought I wept to see thee
Spoiled of all that made thee dear,
Till a band of smiling angels
Mildly shining, hovered near.

Gently as they gathered round thee,
All in silence, one of them
Laid his tender finger on thee,
Pulling leaves from out the stem.

One by one thy twigs he furnished
With a dress of foliage green;
While another angel followed
Bringing buds the leaves between.

Then came one the buds to open,
And their silken rolls unsheathed.
Then, the one who tints the roses,
Through the loosened foldings breathed.

And the angel of the odors
Filled each golden-bottomed cell,
Till between the parting petals,
Free on air the spices fell.

Lifting then their shining pinions,
Quick the angels passed from sight,
Leaving, where aloft they vanished,
But a stream of fading light.

There I heard soft strains of music
In their voices from above
Dying in the azure distance,
Naming thee their gift of love.

And my Rose Tree stood completed—
Finished thus by angels' hands,
Perfect in its bloom and fragrance—
Beautiful as now it stands.

Hence whenever I behold thee,
I shall think of angels too;
And the countless works of goodness
They descend on earth to do.

All unseen and silent, round us
They their constant watches keep.
Whether we may wake or slumber,
Guardian angels never sleep.

Newburyport, 1839.

BASALTIC ROCKS AT MOUNT HOLYOKE, MASS.

In the Number of Parley's Magazine for August was given an account of the Basaltic Rocks called Fingal's Cave, at Staffa. An engraved view of these rocks will be found in our first vol. p. 70. Some young reader may wish to be told that the word Basaltes means a kind of stone of the hardness and color of iron, which is found in perpendicular blocks. Many places in North and South America abound with Basaltic Columns. In our Number for March, 1837, is an engraving of some of these at Regla, 75 miles north-east of the city of Mexico.

Professor Hitchcock thus speaks of the Basaltic Rocks at Mount Tom in Northampton, and Mount Holyoke in Hadley :—

MOUNT HOLYOKE.

IN the view from Holyoke we have the grand and the beautiful united; the latter however greatly predominating. The observer finds himself lifted up nearly a thousand feet from the midst of a plain which, northerly and southerly, is of great extent; and so comparatively narrow is the naked rock on which he stands, that he wonders why the winds and storms of centuries have not broken it down. He soon however forgets the mountain beneath him, in the absorbing beauties before him. For it is not a barren unenlivened plain on which his eye rests; but a rich alluvial valley, geometrically diversified in the summer with grass, corn, grain, and whatever else laborious industry has there reared. On the west, and a little elevated above the general level, the eye turns with delight to the populous village of Northampton; exhibiting in its public edifices, and private dwellings an unusual degree of neatness and elegance. A little more to the right, the neat and substantial villages of Hadley and Hatfield, and still farther east and more distant, Amherst with its College, Gymnasium, and Academy, on a commanding eminence, form pleasant resting places for the eye. But the object, that perhaps most of all arrests the attention of the man of taste, is the Connecticut,

winding its way majestically, yet most beautifully, through the meadows of Hatfield, Hadley, and Northampton; and directly in front of Holyoke, as if it loved to linger in so tranquil a spot, it sweeps around in a graceful curve of three miles' extent, without advancing in its oceanward course a hundred rods. Then it passes directly through the deep opening between Holyoke and Tom, which its own waters, or more probably, other agencies have excavated in early times. Below this point, the Connecticut is in full view, like a serpentine mirror, for nearly twenty miles. And through a deception, explicable by the laws of perspective, there seems to be a gradual ascent of the river, the whole distance, till at its vanishing place it seems elevated nearly to a level with the eye:—just as the parallel sides of a long avenue seem to approach nearer and nearer until they meet.

The valley on the south of Holyoke is not as interesting as that on the west and north; chiefly because the land is less fertile. The village of South Hadley is indeed a pleasing object. But Springfield, one of the loveliest spots in America, is too far removed for an exhibition of its beauty. Other places south of Springfield are indistinctly visible along the banks of the Connecticut: and even the spires of some of the churches in Hartford, may be seen in good weather, just rising above the trees. Still farther south in that direction, may be seen the abrupt greenstone bluffs midway between Hartford and New Haven; and looking with a telescope between these other low hills may be indistinctly seen which are probably the trap ridge encircling New Haven, or the shores of Long Island.

Facing the southwest, the observer has before him on the opposite side of the river, the ridge called Mount Tom rising one or two hundred feet higher than Holyoke, and dividing the valley of the Connecticut longitudinally. The western branch of this valley is bounded on the west by the eastern slope of the Hoosic range of mountains; which, as seen from Holyoke, rises ridge above ridge for more than twenty miles, checkered with cultivated fields and forests, and not unfrequently enlivened by villages and church spires. In the northwest the Graylock may be seen peering above the Hoosic; and still farther north, several of the lofty peaks of the Green Mountains—which are merely a continuation of the Hoosic,—shoot up beyond the region of clouds, in imposing grandeur. Nearer at hand, and in the valley of the Connecticut, the insulated Sugar Loaves and Toby present their fantastic outlines; while far in the northeast stands in insulated grandeur the cloud-capt Monadnoc.

Probably under favorable circumstances, not less than 30 churches, in as many towns, are visible from Holyoke. The north and south diameter of the field of vision there, can scarcely be less than 150 miles.

THE COLUMNS.

Less than half a mile south of the road leading to the prospect house on Holyoke, and the western face of the ridge, may be seen some interesting examples of greenstone columns They stand side by side to the height of many feet, and as the lower part of the outer ones has fallen down, their curiously formed tops project from the cliff and seem to threaten the observer with destruction. But I think they must prove attractive to every one to whom a visit to the top of the mountain is interesting. The visiter however must not expect a very smooth path in reaching them; for he must clamber over a large amount of *debris*, sloping at an angle of 45°.

TITAN'S PIER.

Standing upon Holyoke and facing the south, one has directly before him, and as it were under his feet, the deep gorge between Holyoke and Tom, through which Connecticut river passes. Following the western side of the mountain, as it rapidly descends to the river, we find it terminating with a naked rock extending several rods into the river, and nearly perpendicular on the side next to the water, from 20 to 100 feet higher. A considerable part of this naked rock exhibits a columnar structure; not in general as perfect as the spot above described, yet sufficiently regular to require little aid from the imagination, to be regarded as artificial; though obviously demanding giant strength for its construction. I have said that the columnar structure was not in general very perfect. But if one can work his way along the western face of this precipice at low water, he will find, near where the rock passes under the river, the tops of numerous columns of great regularity; their upper portions having been removed by the force of the stream, which for so many centuries has been battering this cliff with logs and ice. From what I have now said, every intelligent man will perceive that these columns are very similar to those on the coast of Ireland, which form *Fingal's Cave* and the *Giant's Causey*. The nature of the rock too is essentially the same in all these places. Why then may I not be permited to denominate this rock *Titan's Pier*? At least, may I not hope by this description to attract the attention of visiters to this spot? Hitherto it has been passed unnoticed.

COLUMNAR GREENSTONE.

I have given a general description of an exhibition of greenstone columns towards the southern extremity of Holyoke, in the western face of the hill. At that place we see but little of articulation: but a most remarkable disintegration, or rather exfoliation, is there constantly going forward; as the immense number of fragments at the base of the cliff testifies. The pieces that split or scale off, are of almost every shape; but

they are commonly rather thin, sometimes in curved lamina an inch or two thick. When the lower part of a column begins thus to scale off, the fissures take such a direction as to leave the under side of the column, still projecting from the precipice, in the form of a hemisphere, or more commonly in the form of paraboloid; and not unfrequently of a lenticular form. And in one spot at least, the upper portion of two or three rows of columns is suspended over the head of the observer, appearing like numerous iron kettles, not less than three feet in diameter, hanging from the rock. This is certainly one of the most singular natural objects that I have ever met with; nor can one feel at perfect ease beneath such a piazza, when he sees by how feeble a hold these masses of immense weight are sustained; and how instantly one of them falling would grind him to powder.

I have been at a loss to decide, whether the exfoliation which is exhibited at this spot, takes place according to an original structure of the rock, or is produced by the natural action of the disintegrating agents; such as air, moisture, heat, and cold, upon rocks of a peculiar form. I can hardly admit the latter supposition; when, on breaking the fragments, they are found, except for a mere line at the surface, to be so entirely unchanged. Yet this curved form of exfoliation is not the only one exhibited on this greenstone range. More frequently the columns split longitudinally, into somewhat irregular pieces, from one to six or more inches in diameter. All along the western side of Mount Tom, examples of this kind may be seen; and the quantity of fragments of this sort, accumulated at the base of this mountain, is immense. Sometimes these fragments are very regular in their forms; producing prisms of three, four, five, &c., sides, and three to six inches in diameter. Again, as at Titan's Pier, concave layers of the rock cleave off from the upper extremity. A joint of this description will sometimes contain several quarts of water; and I have seen one of them standing by a farmer's well which was used as a substitute for a wash-bowl! Upon the whole I am of opinioin that the form of these exfoliations depends upon original structure, which the disintegrating agents above mentioned reveal, but do not create.

I know no spot where so good a view of the ends of these greenstone columns can be obtained, as at Titan's Pier above mentioned. They are exhibited to the best advantage on the west side of the ridge, where it passes under the river: and at low water we can see the ends of the columns forming the bottom of the river, as far as the eye can reach. The upper ends of these columns are considerably convex: whereas only one rod farther from the water, as already mentioned, they are decidedly concave. And although it is possible that in the first case the form might have resulted from the action of the river, yet from all that I have seen, I much doubt whether the

upper or lower end is uniformly convex or concave.

Both at Deerfield and Holyoke, one sometimes meets with columns that are considerably curved. In general they are not perpendicular to the horizon, but lean from 10° to 30° towards the east. Hence they stand about perpendicular to the strata of sandstone beneath.

MOUNT TOM.

As Tom is higher than Holyoke and insulated in the same great valley, the view from its summit cannot but be commanding: Yet most of the interesting group of objects around the base of the former, is wanting around the latter. Hence Tom is not much frequented; while, during the summer months, Holyoke is a place of great resort.

I obtained from this mountain one summer morning, a striking view, while yet the whole valley of the Connecticut was enveloped in fog, and Tom, with a few other elevated peaks connected with the greenstone range, alone rose above the vapor. The sun shining brightly and the wind gently blowing, gave to this fog a strong resemblance to an agitated ocean. To the north and south it seemed illimitable; but on the east and the west, the high mountain ranges that form the boundaries of the valley of the Connecticut, constituted its shores. I could not but feel myself transported back, to that remote period, when this great valley was enveloped in like manner by water, and Holyoke and Tom formed only low and picturesque islands upon its surface.

MOUNT TOBY.

This is a sandstone mountain of not less elevation than Mount Tom; and it is separated from Sugar Loaf by Connecticut river, lying partly in Sunderland and partly in Leverett.

It has frequently been stated, and that too by very respectable authority, that the ridges forming East and West Rock, Holyoke, Toby, &c., are a part of the broad mountain ranges, which commencing at Long Island Sound, rise gradually towards the north into the Hoosic and Green Mountains on the west side of Connecticut river, and into Monadnoc and the White Mountains on the east side. But a slight knowledge of the geological character of these mountains, is sufficient to show that the trap and conglomerate ridges along the Connecticut, differ, totally, from the primary ranges on either side. And a slight examination of the topography of these mountains, shows that the former are uniformly separated by deep vallies from the latter, and have no geographical connection except proximity.

What a pity it is, that so many of the most interesting mountains and hills in Massachusetts have got attached to them such uncouth and vulgar names! How must the poet's lines

> ——— scramble up and down
> On disproportioned legs, like Kangaroo,

if such words as Saddle Mountain, Rattle Snake Hi", Bear Town Mountain, Mount Tom, Mount Toby, Sugar Loaf, Blue Mountains and Deerfield Mountain, be introduced. Holyoke, Taconic, Hoosic and Wachusett, are more tolerable; though most of them have an Indian origin. It would have been fortunate, if our forefathers had not attempted in any case to supersede the aboriginal designations. For what mountain can ever become an object of much regard and attachment, if its beauties and sublimities cannot be introduced into a nation's poetry, without producing the most ridiculous associations! Fortunately, there are some summits in the state yet unnamed. It is to be hoped that men of taste will see to it, that neither Tom, nor Toby, nor Bear, nor Rattle Snakes, nor Sugar Loaves, shall be *Saddled* upon them.

CONVERSATIONS AT HOME.

PINS AND NEEDLES.

Mrs. E.

THERE is an article employed in dress, which is at once so necessary, that the highest lady in the land uses it; and yet so cheap, that the poorest peasant's wife is able to obtain it. The quality of the article is as perfect as art can make it; and yet from the enormous quantities consumed by the great mass of the people, the price is so small that the poor can purchase the best kind, as well as the rich. Can you guess, Emma, what I mean?

Emma. A pin.

Mrs. E. Yes, my love. A pin, you know, is made of brass. Now suppose a skilful workman has a lump of this metal ready by his side, to make it into pins with common tools—with a hammer and a file. He beats it on an anvil till it becomes nearly thin enough for his purpose. A very fine hammer, and a very fine touch, must he have to produce a pin of any sort, even a large corking pin! Then a pin hammered out by hand would present a number of rough edges, that would tear the clothes, as well as hold them together. It would not be much more useful or ornamental than the skewer of bone, with which the native women of the Sandwich islands fasten their mats. But the wire, of which a pin is made, acquires a perfectly cylindrical form by the simplest machinery. It is forcibly drawn through the circular holes of a steel plate; and the hole being smaller and smaller each time it is drawn through, it is at length reduced to the size required. The head of a pin however is a more difficult thing to make even than the body. Yet it is said that by a machine 50,000 heads can be made in an hour; the work probably of a thousand men. The head is attached to the body of a pin by the fingers of

THE CARRION-CROW.

BY MISS MARY HOWITT.

ON a splintered bough sits the Carrion-crow,
And first he croaks loud and then he croaks low;
Twenties of years ago, that bough
Was leafless and barkless as it is now.

It is on the top of an ancient oak
That the Carrion-crow has perched to croak;
In the gloom of the forest the old oak grows,—
When it was young there's nobody knows.

'Tis but half alive, and up in the air
You may see its branches splintered and bare;
You may see them plain in the cloudy night,
They are so skeleton-like and white.

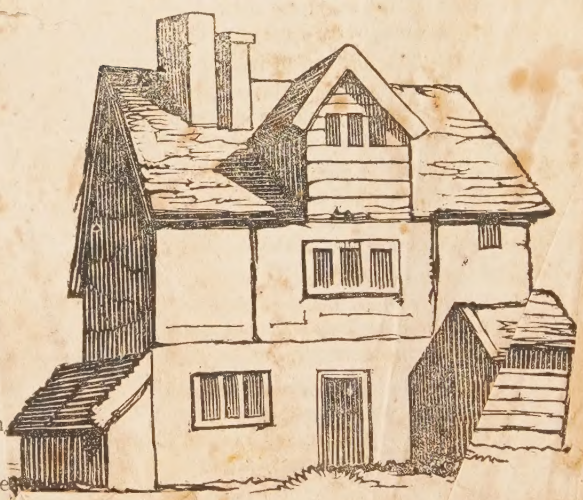
The old oak trunk is gnarled and grey,
But the wood has rotted all away,
Nothing remains but a cave-like shell,
Where bats, and spiders, and millepedes dwell;

And the tawny owl and the noisy daw,
In many a hollow and many a flaw;
By night or by day, were you there about,
You might see them creep in, or see them creep out

Oh, there, on the top of that ancient oak,
The Carrion-crow he sits to croak;—
Oh, words of his croaking I fain would know;
What does he say—that Carrion-crow?

No. 400.

No. 401.



a child, while another machine rivets it on. The operations of cutting and pointing the pins are also done by machinery; and they are polished by a chemical process.

E. Thank you; may I now ask, is not tin a metal? I think we have not yet had one word about that. Where are the mines?

Mr. E. Before your mother answers your question, Emma, I will mention the manufacture of the new pin with an immovable and solid head. The defect in the old pin was that the head of the pin being separately spun, and then put on, was liable to be detached by the pressure of the thumb, a remedy for which is now provided. The new pin-works are situated near Stroud. The principal building consists of five floors, each of them 100 feet in length, and completely filled with machinery. A large water-wheel, on which a stream acts with a power equal to that of forty horses, gives motion to all the mechanical apparatus, which is so ingeniously constructed as to perform every essential operation for converting a coil of wire into perfect pins, with little apparent effort, and scarcely any noise. On the old system, a pin had to go through fifteen or sixteen different hands before it was finished; but this curious machine effects the whole without manual or any other aid; for the wire being placed on a reel, all the rest is rapidly and accurately done. While one part of the apparatus is drawing out and straightening the wire, and cutting it off at the required length, another is pointing and polishing the pin, and a third compressing a portion of the wire into dies to form a perfect and neat, round, solid head. So completely is the whole apparatus under command, that it may be instantly adjusted, while working at its ordinary speed, to pins of any length, and heads of any form. Each machine operates on four wires at once, and from forty to fifty pins are with facility produced in a minute by each of the 100 machines which are in constant action. These produce upwards of two tons of pins weekly, or 3,240,000 pins daily, supposing them to be in operation twelve hours, and 19,440,000 a week. It is said that 20,000,000 of pins are daily manufactured in England.

E. Are needles too made by machinery?

Mrs. E. In part. Without the tilt-hammer, which beats out the bar of steel, first at the rate of ten strokes a minute, and lastly at that of five hundred, how could that bar be prepared for needle-making at any thing like a reasonable price? In all the process of needle-making labor is saved by contrivance and machinery. What human touch would be exquisite enough to make the eye of the finest needle, through which the most delicate silk is with difficulty passed. Needles are made in such large quantities, that it is even important to save the time of the person who lays them all one way when they are completed. The process of separating

them into two parcels is very simple. The needles are placed sideways, in a heap, on a table, in front of each operator. From five to ten are rolled towards this person by the fore finger of the left hand; this separates them a very small space from each other, and each in its turn is pushed lengthways to the right or the left, according as its eye is on the right or the left hand. Every needle thus passes individually under the finger of the operator. A small alteration expedites the process considerably; the child puts on the fore-finger of its right hand a small cloth cap, or finger-stall, and rolling from the heap from six to twelve needles, it keeps them down by the fore-finger of the left hand, while it presses the fore-finger of the right hand gently against the ends of the needles: those which have their points towards the right hand, stick into the finger-stall; and the child, removing the finger of the left hand, allows the needles sticking into the cloth to be slightly raised, and then pushes them towards the left side. Those needles which had their eyes on the right hand do not stick into the finger-cover, and are pushed to the heap on the right side previous to the repetition of this process. By means of this simple contrivance each movement of the finger from one side to the other, carries five or six needles to their proper heap; whereas, in the former method, frequently only one was moved, and rarely more than two or three were transported to their place.

THE CHILDREN'S PLEDGE.

The following pattern of an original pledge—if I may so call it—was presented at the late Sabbath School Celebration of the 4th of July, in Alexandria, with upwards of seventy youthful names signed to it. Let every parent copy it—append a strip of white paper to it—and ask all their children to sign it:—

THE PLEDGE.

This little hand
Do with our hand
The pledge now sign
To drink no wine,
Nor brandy red
To turn our head,
Nor whisky hot
That makes the sot,
Nor fiery rum
To turn our home
Into a hell,
Where none can dwell—
Whence peace would fly,
Where hope would die,
And love expire
'Mid such a fire.
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.

PUZZLE FROM S. G. W. PHILADELPHIA.

I AM a word of 12 letters;
My 11, 4, 9, is an animal small;
My 10, 4 and 5, is what we do all;
My 6, 3, 8 and 5, is not in the east;
My 8, 5, 4, 1, is a fine looking beast;
Great 4, 2 and 9, was required to make me,
And the 8, 10 and 4, tries its hardest to break me;
And my whole has by no one yet ever been seen,
Except on the ocean's bright bosom of green.

FROM J. H. B. NEWBURYPORT.

I AM a word of 12 letters. My 3d, 4th, 7th and 10th, is a time piece; my 3d, 1st, 5th, 6th and 7th is a lady's name; my 8th, 7th and 6th is a cooking utensil; my 10th, 4th, 9th and 2d, is a ferocious beast; my 8th, 11th and 6th, is a very convenient article; my 12th, 9th, 7th and 8th, is used for washing; my 8th, 4th, 5th, 6th and 9th, is a musical instrument; my 6th, 7th, 11th, 10th and 12th, are useful to carpenters. My whole is the principal town in one of the United States.

are and are not in the light; what the castle stands on; and what there is besides castle and rock.

321 Pens and inkstand standing on a book, to be drawn and slightly shaded, from the objects, which should be placed in a strong light.

*322 A monkey shaving.

323 Colour. Do those very distant trees appear of the same colour as these nearest trees? Does the grass nearest to you and the most distant grass appear of exactly the same color? Does the trunk of that tree near you appear as dark as anything in the distant ground? Does it seem darker? Do the slates or tiles of that house close to you appear to have more color than those on the house at a great distance?

*324 A man fishing.

*325 A wine-glass. The pupil may compare this sketch with the object. He may also place a wine-glass in various positions, and try to represent it.

326 A piano, or some large piece of furniture, to be drawn from the object. The pupil, in making the sketch, should be as far from the object as possible, and should first estimate the apparent length of the parts.

327 The pupil may draw a dwelling-house. He should not be very close to it when making the sketch.

328 Some particular gate, sign-post, or easy object, may be attentively observed by the child when he is out of doors, and drawn afterwards from memory.

329 The section of a chimney and chimney-pot, may be drawn. See No. 467, figs. 1 and 2.

330 A ground plan to be drawn of a cottage, consisting of a passage, two rooms, a garden in front and one behind, with a pigsty in the latter. See No. 468, fig. 2.

331 Perspective. When you are very close to a tree can you see each of the leaves that is not hid by the rest? Go a little further off, and tell me what you see. Can you see the boughs further off than the leaves? When the tree is very far off can you see the boughs? How do you know that it is a tree if you do not see the leaves or boughs? Ought you to draw and paint a near tree and a distant tree exactly alike? What difference should you make?

332 The pupil may be required to invent various forms for tea-cups, mugs, flower-pots, and objects of that description.

*333 Punch.

*334 Boy and dog.

*335 Tree and landscape.

336 A stump of a tree, or some easy object, from nature.

337 A cup and saucer, from the objects, with shading.

338 The tree and landscape, No. 335, may be tried again.

339 A flower, with a stem and few leaves, to be drawn from nature.

340 Some leaves, placed in a strong

No. 322.

STORIES ABOUT INSTINCT.

RELATED BY UNCLE THOMAS TO HIS NEPHEW HARRY.

OH, Uncle Thomas, I saw such a strange looking creature to-day. It was so ugly. It seemed to be a very large monkey, it was as big as a boy.

I heard of it, boys, though I did not see it. It was a baboon, and one of the largest of the species. It was what is called the dog-faced baboon.

Where do such animals come from, Uncle Thomas?

From Africa, John, and I believe they are not to be found elsewhere. They are fierce and mischievous creatures, and are said sometimes even to attack man, but this I believe to be an exaggeration. Immense troops of them inhabit the mountains in the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope, whence they descend in bands to plunder the gardens and orchards. In these excursions they move on a concerted plan, placing sentinels on commanding spots to give notice of the approach of an enemy. On the appearance of danger, the sentinel utters a loud yell, upon which the whole troop retreats with the utmost precipitation.

Do they carry the spoil with them when they are thus disturbed, Uncle Thomas?

When disturbed they are said to break in pieces the fruit which they have gathered, and cram it into their cheek pouches —receptacles with which nature has furnished them for keeping articles of food till they are wanted.

Le Vaillant, a traveller in Africa, had a dog-faced baboon which accompanied him on his journey, and he found its instinct of great service to him in various ways. As a sentinel he was better than any of the dogs. So quick was his sense of danger, that he often gave notice of the approach of beasts of prey, when every thing else seemed sunk in security. He was also very useful in guarding the people of the expedition from danger, from using unwholesome or poisonous fruits. The animal's name was Kees. Here is the very interesting account which his master gives of him.

"Whenever we found fruits or roots, with which my Hottentots were unacquainted, we did not touch them till Kees had tasted them. If he threw them away, we concluded that they were either of a disagreeable flavor, or of a pernicious quality, and left them untasted. The ape possesses a peculiar property, wherein he differs greatly from other animals, and resembles man,—namely, that he is by nature equally gluttonous and inquisitive. Without necessity, and without appetite, he tastes every thing that falls in his way, or that is given to him. But Kees had a still more valuable quality,—he was an excellent sentinel; for whether by day or by night he immediately sprang up on the slightest appearance of danger. By his cry, and the symptoms of fear which he exhibited, we were

No. 324.

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always apprized of the approach of an enemy, even though the dogs perceived nothing of it. The latter at length learned to rely upon him with such confidence, that they slept on in perfect tranquillity. I often took Kees with me when I went a hunting; and when he saw me preparing for sport, he exhibited the most lively demonstrations of joy. On the way he would climb into the trees, to look for gum, of which he was very fond. Sometimes he discovered to me honey, deposited in the clefts of rocks, or hollow trees. But if he happened to have met with neither honey nor gum, and his appetite had become sharp by his running about, I always witnessed a very ludicrous scene. In those cases, he looked for roots, which he ate with great greediness, especially a particular kind, which, to his cost, I also found to be very well tasted and refreshing, and therefore insisted upon sharing with him. But Kees was no fool. As soon as he found such a root, and I was not near enough to seize upon my share of it, he devoured it in the greatest haste, keeping his eyes all the while riveted on me. He accurately measured the distance I had to pass before I could get to him; and I was sure of coming too late. Sometimes however when he had made a mistake in his calculation, and I came upon him sooner than he expected, he endeavored to hide the root, in which case I compelled him, by a box on the ear, to give me up my share. But this treatment caused no malice between us; we remained as good friends as ever. In order to draw these roots out of the ground, he employed a very ingenious method, which afforded me much amusement. He laid hold of the herbage with his teeth, stemmed his fore feet against the ground, and drew back his head, which gradually pulled out the root. But if this expedient, for which he employed his whole strength, did not succeed, he laid hold of the leaves as before, as close to the ground as possible, and then threw himself heels over head, which gave such a concussion to the root, that it never failed to come out.

When Kees happened to tire on the road, he mounted upon the back of one of my dogs, who was so obliging as to carry him whole hours. One of them, which was larger and stronger than the rest, hit upon a very ingenious artifice to avoid being pressed into this piece of service. As soon as Kees leaped upon his back he stood still, and let the train pass, without moving from the spot. Kees still persisted in his intention, till we were almost out of his sight, when he found himself at length compelled to dismount, upon which both the baboon and dog exerted all their speed to overtake us. The latter however gave him the start and kept a good look-out after him, that he might not serve him in the same manner again. In fact, Kees enjoyed a certain authority with all my dogs, for which he perhaps was indebted to the superiority of his instinct. He could not endure a competitor; if any of

No. 333.

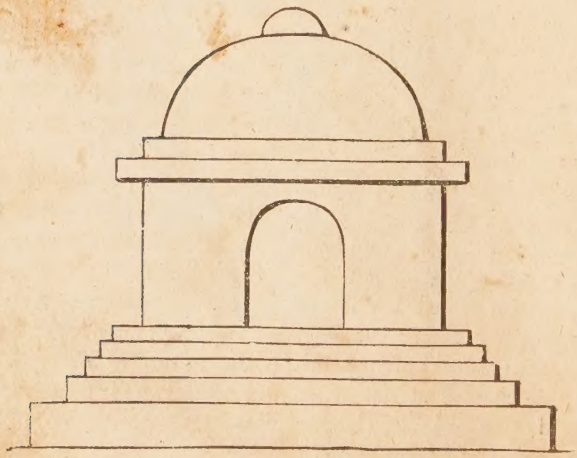
the dogs came too near him when he was eating, he gave them a box on the ear, which compelled him immediately to retire to a respectful distance.

Serpents excepted, there was no animals of whom Kees stood in such great dread as of his own species,—perhaps owing to a consciousness, that he had lost a portion of his natural capacities. Sometimes he heard the cry of the other apes among the mountains, and terrified as he was, he yet answered them. But if they approached nearer, and he saw any of them, he fled, with a hideous cry, crept between our legs, and trembled over his whole body. It was very difficult to compose him, and it required some time before he recovered from his fright.

Like all other domestic animals, Kees was addicted to stealing. He understood admirably well how to loose the strings of a basket, in order to take victuals out of it, especially milk, of which he was very fond. My people chastised him for these thefts; but they did not make him amend his conduct. I myself sometimes whipped him; but then he ran away, and did not return again to the tent, until it grew dark. Once as I was about to dine, and had put the beans, which I had boiled for myself, upon a plate, I heard the voice of a bird, with which I was not acquainted. I left my dinner standing, seized my gun, and ran out of my tent. After the space of about a quarter of an hour, I returned with the bird in my hand; but to my astonishment, found not a single bean upon the plate. Kees had stolen them all, and taken himself out of the way. When he had committed any trespass of this kind, he used always about the time I drank tea, to return quietly, and seat himself in his usual place, with every appearance of innocence, as if nothing had happened; but this evening he did not let himself be seen; and on the following day also he was not seen by any of us; and in consequence, I began to grow seriously uneasy about him, and apprehensive that he might be lost for ever, but on the third day, one of my people, who had been to fetch water, informed me that he had seen Kees in the neighborhood; but that as soon as the animal had espied him, he had concealed himself again. I immediately went out and beat the whole neighborhood with my dogs. All at once, I heard a cry, like that which Kees used to make when I returned from my shooting, and had not taken him with me. I looked about and at length espied him, endeavoring to hide himself behind the large branches of a tree. I now called him in a friendly tone of voice, and made motions to him to come down to me. But he could not trust me, and I was obliged to climb up the tree to fetch him. He did not attempt to fly, and we returned together to my quarters; here he expected to receive his punishment; but I did nothing, as it would have been of no use.

No. 334.

No. 352.



When exhausted with the heat of the sun, and the fatigues of the day, with my throat and mouth covered with dust and perspiration, I was ready to sink gasping to the ground, in tracts destitute of shade, and longed even for the dirtiest ditch water; but after seeking long in vain, lost all hopes of finding any in the parched soil. In such distressing moments, my faithful Kees never moved from my side. We sometimes got out of our carriage, and then his sure instinct led him to a plant. Frequently the stalk was fallen off, and all his endeavors to pull it out were in vain. In such cases he began to scratch in the earth with his paws; but as that would also have proved ineffectual, I came to his assistance with my dagger, or my knife, and we honestly divided the refreshing root with each other.

An officer, wishing one day to put the fidelity of my baboon, Kees, to the test, pretended to strike me. At this Kees flew in a violent rage, and, from that time, he could never endure the sight of the officer. If he only saw him at a distance, he began to cry and make all kind of grimaces, which evidently showed that he wished to revenge the insult that had been done to me; he ground his teeth, and endeavored, with all his might, to fly at his face, but that was out of his power, as he was chained down. The offender several times endeavored, in vain, to conciliate him, by offering him dainties, but he remained long implacable.

When any eatables had been pilfered at my quarters, the fault was always laid first upon Kees; and rarely was the accusation unfounded. For a time the eggs which a hen laid me were constantly stolen away, and I wished to ascertain whether I had to attribute this loss also to him. For this purpose, I went one morning to watch him, and waited till the hen announced by her cackling that she had laid an egg. Kees was sitting upon my vehicle; but the moment he heard the hen's voice he leapt down, and was running to feteh the egg. When he saw me he suddenly stopped, and affected a careless posture, swaying himself backwards and forwards upon his hind legs, and assuming a very innocent look; in short he employed all his art to deceive me with respect to his design. His hypocritical manœuvres only confirmed my suspicions, and in order in my turn to deceive him, I pretended not to attend to him, and turned my back to the bush where the hen was cackling, upon which he immediately sprang to the place. I ran after him, and came up to him at the moment when he had broken the egg, and he was swallowing it. Having caught the thief in the fact, I gave him a good beating upon the spot; but this severe chastisement did not prevent his soon stealing fresh-laid eggs again. As I was convinced that I should never be able to break Kees of his natural vices, and that, unless I chained him up every morning, I should never get an egg, I endeavored to accomplish my purpose in

another manner: I trained one of my dogs, as soon as the hen cackled, to run to the nest, and bring me the egg without breaking it. In a few days the dog had learned his lesson; but Kees, as soon as he heard the hen cackle, ran with him to the nest. A contest now took place between them, who should have the egg; often the dog was foiled, although he was the stronger of the two. If he gained the victory, he ran joyfully to me with the egg, and put it into my hand. Kees nevertheless followed him, and did not cease to grumble and make threatening grimaces at him, till he saw me take the egg,—as if he was comforted for the loss of his booty by his adversary's not retaining it for himself. If Kees had got hold of the egg, he endeavored to run with it to a tree, where, having devoured it, he threw down the shells upon his adversary, as if to make game of him. In that case, the dog returned, looking ashamed, from which I could conjecture the unlucky adventure he had met with.

Kees was always the first awake in the morning, and, when it was the proper time he awoke the dogs, who were accustomed to his voice, and, in general, obeyed without hesitation the slightest motions by which he communicated his orders to them, immediately taking their posts about the tent and carriage, as he directed them.

What a delightful companion Kees must have been, Uncle Thomas?

He must at least have been an amusing one, Frank, and not an unuseful one either. There are however great variations in this respect among the monkeys; some of them are most lively creatures, seldom sitting still for a couple of minutes, while others are retired and gloomy in their dispositions, and some are most fickle and uncertain. The fair monkey, though one of the most beautiful of the tribe, is of the latter description, as the following story will testify:—

An animal of this class, which from its extreme beauty and gentleness was allowed to ramble at liberty about a ship, soon become a great favorite among the crew, and in order to make him perfectly happy, as they imagined, they procured him a wife. For some weeks he was a devoted husband, and showed her every attention and respect. He then grew cool, and became jealous of any kind of civility shown her by the master of the vessel, and began to use her with much cruelty. His treatment made her wretched and dull; and she bore the spleen of her husband with that fortitude which is characteristic of the female sex of the human species. And pug, like the lords of creation, was up to deceit, and practised pretended kindness to his spouse, to effect a diabolical scheme, which he seemed to premeditate. One morning, when the sea ran very high, he seduced her aloft, and drew her attention to an object at some distance from the yard-arm; her attention being fixed, he all of a sudden applied his paw to her rear, and canted her into the sea, where she fell a victim to his cruelty. This seemed to

to note down in its pages every thing of interest that she read or heard. It contains many choice extracts from clever books, and some curious narratives of real facts that fell under her observation in her youth. If now you would like to hear a true story, I will read you one that will, I think, interest you very much, said Fanny.

O, pray do, dear Cousin Fanny! cried Charles eagerly, I like a true story better than any other.

And so do I, Cousin Fanny, said little Frederick, seating himself at her feet in an attitude of attention; and Fanny, turning to her precious volume, read aloud to her favorite auditors the following narrative, which is founded on a real fact.

THE MIDNIGHT FUNERAL.

Alfred and Charles Somers, the only children of a widow lady who resided at Greenwich, a good many years ago, had conceived a great wish to be present at the funeral of a certain brave Admiral, who was to be buried by torch-light in the vaults of Deptford Old Church, as the grey time-honored structure of St. Nicholas is generally called.

Mrs. Somers, who was engaged to spend the evening with a friend, and had no trusty person to send with her sons to witness this solemnity, told them that she did not consider it a proper hour for them to be abroad; that a vast concourse of people would be assembled on the occasion; and as fatal accidents frequently occurred when this was the case, she thought they were much better at home.

Alfred and Charles were highly displeased at their mother's prudent decision; and when, to put an end to their rebellious murmuring, she ordered them to go to bed, they obstinately refused either to eat their supper, or to say their prayers. The reproof and admonitions of their wise and tender mother were heard by the obdurate pair in sullen silence; and no sooner had she quitted their chamber, than Alfred said to his brother,

Charles, it is a beautiful summer evening, scarcely twilight yet, and we are only a mile from Deptford Church.

What then? asked Charles, raising himself on his elbow.

What then! repeated Alfred, pettishly, are you so dull as not to comprehend my meaning!

O! you would say that we might have seen the Admiral's funeral, if mother had not sent us to bed, which was very cross of her to do, rejoined Charles.

Yes, and it was full ten minutes before the proper time, said Alfred; but we are not babies, to be kept in bed against our will, so I shall get up, and go to see the funeral.

But what will mother say? observed Charles.

We shall be home before she is, I dare say, returned Alfred; or, if not, we can climb up the pear-tree and so get in at the window, which we will leave open in case of the worst.

Charles offered some faint objections,

but his scruples were soon over-ruled by his elder brother; so they both quitted their bed, put on their clothes, crept softly down stairs, and succeeded in stealing out of the house unobserved by the servants.

Long before the hour appointed for the funeral, the truant brothers reached the place of their destination, panting and out of breath with the needless exertions they had used, in order to arrive sufficiently early to secure advantageous places within the lofty iron gates of the cemetery.

At length it began to get very dark; crowds of people assembled together, all eager to behold the expected pageant; and after a delay, which Alfred and Charles had considered interminable, a long line of gleaming lights in the distance, indicated the approach of the funeral procession. First came two mutes on horseback, in long mourning cloaks and hatbands, bearing black banners, followed by others with flambeaus. These preceded the hearse, which was drawn by six horses with black ostrich feathers on their heads. It was covered with escutcheons, and surmounted with nodding sable plumes, and followed by a long train of mourning coaches. A cavalcade of noblemen and gentlemen's carriages, extending for nearly two miles, brought up the rear. It was now quite dark, and the heavy and monotonous tolling of the bells in the old grey tower of the church, increased the solemnity of the scene.

Alfred and Charles Somers began to think they should not greatly relish their midnight walk home, after their stolen expedition, for their imaginations began to be affected with superstitious terrors, and notwithstanding the presence of a multitude, they from time to time glanced uneasily round them; so true it is, that the wicked are afraid where no fear is. Then the concourse of people too was so considerable, that they stood but little chance of seeing what was to them the greatest object of curiosity, the superb coffin of the Admiral, which they learned, from the exclamations of those who were so fortunate as to obtain a peep, was covered with rich crimson velvet, and adorned with silver gilt nails and plates, emblazoned with the arms of the deceased. They heard, moreover, that the uniform, hat, and sword, of this brave man were placed on the bier. Resolving, at all events, to behold so interesting a sight, they succeeded in following the mourners and thronging spectators into the church, where they heard the dead march in Saul, and a solemn dirge played on the organ, as the bier was carried down the central aisle; but as for seeing any thing, they were here, as in the churchyard, so completely overtopped by a mass of taller people than themselves, that they found it impossible to obtain the slightest glimpse. Fainting with heat, almost stifled by the pressure of those who hemmed them in on every side, exposed to the most imminent danger of being squeezed or trampled to

death, the two culprits already suffered some of the penalties of their offence, without any chance of satisfying that curiosity, for the gratification of which they had risked so much. At length they heard a diminutive man near them observe to his companion, 'Our only chance of obtaining a view of the Admiral's coffin, will be by getting into the vaults, and waiting till they are sufficiently cleared to admit of our approach.'

Alfred and Charles immediately determined to adopt this plan, and edging themselves close to this person, they availed themselves of his efforts to make a passage through the crowd till they finally gained an entrance into the vaults, or crypt, under the church, where the remains of the Admiral were to be deposited.

This subterranean chamber was lighted up for the occasion with pieces of wax candle, distributed at some little distance from each other in iron sconces, along the dusky walls. These burning dimly in the murky unwholesome air of the place, only served to render darkness visible; but when the funeral procession began to descend the stairs, the blaze of nearly a hundred flambeaus occasioned a brilliant illumination, and dispelled the chill of terror that had crept over the young Somers on entering this abode of death. It was not however till the funeral obsequies were ended, and the mourners and the greater portion of the spectators had departed, that the boys were enabled to enjoy a full view of the coffin. They then approached, and, unconscious that the last of the lingerers had withdrawn, they continued to examine its superb decorations and escutcheons with childish delight, till the sudden clapping of heavy doors, which resounded like thunder through the crypt, followed by the harsh grating of the ponderous key in the rusty lock, recalled them to recollection, and, perceiving with some uneasiness that they two were alone in the vault, they hastily ascended the stairs, for the purpose of departing also; but their alarm and horror may be imagined, on discovering that the doors were already shut, and fastened on the outside, rendering egress impossible. It was to no purpose that they called for help, and beat against the massy doors with all their strength; the sound of their voices, and the feeble echoes of their blows, were lost in the confused noise of the receding multitude.

Alfred and Charles heard, in breathless dismay, the rush of footsteps and the roll of wheels as the carriages that had attended the funeral drove off, which at first resembled the roar of distant thunder, becoming more and more faint between every pause—in their desperate efforts to make themselves heard by those without, till at length all was silent—awfully silent—and they remained the only living creatures among the dead of ages. Scarcely daring to glance round these gloomy depositaries of the fading relicks of mortality, they clung to each other in terror, lifted up their voices and wept. Wept, do I say? they sobbed, they shriek-

ed, they uttered the bitterest lamentations, as one by one the wax-lights burned out, rendering the aspect of the dreary place in which they were immured, more and more dismal. Any person of common prudence would, doubtless, in the first instance, have collected all these precious pieces of candle from their respective sconces, and carefully husbanded them, by allowing only one to burn at the same time, and thus light might have been preserved for some hours, by the aid of which they might possibly have been enabled to discover some outlet for escape; but these foolish boys, had they even thought of such an expedient, were too much under the excitement of superstitious fancies, to venture to traverse the piles of mouldering coffins, that were arranged in sable array before them, for the purpose of securing the wasting tapers from the remote corners of the vault, whose shadowy obscurity was more appalling to them than the vicinity of the stairs, which they never quitted. At length the last candle, after flashing fitfully in its socket for some moments, died away, leaving them in utter darkness. It was then that these unhappy boys began, as the guilty generally do, to upbraid each other in their distress.

O, Alfred, exclaimed Charles, if it had not been for your wicked advice, I should have been at this moment fast asleep in my own comfortable bed at home, instead of being shut up in this dismal place, where something dreadful will happen to me, I know.

I am sure, Charles, you were quite as ready to go as I was to propose going, so pray don't think of laying all the blame on me, for you were not forced to follow my bad advice you know, returned Alfred, weeping. Besides, Charles, you were the first that refused to say your prayers to-night, which poor mother said 'would provoke God's wrath.' We little thought at that time, how heavily it would fall upon us.

O, dear! O, dear! cried Charles, if I were only out of this dismal place, how good I would try to be for the rest of my life.

Alas! there was little probability of these wretched boys being delivered from their doleful prison, where, involved in darkness and horror, they experienced all the pangs that remorse and terror could inflict. That night, that fearful night, was rendered more terrible to them by a dreadful tempest which raged with great fury.

My young friends may picture to themselves the state of mind in which these unhappy boys passed the dismal hours, till the tempest died away, and a few grey streaks of light, stealing through the lofty gratings above them, indicated that it was morning. But what was morning to them? Its beams brought no prospect, no hope of deliverance, from the gloomy dungeon in which they were shut out from the world. It was in vain that they exalted their voices, in frantic cries for help, and kicked or struck against the door of the vault. No one

heard them—no one suspected the place of their imprisonment: their crime had brought its own punishment; and the artful manner in which they had conducted the circumstances of their escape, in order to elude pursuit, would, they felt assured, preclude all chance of their poor mother guessing their present situation. She was at that moment, they imagined, divided between indignation at their lawless absence, and anxiety for their safety, and as they well knew, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' searching for them in every probable direction.

But O! said Alfred, weeping bitterly, she does not, she cannot guess the extent of our present misery. We shall die a dreadful death, in this frightful place, and she will not know what has become of us, but will continue to expect us home from day to day, till our mouldering remains are discovered, the next time these dismal vaults are opened for another funeral, and then every one will learn the sad fate of the disobedient brothers.

And must we really die, brother Alfred? cried Charles, clinging to him in an agony that baffles description.

I see no other prospect, said Alfred, in a low, hoarse voice, for even if it were possible for us to exist many days in this impure air, we have no food.

O! cried Charles, and I am so hungry too. How glad should we be now of the smallest morsel of that supper, which we rebelliously refused to eat, on purpose to vex mother; and here they both wept afresh.

At intervals, through that long cheerless day, they endeavored to make themselves heard, but their attempts were fruitless as before, and the pangs of hunger and thirst were added in no slight degree to the agony of mind they suffered. Another night of horror succeeded, and they gave themselves up to despair, till exhausted with excessive weeping, they towards morning sunk into a stupor rather than sleep, sitting on the cold damp steps of the vault, with their arms entwined about each other. From this state of forgetfulness they were roused by a sound that appeared to them the sweetest music they had ever heard—it was the bells chiming for morning prayers, for it was Wednesday morning. They heard also the echo of steps in the aisles of the church above them, and simultaneously exerting all the strength that yet remained to them, they called for assistance, and kicked against the door with desperate vehemence. They then paused, and listened;—but all was silent in the church—the bells had ceased, and every other sound had died away. Their new-born hopes of rescue expired. They appeared only to have been excited, to increase the bitterness of that death which now seemed inevitable; and again they wept and implored the mercy of God, with agonizing supplications, till they had neither tears nor words left.

Hark! cried Alfred, starting from the

recumbent posture in which he had been crouching on the topmost step of the vault, with his ear to the door, I hear a noise in the church again,—now, Charles, join with me in shouting as loud as you can; but Charles made no reply. Come, Charles, come ! don't be faint-hearted now, it is for life, remember ! continued Alfred, groping in the dark for the arm of his silent brother which he shook impatiently. But the cry which he now raised, was one more piercing than any which the united voices of both had yet uttered, for the arm of Charles sunk powerlessly, as he relinquished it, and his form rolled a dull and helpless weight to the bottom of the steps.

O, he is dead ! he shrieked, *I* tempted him to do evil; wretch that I was ! and the wages of sin are death.

Alfred Somers was in that dreadful moment unconscious of the sound of approaching footsteps and voices—till he started on hearing the grating of a key in that long inexorable lock, and the clattering of hastily drawn back bolts. One brief half hour before, and rapturously would he have hailed those welcome sounds ! but now, when the expanding portals admitted the fresh air and blessed light of heaven into his gloomy prison, he turned away his sickening gaze, and exclaiming, O, Charles, Charles ! sunk fainting on the pale insensible form that was now revealed to his sight.

His first sensation, when long-suspended animation was restored, was a confused recollection of images of horror, but his next was heartfelt gratitude to Heaven, for the mercy that had been vouchsafed to him, when he beheld his brother Charles in a sound sleep beside him, and his poor mother hanging over them with tears of joy. He would have spoken, to implore her forgiveness; but she placed her hand on his lips and told him, that the doctor had enjoined profound silence in his present weak state.

I can perceive your contrition in your looks, continued she, and therefore I will not chide you; you have both been severely punished for your fault, and all I can say is 'Sin no more, lest a worse thing befal you.'

Thus ends grandmother's narrative, said Fanny; but she adds a word or two to explain that the persons who came to open the church for morning prayers, hearing a noise in the vaults, were greatly alarmed, and ran to inform the minister of the circumstance, who, conjecturing that some one had been inadvertently shut in on the night of the funeral, hastened to search into the matter, which occasioned the fortunate deliverance of the truant brothers.

They were very near paying a dreadful penalty for their disobedience. I hope you will apply the moral of the tale to your own case, when you feel tempted to act in opposition to the will of those who are the best judges of that which is proper for you, added Cousin Fanny, as she closed the book.

From a small Book of Poems, called "Little Derwent's Breakfast," which the preface tells us was written for the amusement of a child seven years old, we select the following :—

EARLY RISING.

Up, up with the cock when he cheerily crows,
When nature awakes from her night's repose.
He calls the farmer—'Come guide the plough'—
He calls the maiden—'Come milk the cow.'
Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the lark when he soars on high,
And carols his morning song to the sky;
Follow him forth o'er each balmy field,
And taste the health-giving air they yield.
Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the bee 'in the hour of prime,'
Who tells little boys how to value their time:
His books are the flowers on which he feeds,
He sips the honey—but leaves the weeds.
Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the ant, who no minute will lose,
While the sun is shining, her stores to choose.
In youth and summer she labors and strives—
In age and winter how happy she lives.
Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Then up with the birds the bright sun to see,
With the working ant, and the busy bee;
Leave dull sloth with his drowsy head,
Don't let him come to *your* little bed:
Begin, like the birds, with a song of praise,
Go on, like the insects, in wisdom's ways,
You'll be good, and happy, and merry as they.
Up, up, little Derwent, away, away!

WIN AND WISP.

A STORY OF TWO LITTLE BEES.

There were two little bees from a busy hive,
Whom I watch'd go out and in:
The name of the one was '*Will o' the Wisp*,'
And the other was '*Work and Win*.'

As *Win* and *Wisp* went forth one day,
The honied cups to find,

I saw each take a different way,
Like boys of differing mind.

Wisp was peeping his idle phiz
In all the gaudiest flowers;
He flutter'd, and buzz'd, and flew around,
Wasting the morning hours:

Whilst *Win* kept on a steady pace,
Humming a cheerful tune,
He sought the woodbine's favor'd place,
And work'd from morn till noon.

He watch'd where the sun had drunk the dew,
That he might not clog his wing;
And well from each nectar-drop he knew
A precious store to bring.

While yet the sun shone bright and gay,
He busily took his fill;
For those who will not when they may,
Oft may not when they will!

And when he thus came laden home,
To the House of Industry,
The fair Queen smil'd to see him come,
And call'd him her busy bee.

But *Wisp*—the idler—the truant one,
Had loitered away the hours,
Till the rain was come, and the sun was gone,
And clos'd were all the flowers!

With his task undone, and his wings all wet,
At the door of the hive he stood,
But the angry Queen Bee would not let
Such a lazy drone intrude:

For an idle bee, like an idle boy,
May lead the rest astray;
And they who their master's praise enjoy
Must choose the golden way.

Happily, merrily live the bees,
Who the choicest honey make,
Happily, merrily live the boys
Who the greatest pains will take.

THE VALLEY.

Furnished for this work by LOWELL MASON, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music.

Slowly. p
cres.
1. In the quiet peace - ful vale, Where the flow'rs their sweets exhale, Blithe and gay, Every
m
f
dim. p
cres.
m
f
dim.
day, I have joys that need not fail, Blithe and gay, Every day, I have joys that need not fail.

2

There a silver streamlet flows ;
O'er its pebbly bed it goes
Hast'ning by,
Merrily,
While the bushes round it close.

3

Meadows smile in shining green ;
While the flocks, so white and clean,
Skip and play,
All the day,
Till the starry night comes on.

4

Softly blows the morning breeze,
Sing the birds and hum the bees :
Sweet the night,
When the light
Fades around the forest trees.

5

All is mild and gentle here,
Free from danger, free from fear ;
Peace and love
From above
Shine upon us all the year.

THE CRICKET.

WHAT voice is singing in the grass,
So merrily all day?
In every field where'er I pass,
It never seems away.

It is the Cricket's blithesome sound,
And yet no *voice* has he;
'Tis only with his little wing
He tells us of his glee.

His house is but a tiny cell,
Down in the hedge-row made;
Where hazel-boughs and wild-flowers sweet
His pathway over-shade.

Green as the grass, he scarce is seen
Among the leaves around;
And if he heard your footstep near,
He'd hide within the ground.

Thus all the summer long he sings,
And sips the dewy flower;
For every day that rises brings
New gladness to his bower.

While we that hear his merry song,
May its intention guess,
And think that sound from mead to mead
Speaks of his happiness.

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PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

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PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

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THE PELICAN.

THE wood-cut represents a group of pelicans, drawn from specimens in the Zoological Gardens. The bird is familiar to most persons ; for it has long been a favorite of the showman, who sometimes astonishes his visiters by placing his head under the large membrane, or bag, of the lower mandible, and then drawing it over his skull, like a cap. The showman is not only ready to perform this feat ; but delights to tell his audience those wonderful stories which are popularly associated with the history of the pelican, and which indeed have been as attractive to the old writers of natural history, and to the poets, as to the most credulous and uninstructed. Nobody perhaps now believes that this singular bird feeds its young with its blood, although the pictures of the travelling menageries give us the most faithful representations of such a surprising circumstance ; but there are many who consider that the use which the pelican makes of its great bag is, to carry a provision of water to its young across the desert. The real history of the pelican contradicts these fancies ; they belong to poetry and romance, in which they may be beautifully employed. The notion that the mother-bird carries water across the desert has been adorned with many curious details,—such as that she pours out the grateful supply into her rocky nest—that her young there bathe themselves—and that the beasts of the forest insinctively seek out the spot, and having assuaged their thirst, leave the pelican family unmolested. Southey has told this story in his Thalaba :—

> 'The desert pelican had built her nest
> In that deep solitude,
> And now, returned from distant flight,
> Fraught with the river stream,
> Her load of water had disburthen'd there ;
> Her young in the refreshing bath
> Dipt down their callow heads,
> Fill'd the swoln membrane from their plumeless throat
> Pendant, and bills yet soft ;
> And buoyant with arch'd breast,
> Plied in unpractis'd stroke
> The oars of their broad feet.
> They, as the spotted prowler of the wild
> Laps the cool wave, around their mother crowd,
> And nestle underneath her outspread wings.
> The spotted prowler of the wild
> Lapt the cool wave, and satiate, from the nest,
> Guiltless of blood, withdrew.'
>
> THALABA, book v.

Pelicans are residents upon the banks of rivers and lakes, and upon the sea-coasts. They habitually feed on fish, although they will sometimes devour reptiles and small quadrupeds. They are capable of rapid flight, and have an extraordinary power of ascending on high. This power is called into action by their mode of fishing. When they perceive,

from their elevated position, a fish, or fishes, on the surface of the water, they dart down with inconceivable rapidity, and flapping their large wings so as to stun their prey, fill their pouches, and then retire to the shore to satisfy their voracious appetites. The fish thus carried away in the pouch undergo a sort of maceration before they are received in the stomach; and this grinding process renders the food fit for the young birds. No doubt the sanguinary traces which this operation leaves upon the plumage of the mother, have given birth to the fable that she feeds her nestlings with her blood.

The pelicans, as well as the cormorants, sometimes rest perched upon the branches of trees; but they never build their nests in such a position. They always select a fracture of a rock, as near as possible to water. The male and female both labor to construct this nest, which is large and deep, and lined with moss and downy feathers. The female lays from two to four eggs, upon which she sits with unwearied patience for 43 days, receiving sustenance from the male during the whole time. The young birds are first gray; but their feathers attain their splendid white color after the third moulting.

There are several species of pelican, of which the white, or common, bears the scientific name of *Pelicanus onocrotalus*. They are found either in flocks, or singly, principally in Asia, Africa, and South America, and sometimes in the south of Europe.

PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF JENNY CAREFUL AND JANE CARELESS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

LET not young ladies who enjoy the distinction of very pretty names be offended at the extreme plainness of those which stand at the head of this piece; for though, I confess, they do not sound very grand, yet the families of *Careless* and *Careful* came into England long before the Conquest; and kings and queens have acknowledged relationship to both.

There are indeed those who believe that Charles the First and James the Second lost their crowns and kingdoms because of their unfortunate connexion with old *Careless*, an ill-conducted and dangerous person, who has his places of residence in all lands, and who mixes more or less with every class of society—very much to the annoyance of the *Carefuls*, who have always conducted themselves in a thoughtful, useful, and praiseworthy manner wherever they have been found; abiding by the several laws and regulations which from time to time have been made and enacted for the well-being of society and the promotion of happiness. As to the *Carlesses*, I do

not like to write so much about them, for many of the family are distant relatives of mine, and they would think it very hard indeed if I were to publish their sins of omission or commission in this pretty little book. I must however proceed to introduce my young readers to one of them. Jenny Careless, a cheerful, good-tempered girl, came, some years ago, to the house of a very amiable lady called Mrs. Medium, who, the day before Jenny's arrival, had been favored by a visit from Jane Careful, an excellent, well-bred, and somewhat sedate maiden, about Miss Jenny's age—that is to say, about thirteen.

Mrs. Medium's butler could not help remarking to Mrs. Thrifty, the housekeeper, 'that Mrs. Jenny was altogether a different person from Miss Jane, for that Miss Jenny jumped out of the carriage without ever looking at the steps, so that she tumbled down and knocked the tip of her nose against the iron scraper; whereas Miss Jane stepped well and lightly, looking before her, and minding what she was about.'

'It's all true enough,' said Sam, the footman, who, from his very discreet behaviour, was designated, 'Sober Sam;' 'It is really astonishing to see the difference between these two young ladies—there is something so kind and hearty-like about Miss Jenny that I can't help admiring her, though she certainly is by many degrees the most troublesome young lady that ever sat down to table. She is ever making her knife do the business of her fork, spilling her soup, soiling her frock, thrusting her elbows against her neighbors, and scraping the polish off my beautiful legs—my table-legs, I mean—with her feet.'

'Well,' replied Mrs. Thrifty, 'all I say is, commend me to Miss Jane; I dread the very thoughts of any of those Carelesses coming into the house. But Miss Careful is just the same as her mother, grandmother, and all her aunts before her;—derryme! but it was a credit and a comfort to see them here; all so well dressed, all so neat, all so clean, so orderly, so well behaved—careful by name, careful by nature. Oh! they were, as I said, and will be, as I now say, a credit and a comfort to the world's end.'

While such dialogues as this were heard in the servants' hall, Miss Jane and Miss Jenny were up stairs in their cheerful and pretty room, preparing to dress for an evening party of young ladies, whom their kind hostess had invited to meet them; the two girls were to sleep in the same chamber, and very neat their white beds looked in the evening sun. Jane had arranged her frock, stockings, gloves, scarf, band, and handkerchief, on her bed, so that all things were ready; and the contents of her trunk had been deposited in her chest of drawers—a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Jenny had suffered her box to remain in the centre of the room; and there she was on her knees before it, puffing and rummaging, thrusting her hands down

to the bottom, and pulling up now a glove, next a shoe, then a sash, and at last succeeding in dragging out a very pretty muslin dress; but by the time it saw the fair light, it was as deeply wrinkled as an elephant's forehead. Jane looked at her watch—

'You have been rather more than an hour confusing these things, dear Jenny; and it only took me twenty minutes to arrange my drawers.'

'You will be a particular old maid,' replied Jenny; answering her friend by an idle taunt which she herself did not very well understand.

'I might be worse,' said Jane.

'Worse—how worse?' exclaimed her companion.

'Why, I might be a *slovenly* old maid.'

Jenny laughed, and looked up, and drew on a silk stocking.

'How badly that stocking sits! why, it is like a bag round your ancle,' said Jane.

'I can't help it,' replied Jenny; 'there is a great hole above my shoe, and I was 'coaxing' it under my heel. Surely you wouldn't have me be seen with a hole in my stocking?'

'No, I would not *have* a hole there; for shame, Jenny! Why did you not mend it?'

I forgot to say that Jenny had found two stockings and but one satin slipper; so, accordingly, she set off to look for the other about the room. While she was so employed, Jane was dressing herself; and before Jenny had found her shoe, Jane was nearly ready.

'O dear, O dear!' exclaimed the giddy girl, 'why, you are almost dressed; what shall I do? what shall I do?' And then she gave a loud scream.

'What is the matter, dear Jenny?' inquired Miss Careful; 'can I help you in any way?'

'Oh, look at my foot and my stocking, and my stocking and my foot, all over wet soap-suds!'

And she held up her foot, as my pretty greyhound does, when she fancies it has been injured.

'I told you how it would be,' said Jane; 'when you were emptying your basin into the jar just now; instead of taking off the cover, you only pushed it on one side, consequently it was not sufficiently open, and the suds were spilt. Change your stockings directly, or you will catch cold.'

'O, Jane, dear Jane!' exclaimed Miss Careless, 'what shall I do? what shall I do? Why, my other stockings are all in holes. O my! O my! I wish I had followed your advice.'

'I will lend you a pair of mine with pleasure,' said Jane, who, to confess a truth, was not usually so good-natured as Jenny.

'Thank you, dear Jane, but what should I do if I broke your stocking?'

'I suppose you would mend it, Jenny —at least you ought.'

'I think you would want me to do so —but,' she added, sighing, 'I don't think

I could; so I had better not take your stocking. And here I have found my shoe; dear me, who would think of its laying this way on the top of my bonnet!'

Jane shook her head, and her hair looked so beautiful, so sunny, and so well arranged, that Jenny could not avoid praising it, which she did heartily.

'Your hair is both more abundant and more luxuriant than mine,' replied Jane; 'but you do not take the trouble with it that you ought.'

'Trouble!' exclaimed Jenny; 'O how I do hate trouble!'

'I do not think any of us like trouble in the abstract,' said Jane; 'but its fruits are very sweet; it is the true zest of all earthly enjoyment; the acid of life, without which our existence would be all too sweet.'

Jenny laughed. 'Abstract, zest, acid!' she repeated; then added, 'why, Jane, I must be industrious for once, and look out the meaning of all these fine words in the dictionary, to understand you.'

'A very good plan,' replied Jane, seriously. 'A very good plan it is for young persons like us to refer to a dictionary whenever we meet with a word which we do not quite comprehend. I always do; it prevents my making mistakes.'

'O my! O my!' again exclaimed Jenny aloud—'what shall I do now? O my! here's this nasty big hook won't go into this little eye! and there are nothing but black hooks in my work-box; and not a needle that can carry twelve-six-cord cotton to sew this tape in my frock! And, O my! O my! I have not got a bit of tape, only flat bobbin!'

'I really do not think you know what you have or have not in your box, it is so confused. Give it me, and I will sew in one of my hooks, and a piece of tape; it is throwing away time to expect that flat bobbin to answer.'

'It will do, thank you, dear Jane,' she replied, heedless of her advice; 'I assure you it will do—there, I knew it would.' And after what is called much 'make-shift' on the part of Jenny, the two young ladies descended safely to the ball-room. Safely?—safely—no; for Jenny's sandal came off, and though Miss Careful offered to sew it on, still she could only be prevailed upon to pin it in! Poor Miss Careless was the same in all things!

I do most sincerly hope that none of the masters and misses Careless who read this little story will shelter themselves under the observation of—'Well I am not so bad as that: well, I do not do this, nor that.' If they are not *quite* as bad as my Miss Jenny, I dare say it is because they have good careful mothers or attentive nurses to look after them. And a sad life, I will answer for it, they lead their kind friends; and a great deal of confusion, I venture to say, they create wherever they go.

But we must enter the ball-room, although I honestly confess that I am no friend to children's balls; I love rather to see them amuse themselves in any other way, but will not now touch upon

a subject for which hereafter I hope to be able to win the attention of their mothers and governesses.

'How neat and nice Miss Careful looks, and how well she dances!' said one lady.

'Nay, I think her very stiff,' said another: 'stiff, and even formal; I prefer that young girl's manner infinitely—the pretty merry girl.'

'With the ill-fitting dress? If she were more neatly attired, she would appear very lovely indeed.'

'How shameful!' exclaimed a third; 'Miss Dalla's dress has been perfectly spoiled by a pin that stuck out of Miss Jenny Careless's shoe, and caught the poor little thing's frock in the turn of a quadrille.'

'I am told,' said a fourth, 'that Miss Careless sings very sweetly, but she forgot to bring her music with her.'

These observations were mingled with many others, painful, because unfortunately true. Poor Jenny, whose beauty and winning manners made her an object of admiration at first, became the laughing-stock of the company: many of them, and, to confess the truth, her relations, amused themselves at her expense; the hole in her stocking, which, to use her own term, she had *coaxed* under her shoe, soon made its appearance in more than primitive deformity; the bobbin-string gave way, and displayed a torn slip and a half-laced bodice. What need to recapitulate? Before the evening amusements were half exhausted, she had retired to her room, sighing, sobbing, and ashamed! *ashamed*—but, sorry am I to say, not *reformed.*

Sad indeed was it that even Jane's steady and uniform exertions produced but little effect on Jenny's *habits;* though she confessed herself often in the *wrong*, yet she wanted strength of mind to persevere in the *right.* And, marrying in early life a cousin of her own, she continued in her old course—did I say *continued?* I said what was not correct. My dear young friends, we none of us remain exactly as we were—we either improve or retrograde. Jenny grew worse and worse. She was not an unkind mother, and yet many of her dear little ones died for want of proper attention. She was an affectionate wife, and yet her husband and herself managed to dissipate a very handsome fortune. They *made* friends, but they could never *keep* them. Like the stitch in her stocking, which widened into a hole, so did her bad habits increase, until, in extreme poverty and old age, she was beholden to her early friend Jane for the common necessaries of life.

Jane did not marry at so early an age as Jenny, but she wedded a very excellent and honorable merchant, with rather an odd name. I am sure you will smile, for his name was Prudence—James Prudence! And many a laugh Mistress Careless had about him, because of what she called his odd ways; yet, in the end, the Careless family were indebted to the house of Prudence for support.

VIVY VAIN.

WRITTEN FOR PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

MISS VAIN was all given to dress—
Too fond of gay clothing; and so,
She'd gad about town
Just to show a new gown,
As a train-band their color would show.

Her head being empty and light,
Whenever she had a new hat,
With pride in her air,
She'd go round here and there,
For all whom she knew to see that.

Her folly was chiefly in this—
More highly to value fine looks
Than virtue or truth,
Or devoting her youth
To usefulness, friendship, or books.

Her passion for show was unchecked;
And therefore it happened, one day,
Arrayed in bright hues,
And with new hat and shoes,
Miss Vain walked abroad for display.

She took the most populous streets,
To cause but aversion in those
Who saw how she'd prinked,
And to bystanders winked;
While the boys cried, 'Halloo, there she goes!'

It chanced that, in passing one way,
She came near a pool and a green
With fence close and high;
And as Vivy drew nigh,
A donkey stood near it unseen.

He put forth his mouth o'er its top,
The moment she came by his place,
And gave a loud bray
In her ear, when, away
She sprang, shrieked, and fell on her face.

She thought she was swallowed alive,
Awhile upon earth lying flat:
And the terrible sound
Seemed to furrow the ground
She embraced, in her fine gown and hat.

She gathered herself up, and ran,
Yet heeded not whither or whence,
To flee from the roar
That continued to pour
Behind her, from over the fence.

In passing a slope near the pool,
She slipped, rolling down to its brim;
The geese gave a shout,
And at length hissed her out
Of the bounds where they'd gathered to swim.

In turning a corner, she met,
Abruptly, the horns of a cow
That mooed, while the cur
At her heels, turned from her
And aimed at Miss Vain his 'bow-wow.'

Then Vivy's bright ribbons and skirt
As she flew, flirted high on the wind;
And the children from play
Paused, to watch one so gay,
And all in a flutter behind.

A group of young school-boys came by:
Said they, 'So it seems, that to-day
Miss Vain carries marks
At which the dog barks,
And that make sober 'Long-Ears to bray.'

And when all bedraggled and pale,
Poor Vivy approached her own door,
She went swift and straight
As a dart, through the gate,
Abhorring the fine gear she wore.

She sat down and thought of the scene
With humiliation and tears.
The words and the noise
Of the brutes and the boys,
Were echoing still in her ears.

She reasoned, and came at the cause,
Resolving that cause to remove.
And thence her desire
Was for modest attire,
And her mind and her heart to improve.

So they who had known her before,
Remarked on the change and the gain
In dress, and in mein,
And in mind, that were seen
In the once flashy Miss Vivy Vain.

Newburyport, 1839.

Those days are lost in which we do no good: those worse than lost, in which we do evil.

light, may be drawn from nature, and carefully shaded.

341 The pupil may attempt to draw a group of two or three children from nature, in simple rough outline.

342 An easy church or building, to be drawn from nature.

343 The tree and landscape, No. 335, may be drawn from memory.

344 Some leaves, placed in a strong light, and on white paper, to be drawn from nature, and shaded, with the shadow also on the paper.

345 Perspective. Let the pupil watch a person at a considerable distance who is gradually approaching, so that the appearance of age, size, dress, &c., at different distances, may be perceived and stated. The same exercise may be performed with various animals. Let the pupil go to a great distance from a tree, and gradually approach it, giving an account of the appearances at five or six distances. The same thing may be done with a cottage, cow, &c. The exercise may then be reversed, by beginning near, and ending far off the object, which is more difficult.

346 Two or three shells and stones, arranged tastefully, and drawn from nature.

347 An old woman, to be sketched quickly and roughly from nature.

348 A book placed diagonally towards the pupil should be drawn.

349 Various forms for vases, flower-pots, &c., to be invented.

350 A pattern to be invented for a hearth-rug.

351 The pupil's own left hand, to be drawn from nature.

*352 A building in outline.

*353 A cow.

*354 A fisherman.

*355 Bird's head.

356 A man, to be drawn quickly and roughly from nature.

357 A book, to be drawn in various positions from the object.

358 A stool or chair should be drawn from the object, which should not be placed very close to the pupil.

359 The boy in a barrel, No. 131, from memory.

360 The duck, No. 133, from memory.

361 The face in profile, No. 134, from memory; also the same face looking in the opposite direction.

362 The outline of a face in profile, from nature.

363 Various forms for inkstands and lamps to be invented.

364 The bull's head, No. 139, to be drawn half the size of the copy; also exactly twice the size and three times the size.

365 A table, to be drawn from the object.

366 A spoon, to be drawn from the object, with shading and shadow.

367 A group, consisting of pen, pencil, India-rubber, and knife, or of a few simple objects of any kind arranged so as to look well, to be drawn, with shading.

368 The pupil may draw the copies,

Nos. 1 to 6, with the greatest possible rapidity consistent with correctness.

*369 A turkey.

*370 A girl. (Morland.)

*371 A castle shaded.

372 Perspective. A square box or cube may be examined in front, on each side, and from above and below, and also when the edge and when the corner are nearest the pupil, who should observe its various appearances; and the following questions may also be asked: What is the greatest number of sides you can see at once?—and the least number? When you place the box in front, and the top edge level with your eye, what sides do you see?—also when it is in front and above your eye?—in front and below your eye?—on each side, both above and below the eye? When you see three sides, does each side appear an exact square? What shape does each side then appear of? When you see two sides, do they appear squares? The pupil may be exercised in a similar manner with an oblong box, a thick book, and other objects which have regular plane sides.

373 Two or three simple flowers in a group or bunch, to be drawn from memory.

374 The whole of a grate, fire-place, and mantel-shelf, to be drawn from the objects.

375 The most distant half of a room, to be drawn by the pupil standing at the opposite end.

376 A castle, consisting of a large round tower in the centre, a high wall in front, and a smaller round tower at each end, to be drawn by the pupil from the description.

377 The bridge, No. 385, to be described in words, or a written description to be given of it.

378 The copies, Nos. 8, 9, 11, 12, 14 and 15, to be drawn as rapidly as possible, first of the size of the copies, and afterwards half the size.

379 A section to be made of a chest of drawers. See No. 467, fig. 1. 2.

380 The swan, No. 144, and rabbit, No. 154, to be drawn from recollection, and corrected by the copies.

381 A shawl or handkerchief hung on a chair-back, with a few large folds well marked by the light, to be drawn from the object.

382 The woman, No. 152, to be copied as quickly as possible, and afterwards to be drawn from memory, one-half the size of the copy.

383 Two or three flowers, well arranged in a small cup or phial, to be drawn from nature.

*384 Boy and girl running.

*385 A bridge.

*386 A dog.

*387 A chair, in perspective. The copy should be carefully compared with a chair in the same position before the child draws it.

388 A cat or dog, to be drawn from life.

389 An old tree, with a few branches and no leaves, to be drawn from nature.

No. 335.

PETER PARLEY'S TALES ABOUT CANADA.

[A little volume under this title has just appeared in England, from which we select the following story. If not strictly correct in some minor historical points, the tale is descriptive of Indian warfare and sagacity; and will, we think, be interesting to our young readers, though *we guess* not written by the real Peter Parley.]

FRANCE reinforced her Canadian garrisons [in 1758]; but Pitt, earl of Chatham, then prime minister, infused such a noble spirit into the councils of the king and the British people, that it was resolved to invade Canada, and expel the French; twenty ships of the line, twelve frigates, two fifty-gun ships, and fourteen smaller vessels, were destined for this enterprise. The force was divided, so as to make an attack in three points, but Quebec was the chief point of attack. The forces for this place were under the command of the heroic General Wolfe, and amounted to about eight thousand men. The Marquis de Montcalm made vigorous preparations for defending Quebec; his force consisted of about thirteen thousand men. Wolfe made an attack on his entrenchments, which were arranged from the falls of Montmorenci to the river St. Lawrence, with a view of opposing the landing of the British forces. Wolfe was unsuccessful in this first attack, having 182 men killed, and 450 wounded. In consequence of this repulse, he sent despatches to England, stating his doubts of being able to reduce Quebec during that campaign.

While the army of Wolfe was uncertain as to how it should proceed, it was open to continual aggressions and annoyances, not so much from the regular troops of the French, as from the Indian warriors or hunters, whom they had enlisted into their service. These sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and, with their arrows, rifles, and tomahawks, committed deadly waste upon the British army, surprising their sentinels, cutting off stragglers, and even when the alarm was given, and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness, that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses, whither it was dangerous to follow them.

In order to limit as far as possible this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honor, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station sentinels some miles in the woods, and keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was at this time stationed upon the confines of an almost boundless savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The sentinels were perpetu-

No. 353.

No. 354.

ally surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their stations, without communicating any alarm or being heard of afterwards.

Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except upon one or two occasions a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery; and suggested, as an unanswerable argument, that the men, thus surprised, ought at least to have fired off their muskets and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts; others, who could not be brought to consider it treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery which time would reveal.

One morning, the sentinels having been placed as usual over night, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post, which extended to a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great, but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man and departed, wishing him better luck. 'You need not be afraid,' said the poor fellow with warmth; 'and I have too much British blood in me for that.'

The relief company returned to the guard-house. The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and at the appointed time the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the guard was gone! They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance; another man was left, and again at the appointed time the guard visited the place, but, as on former occasions, the man had vanished. The rumor of these sudden disappearances had awakened the superstitions of the soldiers, and the terror ran through the regiment, till it reached the ears of Wolfe, who immediately hastened with his staff to the spot. Every part of the surrounding district was examined, but without effect; the man was gone. Wolfe hesitated whether he should place a whole company on the spot, or again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of these sudden disappearances of men, whose courage and honesty it was wrong to suspect, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three apparently brave men were already lost to the regiment, and to assign a post to a fourth seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of good courage, trembled from head to foot.

'I will have no man,' said Wolfe, 'against his will.'

A man immediately stepped from the ranks and offered to take the post, in the true spirit of a British soldier.

'No, no, my good fellow,' said Wolfe. 'This is a post of danger, and there is a mystery about it of the highest importance to unravel. I will myself hold this

No. 355.

No. 369.

No. 370.

post, and it shall go hard, but I will discover the cause of these sudden disappearances of my brave companions.'

The staff in vain endeavored to persuade the general, to have some one or more of the soldiers with him. 'No,' said he, 'that will defeat my object. All that I require is, that the moment you hear the report of fire-arms, to hasten to the spot as quick as possible.'

Wolfe now equipped himself in the soldier's great coat, knapsack, and cap, and shouldering his musket, took his station on the spot. 'Now,' said he, 'retire; but be sure of this, if a leaf falls, or a bird chatters, or ought occurs to give the least occasion of alarm, I will fire. It is for you to answer it.'

The staff and picquet company retired, and General Wolfe was left by himself, prepared for some strange adventure, the nature of which he could not guess. More than an hour had elapsed, and not the slightest indication of any molestation occurred; another hour passed by, and it was now dead midnight. It was a still calm night, and the stars stood brightly in the clear blue of a Canadian sky. Presently the grunting of a hog was heard among the underwood, at no great distance; but as it was common for those animals, at that season of the year, to be hunting for the oak and beech-mast, Wolfe did not look upon it in the light of an intruder, but rather as a companion to him in his solitude.

Wolfe stood still, and observed the animal pushing his way beneath the long grass, roots, and fallen leaves, every now and then adding to his progress the music of a grunt. The General kept his eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, more for the sake of observing its motions, than from any apprehension of it. The animal seemed to make for a thick coppice immediately behind where he stood. Just as it approached the thicket, it seemed to give an unusual spring, much too nimble for a hog. Conviction now flashed across the mind of Wolfe, and at the same moment he discharged his piece, and the animal was immediately stretched out before him, with a groan, which proved it to be a human creature. He went up to it and discovered, what he expected, that it was an Indian in this strange disguise.

In a few minutes after the discharge of the piece, the company, which had retired, rushed to the post, and there found their General advancing towards them, dragging a strange-looking thing, which might have passed for Caliban, in Shakspeare's play of the Tempest.

When they examined the object in the guard-house, they found that the Indian had enveloped himself in the skin of one of the wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance had so exactly corresponded, that, imperfectly as they are always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could be scarcely penetrated by daylight, much less by starlight. He was armed with a dagger and tomahawk, and completely equipped for doing mischief.

No. 371.

No. 384.

The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice, watched the moment when they could throw it off, burst upon the sentinels, without any previous alarm, and too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bore their bodies away, which they concealed at some distance among the leaves. This practice arose entirely from the French giving a handsome reward for every English head or scalp brought to them.

I need not tell you, that the noble, courageous, and considerate conduct of Gen. Wolfe endeared him greatly to the whole army. The general who shares to the fullest extent the dangers of his men, and who is never unwilling to take the most hazardous posts, is the only man to succeed in the command of an army : such were Wolfe, Washington, and Wellington.

Prudence and foresight should be the characteristics of every body. No one can do without these two little virtues, which are not thought half so much of in this world as they ought to be. Prudence and forethought, valuable as they are to every man, are much more valuable to the general of an army. Wolfe possessed these virtues in a high degree; and soon after this strange affair with the Canadian hog, he called a council of war. He showed, that the fire of the ships in the late attack, which had passed and repassed Quebec, had done little damage to the citadel, though the lower town had been nearly destroyed. He proved, that further attacks on the Montmorenci intrenchments were hopeless ; and he therefore proposed, as the only chance of success, to gain the heights of Abraham, behind the city, which commanded the weakest part of the fortress.

This was no sooner proposed than it was agreed to, and no sooner agreed to than it was put into execution, with an address, secrecy, and silence, which have never been surpassed in warfare. The soldiers had to climb up the precipice, by the aid of branches of shrubs, and roots of trees growing among the rocks. The attempt was made in the darkness of the night, and in the morning the whole British force was ranged in order of battle on the heights, to the perfect astonishment of Montcalm, who thought such a feat quite impossible. But the word impossible is not found in the English soldier's dictionary.

Montcalm immediately prepared to meet the British, and sallied forth from his strong fortress with the greatest celerity, and the English prepared to meet him with the most determinate coolness. Both armies were almost without artillery, the French having but two guns, and the English only one, which the sailors had dragged up the heights with ropes. When the armies met, therefore, the sabre and the bayonet decided the contest ; the French fought with great desperation and fury, owing to their having been excited by the French priests against the English heretics. Both generals headed

their respective armies ; Montcalm was as brave as his illustrious opponent, and both rushed with eagerness into the thickest of the fight, each eager to turn, with his presence, the fortune of the day. Wolfe charged at the head of the grenadiers of the 22d, 40th, and 45th regiments, and pressed on with every chance of victory. He had been wounded in the early part of the battle, but refused to leave the field : faint with the loss of blood, and overpowered with the exertion of the last bold charge, he staggered, and leaned against the shoulders of one of his officers, while the purple stream of life ebbed away from his heart. Just as he was sinking to the earth, he heard the cry, ' They run ! they run !' ' Who run ?' said the dying hero. ' The French,' returned his supporter. ' Then I die contented,' were the last words of a Briton, who expired in the arms of victory.

Almost at the same moment the French general perished, rejoicing in his last moments, that he should not live to see the surrender of Quebec ; and both the conquered and conquerors joined in their tribute of admiration to the memory of these two heroes, for Montcalm was a brave soldier, and greatly lamented.

This battle decided the fate of the French dominions in Canada. Five days after, the citadel of Quebec was surrendered, and occupied by General Murray with a force of five thousand men.

See page 161, *Vol. 5.*

ANECDOTES OF KING FRANCIS THE FIRST.

' MOTHER,' said George, ' can you explain this picture to me ? You see here is a gentleman galloping so fast, that his attendants cannot keep up with him. Is he riding a race, or are they in pursuit of him ? He has gold chains and stars upon his breast, and he is very handsome. Who is he ? And why does he wave his bonnet so triumphantly in the air ?'

' That, my dear George, is a picture of king Francis the First of France, returning from imprisonment in Madrid, where he had been detained a captive for thirteen months. He is here represented as having just reached his own dominions, where he puts his horse to a gallop, and, without stopping or looking behind him, waves his bonnet triumphantly over his head, and exultingly exclaims, I am again a king !'

' But, mother, where was he taken prisoner ?'

' He was taken captive at the battle of Pavia, but not till with his own hands he had slain several of the enemy. Then, covered with wounds, deserted by his followers, and completely exhausted, he was compelled to surrender. When he arrived at his prison, he called for a pen and ink, and wrote to his mother the result of that day's struggle, in these words :— ' Madam, all is lost, except our honor.'

' O, mother,' cried Egbert, ' I like king

Francis. I can almost fancy I hear him shouting, 'I am again a king!' Can you tell us any thing more about him?'

'I think I can, Egbert; and, as I hear you have been very attentive to your studies to-day, I shall do it with pleasure. King Francis the First of France was brave, handsome, liberal, and eloquent; skilful in the field; and the most accomplished gentleman in Europe. He was only one-and-twenty when he ascended the throne, and, in the first battle which he fought, he exerted himself with so much activity and courage, that he was glad, at the close of the engagement, to drink a little water mixed with blood and dirt, brought to him in a helmet by a soldier. He was moreover a great patron of literature and learned men; and his court was the most famed in Europe, for talents, chivalry, beauty, and refinement.

'Soon after he ascended the throne, his celebrated interview with King Henry the Eighth of England took place at Guines, in Picardy. So much splendor and magnificence were displayed on this occasion, that the place of meeting was named The Field of the Cloth of Gold.'

'Did he fight many battles, mother?' inquired Egbert.

'Yes: Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, was his great rival. But you will be surprised to hear, that, warlike and brave as he was, King Francis once actually fought a battle with snow-balls.'

'Fought a battle with snow-balls! O! dear mother, do tell us all about it.'

'Ah! I see this gallant monarch will be one of your favorites, George,' said Mrs. Stanhope, smiling, 'now that he can play at your own game. Well, sit down, and I will endeavor to remember for you an account of

THE MIMIC BATTLE OF ST. VALERE.

'My dear,' said the Count de St. Valère, entering the apartment where his lady and his children were seated, 'I have just received a note from the palace, saying that his majesty is coming with an army to attack our castle, to-morrow.'

'To attack our castle! my dear Charles; what do you mean?'

'Why, I mean what I say, my love; that is the message I have received: so, whilst I go to prepare some means of defence, you had better see that your larder is well supplied with provisions for a siege.'

'I am sure father is in fun,' cried little Therese, 'for I see him smiling. I know the king would not hurt us; would he, Louis?'

'I do not know, sister; I should think not: but if he does come, and attempt it, he shall have a warm welcome; I will get my little cannon, that grandfather gave me, and fire it off right in his face.'

'Well done! my little hero,' said his father, laughing; 'you will be a brave fellow one of these days: but Therese is right; the king has no intention of hurting any one here.'

'Then what does he mean, my dear?' inquired the countess.

'Why, you know, Louise, how fond King Francis is of active exercises, and as he has now some leisure time, he is willing to amuse himself, this frosty weather, by attacking us in mimic battle. The besiegers will be his majesty and about twelve of his nobles, and the weapons snow-balls, watering-engines, and so forth; whilst the besieged, with the same kind of warfare, and similar missiles, must do the best they can, to defend themselves.'

'O! what fun it will be!' exclaimed Hubert, a fine boy of fourteen; 'may I help you, father? How I shall enjoy pelting them!'

'Certainly,' said the count; 'we must collect all our forces together; but I must caution you against being too rash, Hubert, which you know is your failing; and remember, I shall expect implicit obedience to my commands.'

'You may depend upon me, dear father;' and away ran the delighted Hubert, to communicate the joyful news to the family.

The castle was soon in a state of bustling preparation. Servants were to be seen in every direction; some collecting large quantities of snow, others replenishing the water-engines, and conveying them to the battlements. The four sons of the count were surveying their defensive armor, and anticipating a glorious victory; and even the countess herself bent her steps to the larder; not, as she told her alarmed femme de chambre, with any idea of a siege longer than a day, but to see that there would be no lack of substantial refreshments for the victors and the vanquished.

'Well, Louis,' said the count, as the party assembled at dinner, 'is your cannon prepared?'

'O! no, father,' said Louis, 'I have not disturbed my cannon; but,' he said, and his merry eye became still merrier, 'I have made a famous snow-ball,—so large! I have been all the morning making it, and Philip has promised to help me to launch it at them.'

'Very well, Louis: now, as you are the youngest of the garrison, you shall fire the first shot, and set us all a good example.'

'But what is my little Therese going to do, in defence of her books and dolls?'

'O! mother and I are to be amongst the spectators, and entertain all the ladies who are coming; and we have made a beautiful crown of laurel and myrtle for the successful warrior.'

'And who do you think that will be, Therese?' asked Ernest.

'I cannot guess, Ernest; but I hope it will be father; for, though King Francis is my godfather, and though I love him very much, I should not like him to conquer us in our own castle.'

'Never fear, Therese,' said Hubert; 'the crown will be father's, you may be sure.'

'Why, Hubert,' said the countess, 'you appear very sanguine as to the result.'

'Yes, mother; you know we must

show the king that we are not a set of cowards: remember, I am to be enrolled amongst his body-guards in seven months' time.'

'Well, my boy,' said his father, 'I hope you will prove a brave and faithful servant to him; for you could not serve a more gallant and generous master. But now go, boys, and finish the preparations.'

The morning of the 15th of January, 1521, was bright and promising as the gayest heart could wish. The little garrison of Valère had just completed their mimic fortifications, when King Francis and his nobles appeared in sight, accompanied by a large party of distinguished ladies and smiling courtiers, and followed by a train of carts bearing snow-balls, &c. A salute was instantly fired from the castle, and the Count de St. Valère and his sons appeared at the gates, to welcome the noble party. The king quickened his horse's pace to meet him; and his handsome figure was seen to much advantage, by the graceful ease with which he managed his fiery steed.

'No, De Valère,' he replied, in answer to the count's entreaties that he would enter and partake of some refreshment; 'no; we intend to storm your castle, and when we have gained admittance by force, your proffered hospitality will be most welcome. In the mean time, these fair ladies place themselves under your protection. Come, gentlemen; for France and St. Denis!'

It would make my story too long, were I to enter into a minute account of the snow-ball siege; my principal reason for relating it, is to show you the sad effects of disobedience. The assault commenced by Louis launching his famous snow-ball; and Therese clapped her hands with delight, as she saw her royal godfather, the most accomplished cavalier of his age covered with its fragments.

'Ah! my little pet,' said the good-humored monarch, 'do not laugh at me; I'll take you prisoner yet.'

There certainly never was a battle carried on amidst such shouts of laughter and merriment; when the count, in passing along the battlements, saw Hubert in the act of throwing down upon the besiegers, balls of hard clay. 'Stop! Hubert,' said his father; 'those hard balls, thrown from this distance, will do some injury: remember, we are but at play.'

'I know, father; but the snow is gone, and I must throw something.'

'There is more snow coming; and I lay my express commands upon you, that you throw down nothing but snow. You are too rash! Do not disobey me.'

'I will not, father,' said Hubert; and the count left him. However, as the day closed in, victory seemed to be certain on the side of the king; and the besieged were on the point of sending out their capitulations, and requesting their victors to partake of the banquet prepared in the castle-hall; when Hubert, determined to take one more aim, and forgetting his father's injunctions, foolishly seized a

lighted torch, and flung it down upon the group below. He instantly heard a groan, and saw a confused stir; and, immediately after, some one was carried insensible into the castle. He feared he had done wrong, and was proceeding rapidly down the stairs, when he was met by his father, who quickly asked him if he had thrown the torch? He confessed he had.

'Rash, disobedient boy! You have, in all probability, slain your king! Should he die, your life must pay the penalty. Did I not warn you? Go to your apartment and leave it not.'

Hubert, overcome with grief, dismay, and horror, retired, and burst into a flood of sorrowful tears. Alas! poor Hubert! By disregarding the commands of his father, he had wounded the king so severely in the head, that for several days his life was despaired of; and what the unhappy boy felt during that time, may be more easily conceived than described. O! what a sorrowful night was that, in the Castle of Valère. The monarch, so justly dear to his subjects, and, but an hour before, in the highest health and spirits, was now at the early age of six-and-twenty, brought to the verge of the grave, by the disobedience of a child to his father. But by the mercy of God, his life was spared; and at the end of some days, the physicians pronounced him out of danger. The wound had been so severe, that it was necessary to cut off all his long flowing hair, which he would never suffer to grow again, but introduced the fashion of wearing the beard long, and the hair short.

'O! mother,' said Gertrude, 'I am so glad he recovered! But how did he punish Hubert?'

'He did not punish him at all, my dear. Hubert was so truly grieved for the injury he had done, and made so many promises of amendment, that the generous Francis took him into his service; and from that time Hubert was as much noted for his obedience, and steady conduct, as for his bravery, and devotion to his king. He rose to a very high rank in the army, and died on the battle-field, in warding off a blow aimed at King Francis; thus proving his loyalty and affection to his forgiving and generous master.'

'Mother,' cried Egbert, 'I think King Francis must have read Miss Edgeworth's story of Forgive and Forget. Do you think he had?'

'Why, Egbert,' said George, laughing, 'he lived hundreds of years before Miss Edgeworth. But, mother, here is another picture of our favorite; will you be so kind as to explain it to me? You see he is on one knee before an officer, who is holding a sword above his head; and see, what a crowd of nobles are looking on! What can it mean, mother? A king kneeling to a subject is so very strange!'

'This gallant hero, whose exploits have been the theme of universal praise, was held in such high esteem by Francis, that the king requested to be made a knight by the hands of his brave subject;

and when Bayard hesitated, he commanded it should be done. He is here, you see, dubbing him a knight, in the usual form, and pronouncing the words, In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight: be worthy, brave, and loyal; and God grant you may never flee from your enemies!'

'He must have had a very high opinion of Bayard, mother?'

'He had, my dear, and it was well merited. The Chevalier Bayard was the chevalier 'sans peur et sans reproche.' But see, the storm has cleared off; go and take a run in the park.'

THE REINDEER.

BY MISS MARY HOWITT.

REINDEER, not in fields like ours
Full of grass and bright with flowers;
Not in pasture-dales where glide
Never-frozen rivers wide;
Not on hills where verdure bright
Clothes them to the topmost height
Hast thou dwelling; nor dost thou
Feed beneath the orange-bough;
Nor doth olive, nor doth vine
Bud or bloom in land of thine;
Thou wast made to feed and fare
In a region bleak and bare;

In a dreary land of snow
Where green weeds can scarcely grow!
Where the skies are grey and drear;
Where 'tis night for half the year;
Reindeer, where, unless for thee,
Human dweller could not be!

When thou wast at first designed
By the great Creative Mind—
With thy patience and thy speed;
With thy aid for human need;
With thy gentleness; thy might;
With thy simple appetite;
With thy foot so framed to go
Over frozen wastes of snow,
Thou wast made for sterner skies
Than horizoned Paradise.
Thou for frozen lands wast meant,
Ere the winter's frost was sent;
And in love he sped thee forth
To thy home, the frozen north,
Where he bade the rocks produce
Bitter lichens for thy use.

What the camel is, thou art,
Strong of frame, and strong in heart!
Peaceful; steadfast to fulfil;
Serving man with right good-will;
Serving long, and serving hard;
Asking but a scant reward;
Of the snow a short repast,
Or the mosses cropped in haste;
Then away! with all thy strength,
Speeding him the country's length,
Speeding onward, like the wind,
With the sliding sledge behind.
What the camel is, thou art—
Doing well thy needful part;
Through the burning sand he goes,
Thou upon the upland snows;
Gifted each alike, yet meant
For lands and labors different!

Meek Reindeer, of wonderous worth;
Treasure of the desert north,
Which of thy good aid bereft,
Ten times desert must be left!
Flocks and herds in other lands,
And the labor of men's hands;
Coined gold and silver fine,
And the riches of the mine,
These, elsewhere, as wealth are known,
Here 'tis thou art wealth alone!

TREES.

(Continued from page 254.)

THE POPLAR.

LETTER VII.

My dear Child,

YOU have often told me you like to receive long letters. Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, I love you too well to gratify your inclinations when they are at variance with my opinions of what is best for you. Long letters I consider are very improper vehicles to convey instruction. Letters of this description cannot be too brief, provided they contain all that is necessary to be said upon the subject. Many words burthen the youthful mind, and prevent the free circulation of ideas, as necessary for the digestion of the information received, as conducive to the growth of new ideas, upon the subject digested. For these reasons, my dear child, I must restrain my desire to gratify your wish, and still confine my letters to the subject of trees, making whatever observations

or introductions of persons, places, or things, I may think necessary for your more complete instruction.

There are three principal species of the Poplar; the White, the Black, and the Trembling Poplar, usually distinguished by the name of Trembler. Linnæus reckons five, and Miller seven species of Poplar.

The white poplar grows upwards of ninety feet; its body is straight, and covered with white bark. The Ancients consecrated this beautiful tree to Time, because its leaves, white on one side and brown on the other, and continually in movement, were considered by them as expressive of day and night. Fable ascribes a whimsical origin to the two colored leaves of the white poplar.

Hercules, who was called the God of Strength, distinguished himself by the performance of the twelve labors assigned to him by Fate. One of the acts of subjection required was, to bring up to the face of the Sun, Cerberus, the treble-headed dog that guarded the entrance of hell. Hercules descended into the lower regions, wearing a crown of poplar. The inward part of the leaves next to his head preserved their original white color, whilst those leaves which were outside became blackened by the smoke of that infernal place.

The black poplar is the emblem of courage, and is consecrated to Hercules. The odoriferous buds of this tree are put into composing balsams; but none of them have so delightful a perfume as that species with oval leaves called the Balm tree. The leaves of the black poplar are said to ease gouty pains, when bruised and applied to the part affected. A sort of wax may be extracted from the poplar buds.

There is a species of black poplar, Tacarnahaca, which grows in great abundance in the island of Madagascar; likewise in New Spain, Canada, and other parts of America. In appearance it resembles the English poplar tree, only bigger and taller. Its leaves are long and green. Its fruit red, of the size of English walnuts, exceedingly resinous, and containing a stone like peaches. Its buds diffuse a sweet-scented balsam, from which they give it the name of the Balm tree.

The trunk of this tree distils a kind of resinous gum, which the Americans use for caulking, though its chief use is in medicine. The wood of this tree makes good timber for ships.

Mr. Schaffer had the cotton of the poplar spun and woven into cloth. Besides this, the sap that supplies the feathered down of the poplar seed has been converted into paper.

In Lombardy and Italy the poplars grow very quickly. Some of them at the end of 12 years are as big as a hogshead, that is, from 27 to 28 inches in diameter, a size which no other poplars attain in less than 30 years. The loftiest poplars ever known were planted by Sobieska king of Poland, in the neighborhood of Vienna. Adieu,

From your affectionate Mother.

In our August number, we noticed a new work, by T. D. P. Stone, entitled 'Stories to Teach Me to Think.' We now extract another tale from the same little volume.

OLIVER'S TALK WITH HIS FATHER.

'FATHER, how old are you?'

'I am forty-three years old, Oliver.'

'Why, father, I thought you was a young man. I didn't know you was so old. Your hair isn't gray, like Mr. Shore's hair.'

'No, I am not gray headed, but I am older than he is. He has been sick a long time, and that has turned his hair white.'

'Well, isn't he an old man?'

'No, Oliver, no more an old man than I am. Why did you ask me that question?'

'Because I was thinking that when I should get to be a man, if you was not too old, I should like to work with you, and talk about what we would do to-morrow, and where we would go, and such things, just as other men do with their fathers, and then I should tell you what to do, some days, and you tell me, some days. Then you would not direct me all the time, as you do now, and I should not have to always ask your leave to go away any where.'

'I do not see, my son, what my age has to do with that. I shall be very glad to have my little son able to work with me, and tell me how he thinks things should be done. But do you dislike to have me direct you, and hate to ask my leave to go from home?'

'Yes, sir. I had rather go where I have a mind to, and say nothing to any body about it.'

'But, Oliver, you would be in danger of being killed, or hurt, or you would get into some bad company, and learn to do wrong?'

'Why do you not get killed, father, when you go away? You do not ask leave of any body?'

'I will tell you, Oliver, if you will tell me why you do not stick the fork into your eyes at the table, or cut your fingers with the pocket-knife which I gave you last week.'

'Because I don't wish to hurt myself.'

'Yes, but do you suppose little Charles —your uncle's little baby—wished to hurt himself, when he pricked his cheek so badly with the scissors?'

'No, sir. Charly doesn't know any thing yet,—he is too little.'

'But, my son, you was as little as he is, a few years ago.'

'But I am older now.'

'You are older, but are you as old as I am?'

'No, father; but I am old enough not to hurt myself.'

'You are old enough not to *wish* to hurt yourself; but I suppose I know as much more than you do, as you know more than that baby does, and I can take

care of myself, as much better than you can of yourself, as you can better than he. A little while ago, and you did not know more than he does now. When you was very small, you could not hold up your head, because you was so weak. When you became a little stronger, you began to look about the room. We did not know then but you would be an idiot boy. But when you crept on the floor, and began to walk, and talked a little, and learned to say pa and ma, and other words, we knew you had some mind. It was very small, and you knew only a few things. Now, you have learned a few more, and are learning more all the time; but you do not yet know enough to keep out of danger, and you ought to be glad that we take such good care of you. You must try to learn something every day, and become able to take care of yourself.'

'Well, father, may I try now, one day? Just one day, and see if I do not take better care than you think for?'

'No, Oliver, if you should get killed in that one day, it would be poor comfort to me, to think that I gave you leave to get killed.'

MAXIMS.

In an active life, the seed of wisdom is sown. But he who reflects not, never reaps—has no harvest from it—but carries the burden of age without the wages of experience; nor knows himself old but from infirmities, the parish register, and the contempt of mankind.

Uneducated mind is educated vice.

Teach and habituate the people to make a right use of the faculties which God has given them, and then trust them fearlessly to themselves. With such a guide within them, it little matters who may be over them.

Vice we learn of ourselve
and knowledge need a teach

ung readers,
is no other
called

ENIGMA.

Form'd half beneath and half above the earth,
We, sisters, owe to art a second birth;
The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the earth to travel o'er the waters.
Swifter we move as tighter we are bound,
Yet neither touch the water, air, or ground.
We serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes, swim.

omas, half

ort!"

Answers to Puzzles in August Number, p. 274.—S. G. W. Philadelphia. GREAT-WESTERN.
——J. H. B. Newburyport. INDIANAPOLIS.

The Evening Bell.

Furnished for this work by Lowell Mason, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music.

Hark the pealing,
Softly stealing
Evening bell,
Sweetly echoed down the dell.

morrow, and
such things
their father
what to d
some days
me all
shoul
to

ha
to

Welcome, welcome
Is thy music, silvery bell!
Sweetly telling
Day's farewell!

Day is sleeping,
Flowers are weeping
Tears of dew:
Stars are peeping, ever true.

Grove and mountain,
Flood and fountain
Faintly gleam
In the ruddy sunset stream.

Happy hour,
May thy power
Fill my breast;
Each wild passion soothe to re

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

Mr. Abbott, author of the famous Rollo Books, has just written a new one for young readers, called "JONAS'S STORIES." It is published by W. D. Ticknor. This book needs no other recommendation than an insertion of one of the stories, and we will give the one called

SOBER JOHN.

'SOBER JOHN,' said Jonas, when they got all ready for a story the next day, 'lived at his father's house, which was about half a mile from the village. He had several brothers and sisters, some older, and some younger than himself. His father's house was large and pleasant, with trees [illegible] side of it, and a garden behind. Beyond the garden was a field, and in one part of the field was a long hill, descending to a small pond at the bottom. They used to sail boats upon this pond in summer, and skate upon it in the winter.

John was not much of a hand at play. He preferred staying in the house, reading, or drawing, or working about something or other at his desk. He had a little room which he had fixed for himself up stairs, where his father used to let him have a little fire Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when there was no school, because he preferred staying there to going out to play with his brothers and cousins. Did I tell you about his cousins?'

'No,' said Rollo, 'not a word.'

'He had some cousins, who lived in the next house, at a short distance through the trees. And his cousins and his brothers used to play together a great deal; but it was very seldom that they could get John to play with them, and so they called him *Sober John*. But they liked him very much, notwithstanding.'

'Why?' said Rollo.

'Because he was always very kind to them; and then he often contrived plays for the other boys, and helped them plan a great many things they never would have thought of without him. He was excellent in planning and calculating. He made all out of his books.

'The boys often came to him, when they got tired of all their plays, for some new amusement, and he generally contrived something for them.'

'What kind of plays did he contrive?' asked Lucy.

'O, I don't know,' said Jonas, 'all kinds. For instance, one night all his cousins were at his father's house, to spend the evening together in play. He staid with them a short time after tea, and then went off to his room. By and by they had played every thing they could think of, and so they sent two of his cousins up to his room, to ask him what they should do next. He told them to go and get all the lamps in the house, and light them, and give each boy and girl one, and then let them walk about the room, and each one try to blow the others' lamps out, and to see who could keep his lamp burning the longest;—only every one must go and sit down as soon as his own lamp was blown out. They went and got the lamps, and tried it, and found it excellent fun. They afterwards asked John what made him think of that play, and he said he found an account of it in a book of travels in Italy. In fact, he had all sorts of ways of helping them in their plays. He made their kite frames, and told them how to rig their ships, and covered their balls, and drew little pictures for them, and did a thousand things; and so they liked him very well, although they did call him Sober John.

'When he did any thing for them however, he was very strict in his conditions.'

'Conditions?' said Rollo. 'What conditions?'

'Why, he never allowed them to play in his room, or talk loud there. When they came in to see him, he always made them be still, and stand quietly, and talk one at a time. Then he was very par-

ticular about their obeying his directions exactly, whenever he gave them any thing to do.'

'Why, did he make them work?' said Rollo, with a tone of some surprise.

'No,' said Jonas; 'I mean when he undertook to plan any amusement for them, he was very particular in having each do just what he said, in executing it. If they made any objections or complaints, or if any one did not like to do his part, he would stop at once, and leave them to find their own amusement.

'But I must come to my story. One winter evening, the boys came in from their play about dark, and as it was a little before tea-time, they sat down in the corner by the fire. John was sitting on the other side telling a story to his little sister, about two years old, who was sitting in his lap. After he had finished his story, the boys wanted him to tell them what to do the afternoon of the next day; because it was Wednesday, and there was to be no school. John told them they had better slide down hill, for it was now capital sliding, he said, on the hill side beyond the garden. The boys said they had not sleds enough. Their cousins were coming over to see them, and there were only two good sleds among them all. John then said he would think, and he took his pencil out of his pocket, and got a small piece of paper, and began to make calculations and drawings; but he would not let the boys see what he was doing. At last, when the supper was coming in, he told them he had contrived a plan, but it would cost some money, perhaps two dollars, though it would last a long time. Now, said he, there are you four, and your four cousins make eight; that is a quarter of a dollar apiece. Now, if you have a mind to put in a quarter of a dollar apiece, and obey my instructions, I will see what I can do.

'The boys were very eager to know what the plan could be; but John said he couldn't tell them, but that they might go over the next morning, and see if they could persuade their cousins were willing to furnish a quarter of a dollar apiece.

'They agreed to do so; and before school they came over eager, at first, with a quarter of a dollar in his hand. The way they got their money was, the boys used to work sometimes, and their fathers paid them, and thus they had laid up quite a sum of money; and they used to take from this whenever they wanted any money to carry into execution any of John's plans. Their fathers very allowed them to spend it in any way John recommended, for they had confidence in him; but in other things they were not allowed to expend it without their father's or mother's consent.

'When they went to school they found that John had left before them; and, watching, they observed that he went into a shop, with a paper in his hand. They supposed that he was buying a carpenter to make something about to be done. the paper was a drawing

had learned to draw, and always made a drawing of any curious thing he wanted to have made.

'At noon, after dinner, John went out in the shed, and took down a rope which he had prepared, about ten feet long, and with short cross-pieces of wood curiously spliced into it, at equal distances, about two feet apart, for handles to take hold of. He let the two smallest boys take hold of the one at the end, and the others ame along in pairs, at the other handles. en he had done, he said, There! ' is a fine team of horses! Now the to the carpenter's, and hook on the through he has got made for you.

his bro' boys started off in high glee. deal; ey got to the carpenter's, they could gee a very long sled, with thin they corners, and a curious contrivance liked ' d behind.'

' Vat was it?' said Rollo, eagerly.

' kind of a rudder,' said Jonas.

tha rudder!' said Rollo; 'what, to steer for

a gre,' said Jonas. 'It was a single have teaching out behind, in the mid- excelle was fastened to a round bar m all e up through the end of the shoul d a kind of a handle at the to ey got tiit could move one way or new amuse so steer the sled like a trived someth

' What kin ooked on to their jolly- asked Lucy. ad called it, and trotted

' O, I dor It went smoothly and kinds. For the ice and snow. cousins we came home, John came down to look at the jolly-boat. He examined the rudder some time thoughtfully, and then said, Yes, I think that will steer. Now, boys, who'll be pilot?

'I, I, I,' said Arthur, and James, and Samuel; and I, and I, said Frank and Thomas. In fact, they all said I, except little George, who found that there were so many candidates for the office, that he stood quietly by, keeping hold of one end of the rope, as if he thought it was useless to put in his claim.

'You must take turns being pilot, said John, and we will begin with the youngest. George, you shall be pilot first.'

I, said George; and he began to clap his hands in high glee.

'Now I suppose,' said John, 'I had better go out and show you how to steer. So he very deliberately took his seat upon the sled, and told the boys to haul him along.

'The boys grasped the string again, and began to pull and prance like so many young ponies. They trotted through the garden gate, which was always open in the winter, and down through the great pear-tree alley, until at length, out through the back gate, they came to the top of the hill.

'The coast, as the boys called their sliding place, was well worn and smooth, and there had been, just before, a rain and a frost after it, which had made the road almost as hard and smooth as ice, and the pond was covered with ice from one end to the other. John stopped the jolly-boat at the top of the hill, and drew

back the rope. He placed himself at the stern, and took hold of the tiller.

'Now, said John, who takes passage with me to the Mediterranean?

'Some of the boys were at first afraid to get on; but at length they all concluded to venture, and they arranged themselves one before the other, little George behind, so that he might learn how to steer. When he was ready, they tried to start it off, the boys all working their heels in the snow, to get it a-going, like so many legs of a centipede. Presently the jolly-boat began to move of itself, though at first slowly. It however soon began to gather headway, and at length went bounding along over every swell and hollow, like a ship in a gale of wind. John kept her exactly in the track, until at length they reached the bottom of the hill, and then it came down upon the pond like an arrow. But now, as the ice was perfectly smooth, the rudder could not get any hold, and so the jolly-boat gradually broached to ——'

'O dear!' said Lucy; 'there are all your old sea-phrases again.'

'O, I forgot,' said Jonas, smiling. 'I did not mean to give you any more sea-phrases. but, some how or other, telling about the fishermen has brought them all into my head. But, Lucy, I will try, in my next story, not to have a single sea-phrase from beginning to end.'

'O, no matter about it,' said Lucy.

'Well, the jolly-boat slewed round, and went sideways, the boys all hanging back, and expecting every minute that it would go over.

'Steer! steer, John!' cried out Arthur; 'why don't you steer?'

'Just at that moment the jolly-boat had wheeled almost entirely around, and had arrived at the opposite side of the pond. The end of one of the runners struck the snow of the shore gently, and it stopped, and the boys all jumped off, laughing heartily, and all eager to go up and try it again. They accordingly hooked on the rope again, and pulled away, and were soon ready for another slide. John then said he would leave them to manage for themselves. You won't steer very well, said he, at first, and, in fact, you may get some capsizings; but you must be all the merrier for it.

'And now I must have some sea-phrases to tell the rest,' said Jonas.

'Very well,' said Lucy.

'The next time they tried it, George took the helm, and they went on very correctly half way down; but then they began to run off the track to the left.

'Take care! take care!' said James.

'Hi—yi, hi—yi!' said Thomas, half screaming, half laughing.

'Steer, George, steer!' said Frank.

'Helm a-port! George, hard a-port!' cried Arthur.

'But George, in his confusion, instead of putting the helm a-port, only crowded it harder and harder a-starboard, and this carried the jolly-boat short about to

the left. It balanced itself a moment upon the edge of a knoll, and then went over, tumbling the boys head over heels down the snow-bank.'

'Did it hurt them?' said Rollo.

'Not much; they soon had the jolly-boat to the top of the hill again, and before night they got to have such skill in steering that they could keep her exactly in the track until they came to the bottom of the hill, and strike the ice upon the pond so exactly true, that they would shoot across from shore to shore, as straight as an arrow.'

Here Jonas stopped, as if the story was ended. Rollo then asked him what made Sober John think of such a plan as that. 'Why,' said he, 'he had been reading about an ice-boat that day, which sails about on the ice, with three runners, the hinder one movable like a rudder.'

'Why would not the jolly-boat steer, then, on the ice?'

'Because,' said Jonas, 'her rudder was of wood. In an ice-boat the rudder is of iron, and so takes hold of the ice better, like a skate-iron.'

'Yes,' said Rollo; 'I understand it now.'

SELF-CONCEIT; OR, 'I AM VERY PRETTY.'

'MOTHER,' said Arabella Danton to her mother, one afternoon,—'mother, I must lay aside my work now?'

'Why?' said her mother, 'you have not done one half what you ought.'

'But, mother, you know I am to go to Mrs. Pryce's to tea, and I must have time to dress.'

'I think, my dear,' said her mother, 'you are drest enough as you are—in a plain white frock. You recollect that Mrs. Pryce said that there was to be no party—no one but themselves.'

'I know, mother,' replied Arabella, 'that Mrs. Pryce said so; but I am quite sure Mrs. Pryce would never have asked *me*, unless there had been *some* people asked too.'

'Arabella,' said her mother, looking much displeased, 'I most highly disapprove of a girl of your age presuming to insinuate that any one has told a *lie;* and, in the next place, your conceit really deserves, and I hope will meet with, something to humble it. Why should you be 'quite sure' that some one must be asked to meet *you?*'

'Because I am so pretty,' said Arabella, in her own secret mind; but not choosing to speak that sentiment aloud, she answered, 'Because—because—I don't know, mother.'

'Then,' replied her mother, '*I* don't know why you should change your dress; therefore I desire that you will go as you are.'

Arabella was really 'very pretty,' but

unluckily she thought herself much prettier than she was. When five or six years old, she had had a very wicked, silly maid, who perpetually told her about her beauty, her beauty, till the poor child became persuaded there never had been any thing like her; and she never saw a person look at her but she made herself sure they were admiring her. It was in vain that her mother talked to her with the greatest seriousness about the folly of her conduct. She represented to her that, as she had not *made* herself, she had no title to be conceited of her appearance, let it be ever so fair; and still more senseless was it to value that which in one single day might disappear, and leave her more sadly plain than any of those whom she often, with a disgraceful forgetfulness that the same Almighty hand had formed them and herself, sneered at and ridiculed for their 'ugliness.' In vain she told her that the most beautiful persons in the world, if they are conceited or affected, will excite far less admiration than plain ones, who are simple and free from all conceited airs—in truth, that the ridicule and dislike every one feels for a self-conceited boy or girl is, if they but knew it, a far heavier misfortune than the plainest looks that ever were seen.

All her mother and father said to her was, however of no avail. Arabella comforted herself under every reproof, by thinking to herself that all this was just a way old people had of speaking to young ones; and the next idle fool who called her 'pretty,' made her just as mad with conceit as ever.

After the conversation with which I opened my story, Arabella went up to her room, and since she dared not change her dress for another, she resolved 'to make the best of it,' as she said to herself; so she stripped—laced her stays as tight as she could pull them, and did the same to her belt, to make her waist '*genteel.*' Then, taking off her comfortable worsted stockings, she put on a pair of open-worked silk ones, and her best and thinnest shoes. Long she brushed, and scraped, and curled, and braided her hair. It was mid-winter, and a very hard frost; and she became quite chilled, standing so long in a room without a fire: but vanity endures a wonderful deal in the pursuit of its own gratification; and still she stood looking, now at one side, now at the other, in the glass, and fancying all that would be said about 'pretty little Miss Danton,' in the house where she was going.

Her mother called to her, 'Arabella, it is more than time you were away.'

'I am just going, mother,' replied she, hastily throwing on her cloak, but leaving off the heavy capes,—which would have kept her warm,—lest they might wrinkle her full-puffed sleeves; and slipping down stairs, she ran off without going into the room where her mother was, lest the silk stockings and the want of the capes should be discovered.

Great was her disappointment to find that there was really 'no party'—no one

but Mrs. Pryce and her girls, not one of whom seemed even to see her braided hair, her genteel waist, her silk stockings, or her full-puffed sleeves; but most cruelly did she suffer for her *gentility*. Having been very cold when she laced her stays, they, as well as her belt, of course drew tighter than they would have done had she been warm: Mrs. Pryce's room was very hot, and Arabella, as she heated too, could almost have screamed with the agony of being to tightly tied; her feet too swelled, and the fine shoes pinched her across the instep, till she thought they would cut the flesh. She might almost have sung the old song—

> 'There was an old wife, and she was wet,
> And hung on a dyke to dry;
> The day was hot, and the wife was fat,
> *And she began to fry!*'

Poor Arabella, what with vexation at there being nobody to admire her, and the tortures produced by her own folly, '*began to fry:*' that is to say, she got into a most dreadfully bad humor: and I can tell you, my little friends, that the expression produced on the countenance by bad humor in the mind will spoil the prettiest face in the world, and make it ugly.

After tea was over, a young friend of Mrs. Pryce's, whom she introduced as Mr. Percy, called, and as he looked very often, and much, at Arabella, it helped to restore her good humor, for she thought he was admiring her. She twisted her head this way and that way, tossed about her hands and arms, and stuck out her feet in hopes he would see the silk stockings, and the pretty feet they covered; and, in short, she performed all the antics which silly, conceited girls are wont to do; quite unconscious that they are, by means of them, gaining the ridicule, but never the admiration, of any sensible person.

After sitting a little while, Mr. Percy said that his mother had sent him to tell Mrs. P. that there was to be a fine display of fire-works from one of the ships in the river, and she and the girls were going to see it from the beach, and they would be glad if Mrs. Pryce and her daughters would join them.

Mrs. Pryce excused herself, as having a cold, but said she should be delighted to let the girls go. 'And I suppose,' said she, turning to Arabella, 'your mother would make no objection to your going also, my dear?'

'O, I am sure she would not,' said Arabella.

'Then off, and get ready, all of you,' said Mrs. P., 'and be sure you all wrap well up, for it is miserably cold.'

Poor Arabella had it not in her power to obey this order; and her pride would not allow her to ask from her little friends the wraps which they would gladly have lent, had they known she was in want of them; so off she went, and stood for an hour and a half shivering in the frosty wind, with her un-caped cloak, and her silk stockings. The consequence was, she became completely chilled; and, wishing all the fire-works in the world

at Jericho, she longed for the moment of returning home. At length that came—she would fain have gone straight to her mother's, but Mrs. Pryce's house being the nearer of the two, she could not refuse to go there.

Miss Pryce requested her to go up to the same dressing-room she had been in before, and take off her cloak and bonnet, and the shivering Arabella obeyed. The candle in the room burned very dim, and she wished to snuff it that she might have a better look of her pretty face; her hands were so benumbed that, in the attempt, she snuffed it out, and left herself in darkness. Just at that moment she heard the two Pryces come into the adjoining room, which communicated with the one she was in, the door of which was a-jar.

'Dear me,' said the eldest, 'I thought Arabella was in the dressing room, taking off her things; but she seems to be away—all is dark.'

Arabella was just going to say, 'I am here,' but the reply of the other sister arrested her, and for the first time in her life she became a listener.

'I wonder she was able to leave the mirror so soon—affected, conceited brat. I'm sure if she had heard what Mr. Percy said of her to-night, it would have helped to cure her of her airs.'

'Oh, Eliza,' said the other, 'don't be so severe; remember how much younger she is than we—only twelve years old; her folly will perhaps wear off as she gets more sense. But what said Mr. Percy?'

'After we went out,' said Eliza, 'and had walked forward a little, he asked me who she was. I told him; and he said, 'What an ugly thing she is; what a red nose—just like a Siberian crab! and what blowsy cheeks.' O,' I said, 'that's accidental—it is owing to coming from the frosty air to the heated room; for she has a very pretty complexion in general. 'She at all events *thinks herself* very pretty,' said he; 'I absolutely could not keep my eyes off her. How she threw about her feet, twisted her hands and arms, and tossed her head! she put me in mind of a baboon—not even a baboon in its senses; but an *infatuated baboon!*'

Arabella could stand no more; she rushed out of the room, and down stairs, and to her great joy she found her mother's servant, who had been sent for her, sitting in the hall. She bade a very hurried good-night to Mrs. Pryce, and set off, refusing even to wait for the young ladies' coming down stairs.

Bitter tears of anger and mortified vanity rolled over her face as she walked home; but I am afraid she was more mortified and angry than reformed—otherwise, instead of reviling poor Mr. Percy in her own mind, as 'the most ill-natured brute that ever had been heard of,' she would have bethought herself that her own folly had called down such remarks upon her, and resolved to cure the fault in herself which occasioned them.

She at first thought she would tell her

mother, and ask her to scold all those who had spoken so of her; but an obscure feeling that her mother would not be very sorry for her, and also a reluctance to confess she had done any thing so vile as listen to a conversation not intended for her, made her resolve to bear her mortification in silence.

She went straight from the outer door up to her own room, and changed the silk stockings for the worsted ones, which she now wished she never had taken off; and going down to the drawing-room, she instantly stuck up her feet to the fire—quite forgetting that her mother had frequently forbidden her to do so; telling her that to put her feet or hands to the fire, when they were benumbed with cold, was the most inevitable way to bring on chilblains. This however did not occur to Bella's mind, which was wholly occupied with Mr. Percy's insulting remarks. 'A baboon indeed! *a baboon!*'—she repeated to herself, taking a look in the mirror over the mantelpiece—but no comfort was there! Her nose really *was* like a 'Siberian crab!' her lips were very much swelled; and her cheeks were as red and glittering as the back of a new morocco pocket-book. She felt very angry at the sight of herself; so to hide her ill-humor and her face, she went away to bed, without even waiting to say good-night to her mother, who was in the nursery with the baby.

Next morning when she awoke, her lips were so painful and throbbing, she could not conceive what was the matter. Her feet too were so hot, that she could do nothing but scratch them; and the more she scratched them, the worse they grew.

Those of my readers who have had that dreadful torment in their poor little feet will know, without my telling them, that this was chilblains, brought on by the feet being first very much chilled, and then too suddenly heated. Those who have never had the complaint, cannot, by any description, be made to understand its tortures. It is as if your poor heels and toes had first been well roasted before a fire, and then covered with salt! It was but poor comfort for the suffering Arabella to recollect, that disobedience to her mother's often repeated injunctions, never to thrust her feet or hands close to the fire when they were very cold, had brought this upon her; and how shall I describe how much her despair and vexation were increased, when her mouth and nose gradually broke out into blisters!—And little Miss Ribley's ball!—and the fine dress! O, horror and amazement!—what was to become of her! It was in vain she ran to the glass at every opportunity, to see how it looked; that did not hasten the cure one bit. The day of the ball arrived—and still her lips were cased in brown scabs, and the point of her nose looked as if it had been built up with little bits of brick! Alas! alas! Her mother left it for herself to decide whether she would go as she was, or stay at home. After agonies of doubt and hesi-

tation, which I cannot describe, and many tears shed, she at length decided *not* to go—'*such a figure!*'

Arabella was in the right. Conceited people never meet with either pity or sympathy when they are unfortunate.

Be advised, then, my dear little boys and girls, by one who has, like you, been herself a little girl, and knows how delightful it is to be loved and praised; and when *you* would be so, rest assured you will attain your object most certainly by being modest and unassuming in your manners, and in your conduct obliging, humble, and attentive to the happiness of others; but never, O never, by insolence, conceit, or selfishness.

You may perhaps suppose that the severe and mortifying remarks of Mr. Percy, which Arabella had learned, would in some degree have cured her vanity; but no fault in this world is more difficult to cure than vanity. It is so *very* pleasant to think well of ourselves! and Arabella found it much easier, and more agreeable, to believe that Mr. Percy was 'a vile, ill-natured man,' than to believe that she herself was the 'conceited baboon' he had so unceremoniously called her. So in spite of that, and her chilblained feet, and her blotched face, she remained quite as conceited as ever, and as often as ever repeated to herself, 'I am very pretty.'

A few weeks after the time of little Miss Ribley's ball, when Arabella's face was once more quite well, and her chilblains better, her aunt Harriet, who was on a visit to her mother, received an invitation to dine out, and was requested to bring her little neice, Miss Arabella, along with her. Mother was at first very unwilling to consent to this; but Arabella pleaded and besought so much, and got her aunt to join her in doing so, that at length it was decided she should go; and the beautiful dress intended for the ball, and which, by the way, had been sent her by this very aunt, was drawn out, and looked at by Arabella, with renewed admiration; and she capered about, making a thousand antics, as she anticipated how 'very pretty' she would look when drest in it.

It seemed very long indeed before the day of the dinner party arrived: but it came at last—and what a day! The rain poured as if it never intended to be fair again, and the wind blew dreadfully. It happened that Arabella's father and mother were also to dine out, at a different house from that where aunt Harriet was going, and they took their own carriage, so that a hackney coach was brought for the aunt and niece. Arabella did not much like this—she did not at all relish the idea of driving up to the door in a hired coach, instead of her father's carriage; but she dared not say so, and was obliged to take her seat, inwardly comforting herself that no one would *see* her arrive.

Observing that she had pulled on her long white gloves, her aunt said to her, 'My love, you had better not put on those gloves till you arrive; remember

this coach is not like your father's carriage—you will get them soiled.'

But Arabella, like all conceited people, loved her own way; so she replied, 'O no, dear aunt; I shall take great care not to soil them;' and she kept on the gloves.

At the moment the coach stopped, some object had just drawn the whole company to the drawing-room windows; Arabella looked up and saw them, and said to herself—'O, how provoking to be in a vile hackney coach! however they shan't think I am any vulgar person, for I'll step out with so much dignity and grace, they shall see at once I am not a common person; besides, they will see how very pretty I am.'

Her aunt having desired her to go out first, she proceeded to do so with what she considered 'dignity and grace.' She threw back her cloak, to show her blue silk slip, and embroidered frock; drew up her head, and stuck out her foot, in the most affected manner, as she stepped down. The hackney coachman profered his arm to assist her; but, with the white gloves on, how could she touch his wet sleeve? The streets were very wet, though it did not rain at the moment: in making a long step to the pavement, Arabella lost her balance, and fell upon the ground. The wind caught her cloak and wrapped it over her head; and in trying to rise, she rolled off the sidewalk.

Her aunt had stooped to pick up her boa, which had slipped off her neck in the coach; and what was her amazement, on raising her head, to see the coachman lifting Arabella out of the dirt, with the cloak still over her head; while the streams of mud coursed their way along the beautiful blue silk dress and embroidered frock. He carried her up to the door, which the servant had opened, and placed her upon the door-mat; and there she stood, till one of the maids brought a knife, and scraped off the worst of the mud which hung to her dress. She was then taken up to the nursery, where her good-natured aunt accompanied her, and assisted in stripping and washing her. Aunt Harriet was soon summoned down to dinner, and there did poor Arabella, shorn of her splendor, and wrapped in an old flannel gown, sit mournfully among the nursery maids and little children, instead of being admired as she had expected in the drawing-room. How mortifying were her reflections. 'It is all my own fault—it is all because of my folly and affectation. If I had not been fancying that the people at the window were admiring me, I should not have stepped out in such a foolish manner, and lost my footing.' And bitter, bitter tears rolled silently over her face, as these thoughts passed through her mind. She looked back on all her former life, and could not recollect that ever she had been so very miserable before. Yet how much will my little readers wonder when I tell them, that in after years, when Arabella was a grown up lady, she always looked back on this day as the most fortunate of her life; and upon her hapless

disaster of tumbling in the mud as one of the greatest blessings she ever met with! And why? I hear you ask, with wondering faces. Simply, my dear children, because it cured her of SELF-CONCEIT—a fault, which, though at first sight it appears harmless, and only fit to be laughed at, yet, if we examine more deeply, we shall see is one which opens the door of our heart to many of the blackest and most serious sins.

But I ought to tell you, that it was not altogether her downfall from the carriage that caused the downfall of Arabella's self-conceit. Her aunt had sent a messenger back to their own house, for another and a humbler dress, to supply the place of the magnificent one so suddenly destroyed; and when the ladies left the dining-room to go to the drawing-room, this kind, good aunt came up to the nursery, and dressed the little girl, now humbled and repentant for her folly. The lady of the house came up also, and spoke kindly to Arabella, and tried to cheer her. Taking a hand of each, she went down to the drawing-room, feeling much ashamed to meet all those who had seen her ludicrous descent into the channel; but she looked so modest and unassuming—so unlike her former self, that every one was ready to sympathize with her, and spoke kindly to her instead of laughing at her as she fancied they would have done.

Arabella however was in too low spirits to chatter or go on in her usual style; she crept to a corner of a sofa, and, silent there, she had time to observe what was going on. There was a young girl, exactly Arabella's age, of the party; and, like Arabella, she was possessed with a most extravagant admiration of herself. Thinking that there never could be a more favorable time to *show off* than when her unfortunate companion was in such bad spirits, she chattered and talked incessantly, and so loud as to be quite disagreeable; at the same time twisting and throwing her figure and her head about, exactly as I have described Arabella to have done at Mrs. Pryce's. Arabella looked on, and thought to herself—'Well; I am sure if Mr. Percy had called *you*, miss, 'a conceited baboon,' it would have been little wonder!—how very ridiculous and hateful the girl does make herself, to be sure!' So much easier is it, my little friends, to see the faults of others, than to see our own!—Something like this last reflection occurred to Arabella's own mind, and covered her face with blushes. 'O,' she said to herself, 'if I am like that girl, how very disgusting I must be!'

As soon as Arabella and her aunt were in the carriage on their way home, she threw herself into her aunt's arms, and bursting into tears, she said, 'My dear, dear aunt, how very good it is of you not to be angry with me for the destruction of the beautiful dress you gave me.'

'My love,' said her aunt, pressing Arabella to her bosom, 'if you have felt the destruction of your dress, and the causes which led to it, in the way which,

from your countenance and behavior this evening, I hope and think you have, believe me, far from regretting it, I shall consider what I paid for it as the best spent money I ever laid out of my purse. Tell me, Arabella, am I right in my hope?'

'Yes, aunt,' replied the sobbing girl; 'if you mean that it has cured me of my self-conceit, you *are* right; but, O, tell me, aunt, was *I* as hateful and disgusting as that girl?'

'Yes, my love,' said her aunt; 'I must candidly tell you that you were. I trust I may say *were*—meaning that you will never hereafter be so.'

'O never, never,' cried Arabella, clasping her hands; 'never, if God gives me strength to keep my present resolution; and while I live I shall never omit, night nor morning, to pray to him to save me from pride and vain glory.'

MILK.

FROM LITTLE DERWENT'S BREAKFAST.

HARK! where the merry milk-maid sings,
'Come, pretty cow, come here'—
The pretty cow her treasure brings,
And cheerfully draws near.

And Derwent may have fresh warm milk,
To make him fat and strong:
'Tis white as snow, and soft as silk,
And he may drink it long.

How many uses can be made
Of milk so pure and sweet!
Within the dairy's pleasant shade,
With richest *cream* we meet;

Which, when the dairy-maid has found,
She puts it in her churn;
And while she works it round and round,
To *butter* it will turn.

That butter which you daily see
Upon the table placed:
Which in such pretty forms may be
By various fancies graced.

We also make from milk and cream
Full many a dainty dish:
Custards and syllabubs will seem
Well suited to your wish.

Yet better far, for little boys
The puddings it will make
With rice or flour, and eggs so choice,
Which in our ovens bake.

Again, there's *cheese*, which people praise,
And with their dinner eat;
Made in so many different ways,
That some are quite a treat.

But when you eat it—think and feel
How many poor there are,
To whom the worst sort, with their meal,
Would be a dainty fare.

And do not in a fancied taste,
Despise the coarser food,
Or in a careless manner waste
What thousands think so good.

When you are walking in the fields,
You'll love the gentle cow
Since to the milk she daily yields,
Such wholesome food we owe.

ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE, CAT, AND DOG.

NEXT day, as soon as Annette and her mother were seated at work, Annette said, Now, dear mother, will you tell me some more dog stories? I like so much to hear *true* stories.

Indeed, my dear Annette, (said Mrs. Mowbray, laughing) at this rate, you will soon exhaust my stock of dog stories, as you call them; but, in a book which I shall give you when you are able to understand it, you will find a fund of amusement in the account of different animals, their habits, and modes of living.

What is the book called? said Annette.

Bingley's Animal Biography. It was written by a clergyman, solely for children.

What is the meaning of *Biography?*

Biography means an account of the life and character of any one: for instance, the Biography of Miss Annette Mowbray would be an account of all which that eminent young lady had done, said, and met with, during her life-time; and if she wrote it herself, it would be called her *auto*-biography; because auto is a Greek word meaning self.

So then, (said Annette, laughing) *animal* biography means the lives and characters of animals. I do wish I was old enough to read this delightful book!

Nay, my child, (said her mother,) instead of idly wishing to be *old* enough, rather wish and endeavor to get *sense* enough.

But can people *get sense* themselves? I thought it was God who gave us whatever quantity of sense he pleased, and that we could not get any more than He chose to give us.

Certainly, (said Mrs. Mowbray,) you are so far right, that God allots to each of us a certain portion of sense or ability; but he leaves *us* to improve it, or not, as we ourselves please; and consequently, we find that it is by no means those naturally gifted with great abilities, that shine most in the world; or prove themselves the most valuable characters; but rather those who steadily labor to improve whatever sense God has given them.

But, (said Annette,) can dogs improve their own sense, and grow wiser by trying?

No, my dear, they cannot, because they are incapable of reasoning; and they are not gifted with the power of speech, by which we improve each other.

But have not dogs and other animals a way of speaking to each other?

Yes, they have a way of expressing to each other their mere bodily wants and wishes; but I suppose you never heard of any bird or beast turning schoolmaster and teaching the rest?

Annette laughed, and said, No, except in Æsop's fables; but tell me this, have all beasts the power of understanding every other beast, or is it only their own kind they understand? I mean, could a dog understand a cat's language, or a cow a horse's?

Whether they universally understand each other or not, said Mrs. M. is a question that I cannot exactly answer, my dear; but I shall tell you an anecdote which shows that dogs and cats can sometimes communicate their wishes and intentions to each other.

There was a friend of mine in Stirling, who had a dog and cat that lived together in great peace and friendship. Much about the same time, the dog had a son, and the cat a daughter; and these two little gentlefolks grew up together, and were very much attached to each other. There was a nice green behind the house, where they used to play together; and when they were wearied, they would go to sleep in each other's arms. When they were three or four months' old, they were sent as a present to a person in Edinburgh. The two little things were put in a basket together, and covered over, so that they could not see. Some meat was put in with them; and thus provided, they were mounted on a carrier's cart, and trundled along the road for thirty miles and more. On their arrival they were happy to get out of the basket, for something to eat and drink, and then to go to sleep. Edinburgh is a very beautiful

city, but poor little miss and master disliked it exceedingly. They were not allowed to go out, and, when they looked out at the windows, the noises and the strange sights in the streets terrified them. From being strangers also, they committed many little blunders and offences, for which they got whipped ; in short, they were quite miserable ; and a few evenings after their arrival, they seized an opportunity when no one was noticing, to slip out at the door and escape. How they told each other their plan, or how they found the road, I cannot tell you, but in two days after they left that house, they arrived at their former home in Stirling, very much worn out with fatigue and want of food.

Ah, poor little things ! I could cry for them ! said Annette, with tears in her eyes.

All the way as they went, the little dog, who was the biggest and strongest, defended the little cat.

But, mother, interrupted Annette, how was that known ? Did any one see them ?

Yes. A gentleman from Stirling was riding along the same road, and at a very lonely part of it, where there were no houses, he was surprised to see a kitten running along ; his dog flew at it, but instantly a little dog sprung out from the hedge side, and drove off his dog, and then run on with the kitten in the opposite direction to that the gentleman was going. On his return to Stirling, he heard of the extraordinary feat of the two little creatures coming back, and went to see them, and found they were the same he had seen on the road.

How very strange it was ; it was just as if the little dog had thought the kitten was his little sister, and would not let any one hurt her. I think, mother, it must have been he who found the road ; for you know cats are not near so wise as dogs ; are they ?

In most respects they certainly show less sagacity than dogs, but in finding their way back to places to which they are attached, they are not surpassed by any. I knew a sailor boy who in a frolic stole his sister's favorite cat, and took her away in a ship, which, when it had gone about nine miles down the river, cast anchor for the night. The sailors knew that Puss was on board when they went to bed, but next morning she was gone ; and they concluded, that being but a young sailor, she had missed her footing in some of her walks about the ship, and fallen overboard. Some even said they heard the splash. Mrs. Puss had gone overboard, sure enough ; but it was with her own will. She must have swam ashore, the distance of a mile, and then ran nine miles home ; where she arrived, quite composed, next morning, in good time for breakfast ; none of the family having the least suspicion of her aquatic exploit, till the return of the boy from his voyage. His consternation you can easily imagine, when on entering, the first sight he saw at his father's fireside, was

the venerable old dame whom he had supposed drowned six months before !

O, that was very funny, said Annette; but I thought that cats had a great dislike to water, and were frightened to go into it.

So they are, my dear, said her mother; they exceedingly dislike water; therefore, this poor animal overcoming her natural dread of it so far as to throw herself into the sea, shows how very strong her attachment to her home must have been. It is singular however that the attachment of the cat is more to the *place*, than to the *people* of the house : while, on the contrary, all places are alike to the generous and affectionate dog, so his beloved friend of the human race be there !

Mother, said Annette, I do not quite understand you. I do not know what you mean by saying cats love *places* more than *people*.

Then I shall explain my meaning to you by an anecdote. I knew a family who had a very old cat ; she had lived all her life in the same house ; but the family at length went to a new house at some distance from their old one, which was left tenantless, and shut up. Old dame Pussy was, of course, carefully removed, along with the other valuables of the family. She, however, gave considerable annoyance in the new house, by her squalls and her evident discontent ; and in a day or two she disappeared. About a week afterwards, some of the family had occasion to go to the garden of the old house, and were amazed to find puss lying under a gooseberry bush, which had, from her youth upwards, been a favorite resort of hers in warm sunny weather. She was as wet as a drenching rain could make her, and very weak for want of food. She was carried home, dried, fed, and petted, as much as might have pleased the most discontented *two*-legged pet ; but in vain ; next day she once more disappeared, was once more found in the same place, and brought back—again disappeared—was forgotten for a few days by the family, and when sought, was found, after a night of severe weather, ' extended in death ' under her beloved gooseberry bush, the society of which it appeared she preferred to all the humane kindness and company of her oldest friends. Do you now understand ?

Yes, mother, I think I do. I suppose if this poor cat—I feel very sorry for her ! —could have got into the house, she would not have gone to the gooseberry bush ?

I suppose not, my dear, said Mrs. M. as it was winter, and very cold. Probably, had another family gone to the house, she would have settled herself among the new colony, without caring a fig for those who were gone. I remember another instance of the same sort, of a cat who belonged to a lady that died in the next house to us. The people who removed the furniture from the house after her death, locked it up. and were so cruel as to turn her poor cat out into the street. Many of the neighbors would have taken it in, and been kind to it, but it obstinately persevered in sitting on the door step

of its former house, and its unceasing cries became most annoying. It would scarce ever taste the food that the kind-hearted neighbors laid down to it. At length, some one gave her to the captain of a ship, who took her to Charleston, in America, three thousand miles distant, and made a present of her to some one there. On his return to England, what was his astonishment to learn that a few days before, the cat had re-appeared at her old quarters, mewing as piteously as ever! He declared nothing but witchcraft could have done it, for he had charged the people he gave her to, to be kind to her, and not to let her go at large till his ship had sailed—and for witchcraft it might evermore have passed, had not the master of another vessel, who heard the circumstance related, told that this very cat had come on board his ship at Charleston, just as he was leaving port, and came home in it, but that she disappeared as soon as they got into port here. Now, the whole mystery was, that though this ship sailed a day or two later from Charleston than the other did, she was the first to arrive in England!

But how did they know it was the same cat?

For a very droll reason, Annette; she had no tail, at least only the stump of one! I suppose this ornament of her person had been torn off in a battle; for you know cats are very unamiable and quarrelsome characters among themselves and no way scrupulous as to the use they make of teeth and claws.

Perhaps her mewings were as much for the loss of her tail, as for that of her mistress, mother, said Annette, laughing.

That I cannot tell, my dear; but if it was so, she had taken a long while to think about it: for, to my certain knowledge, she had been *tail-less* for three years before that time.

Mother, (said Annette, after a long pause) how can dogs and cats find their way along roads where they never before were in their lives?

Indeed, my dear child, that is a question that neither I nor any body else can answer in a satisfactory manner. It is sometimes *supposed* that animals possess a sixth sense, which we have not, by means of which they are enabled to guide themselves through the most pathless wilds to the home of their love.

I do not understand that about a sixth sense; what does it mean?

Do you not remember, (replied Mrs. M.) my telling you that human beings and almost all other animals had *five* senses? the sense of *hearing*, the sense of *seeing*, the sense of *smelling*, the sense of *tasting*, and the sense of *touch*, or *feeling*. Now none of these could guide an animal in the way we speak of; he cannot *see* his way, he cannot *hear* it, he cannot *smell* an object distant seventy or eighty miles from himself, and there are well authenticated instances of dogs returning to their homes that distance without guide 'or compass.' I knew a gentleman who carried a dog with him to London by sea; returned to Scotland by land,

and paused to visit a friend. This person had a large, shaggy bloodhound, who instantly quarrelled with my friend's dog, and they both got kicked, and turned out, in great disgrace. The stranger, thinking, I suppose, that he had been shabbily treated, took offence, and went off. His master thinking him lost was much distressed, but on his arrival at home next day, who but his canine friend was first to greet him! The distance was seventy miles by the road; but as the dog arrived at his home about thirteen hours after his battle with the bloodhound, it seems certain he must have taken some shorter cut than the great highway. Indeed, my dear, my own dog, little Pickle, was once taken up the river in a boat, a distance of nine miles, to a place where he had never been before. Disliking the change, the little gentleman set off home, by land, and arrived in perfect safety the same evening, apparently much delighted with what he had done.

O, how strange! what can this sixth sense be?

That is quite impossible for us to conceive, replied Mrs. M.; but, my dear child, when we think of it, we should feel humbled, and at the same time admire the goodness and the power which enables God thus to bestow on the inferior creatures, a sense which proud man is unable even to comprehend or explain.

But have any other of the animals except dogs and cats this sense, mother?

O yes, my dear, I suppose *all* animals have it; it is evidently bestowed upon them to enable them to find their way back to their own doors or nests, when they have ranged in search of food to great distances. Therefore I should suppose *all* the brute creation possess it—though I never heard any instances of it except in our domestic animals, such as cows, sheep, horses, and birds.

O, mother, do tell me some of those stories; tell me one of horses. I love horses.

Well, Annette, (replied her mother) I can tell you an extraordinary one of a horse. But before I begin, look from the window, and tell me whether you can see the lofty Ben Lomond, or whether he is hiding his towering head among the clouds?

No, mother, Ben is quite bright; his head is gleaming in the setting sun; but what has that to do with the horse story?

Have patience, little Glib-tongue; and tell me, do you remember a sweet old lady, called Miss Colhoun, I once took you to visit?

Yes, mother, and you told me that when she was young, she lived in a lovely place on the banks of Loch Lomond.

Well, my dear, the horse I am going to tell you about, was her property. Her farm-hired man bought it at a fair in Stirling, and brought it home; it was a very young, strong animal, and appeared quite docile, till they attempted the following day to put it in the plough. What offence this gave it, it is hard to say; but no sooner was it yoked by the side of old Dobs, a venerable gentleman of his own

species, whose freaks and frolics were long past, than it began to kick, and rear, and plunge ; and at last set off, dragging plough, ploughman, Dobs, and all at his heels ; fortunately, the harness broke before he had done much mischief : on finding himself at liberty, he cut several furious capers, then rolled himself on the ground, screaming like a passionate child, and starting up, set off at the utmost of his speed towards the lake, which is at that place three miles broad, and studded with lovely little wooded islands ; he took to the water at once, and swam most gallantly. Miss Colhoun, who had been sent for, returned to the house for a spy-glass, and watched his progress ; she supposed he would land on the first island he came near, and that he meant to set up there as a sort of equinine Robinson Crusoe ; but no ! he swam steadily on ; rather avoiding the islands, and made straight for Ben Lomond, where that magnificent mountain laves its foot in the silver waters of the lake, which as if it loved its old face, pictures it back, with all its woods and wilds, on its own glassy bosom. No sooner did he reach the shore, than after one hearty shake of his wet side, this freebooter of a horse set off at full speed, up the face of Ben Lomond, in a direction which no human being could have trod, from its steepness and ruggedness ; but on he went, springing like a gazelle from one height or precipice to another. As she gazed through her glass, she sometimes lost sight of him for so long a time, that she feared he had been dashed to pieces in some of these fearful leaps ; but he always reappeared again, and at last gained the summit and disappeared down the opposite side of the mountain.

Dear mother, what became of him ? cried Annette, no longer able to keep silence.

Patience, my love, and you will hear. As soon as he disappeared over the summit, Miss Colhoun desired the ploughman to get ready, and start for the other side of the hill, and endeavor to gain some information of the runaway. He did so ; but as no mortal could traverse the road the fugitive had chosen, the ploughman, after crossing Loch Lomond, had to make a circuit of about nine miles ere he reached the part of the hill where he thought it likely the animal had passed down. In vain however he inquired of every one he met ; at every house he came to. No one had seen the horse. Night came on ; and he had to seek shelter for himself ; much dispirited at hearing no news of his luckless purchase. On that side Ben Lomond, instead of rising into abrupt and frightful precipices as it does on the side you are now gazing on, (for you are gazing on it, my love, as if you expected every moment to see the horse, or its ghost, though the mountain is fifteen miles distant from you)—

Annette burst out laughing, and said, —O, do go on. I wish I had two pair of ears to listen with, I feel so interested about this horse : do, do go on, mother.

Well, (resumed Mrs. M.) as I was say-

ing, on the other, the north side, Ben Lomond slopes more gradually and softly into a beautiful rich landscape : at its very foot lies the lovely little lake of Monteith, with its one tiny island, planted on its bosom, like an emerald set in diamonds. To this scene of sylvan beauty the ploughman took his way the following morning. I dare believe, thinking far more about the equestrian deserter, than of all the glories of earth and sky by which he was surrounded ! As he drew near the lake of Monteith, he was attracted by the exulting, mirthful shouts of some children in the barn-yard of a very humble cottage he was passing. He leant over the wall, and to his amazement beheld the object of his search ! the very horse, surrounded by a group of half-clad little highlanders, of all ages, from three years to fourteen ; each of whom seemed to be trying who should lavish most marks of childish love on the animal ; who, gentle as a lamb, licked them, and fondled them with his head, like an affectionate dog. After gazing at this scene for some minutes in not uninterested silence, the ploughman turned into the cottage, and found there a respectable heart-broken looking woman, and an elderly man, whom he at once recognised as the highlander from whom he had bought the horse in Stirling market. The highlander at once knew the ploughman ; and though, I dare say, little used to shed tears, could not hinder many a one from rolling over his hard and weather-beaten cheeks, when told how the poor animal had made his escape. Still faster did the tears roll over both his and his poor wife's cheeks, when he came to tell how that this horse was the foal of a favorite old mare that belonged to his father and himself, nobody knows for how many years ; and how she was injured and died a few days after it was foaled, and his wife and children nursed and fed it like a baby. It lived *in* the cottage ; lay on the hearth or in a corner, like a dog ; would roll and play on the floor, or in the field with them, like any kitten ; let three or four of them get on its back while it was stooping down, then rise softly, and trot them all about as gently as if it were conscious how precious was the burden which it bore on its young back.

But sorrows will come ; the winter before I am telling of, this poor man and his family had been seized with typhus fever, which not only caused them great expense, but kept him so long from work that when rent-time came, he had not one farthing to pay it, and there remained no alternative between selling the young horse, or being turned out of the little farm and humble thatched cottage which he and his forefathers had occupied for three hundred years. With a sore heart he set off for Stirling fair with what seemed to him one of the family, to sell ; —not daring to tell the children what he was about to do. " She came back last night, sir, about dusk—the children were all gone to bed, and my wife and I were just sitting at the fireside ; dull enough, indeed, sir ; when something came noozle

noozle at the window. I said, 'Eh, dear Janet, is not that just like the sound poor Flora used to make when she wanted to come in at night?' 'Oh,' she says, 'Donald, don't speak of Flora, *she* will never, never come to that window again;' and she cried bitterly. Well, sir, I rose and opened the door, and there stood Flora, the poor beast! I really believe I kissed her; and I am certain sure she kissed me." The warm-hearted highlander could say no more; his heart was too full for words, and his wife wept aloud. The ploughman was scarcely less moved. 'Would you wish,' he said, 'to keep the poor animal? for I know the goodness of my mistress so well, that I am quite sure she would never, in such circumstances, hold a poor man to his bargain.' There was a struggle in the faces of the poor highlander and his wife; they looked at each other, and spoke a few words in Gaelic which the ploughman did not understand. Then Donald turned, and said to him with perfect firmness and composure, "No, sir; it has pleased God to make us too poor honestly to keep the mare. I have paid away to my landlord the price you gave me for her in Stirling market; she is yours—take her." The parting between the little wild highland children and their four-footed darling was a sad scene; so sad as to overcome the good-natured ploughman's prudence far enough to make him say, that he was almost sure his dear lady would not keep the mare. She would send it back to the children. Poor Janet and Donald looked on, and heard what he said, and were pleased that a ray of comfort was held out to their weeping children; but said to each other in their own language, "Send back poor Flora! Alas! alas! *we* have no money to pay for her!" The ploughman walked away with Flora, the weeping children following as far as they could, and Donald and Janet, poor and ignorant as they were, knew better where to seek for true comfort, than many of the proud and rich, when they are miserable; they turned, my dear love, into their little wretched cottage, and, kneeling down together, prayed in their own highland tongue, to that God who alike loves and watches over all, the rich or the poor, who love Him, and keep his commandments.

Miss Colhoun sent back the mare. She was far from being rich in money, but she was rich in faith and trust upon God's promises. She could but ill spare at the moment the twenty-five pounds she had paid for the mare; but she remembered and laid it to her heart, that He has said, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, trusting in *Me*, and thou shalt find it after many days.' And again, 'Who ever trusted in Me and was deceived!' When she herself told me the story, she made those two quotations from the Bible, and added, "My dear young friend, I declare to you, I never missed the twenty-five pounds, and at the end of the year found that I was richer than I expected."

390 A building, as a barn or cottage, to be drawn from nature.

391 A distant tree, to be drawn from nature, the distance being such that the more minute details cannot be seen.

392 Exercises on color. Do objects very far off appear to have as many colors as objects close by? Look at that person who is so far off that you can scarcely see him—what is the color of his clothes? Does the grass in that field, some distance off, appear as bright and green as the grass close to you? Let the pupil then compare objects in the front ground with objects at a less distance than the most distant ground in the same manner, and let the objects which are most strongly colored be compared first. After this let the pupil compare the colors of the most distant ground with those of the different distances between that and the front ground.

393 The fisherman, No. 354, to be drawn twice the size of the copy, and afterwards half the size, and with rapidity.

394 The copies, Nos. 18, 19, 23, 28, 33 and 38, to be drawn with the greatest possible rapidity, but with perfect calmness, and without hurrying.

395 A cottage, such as the pupil would like to live in, to be invented and drawn.

396 The pupil should measure the space which a piece of furniture covers, and make a drawing or ground plan of it on the scale of an inch to the foot, according to the plan shown in No. 467, fig. 6, which is a plan of a room with various articles of furniture.

397 A dog, sheep, or some domestic animal to be drawn from nature: or No. 207 may be copied.

398 One of the child's companions, to be drawn from life, sitting and standing, quickly, and with little detail.

399 Various kinds of paling for gardens, more or less ornamented, to be invented.

*400 A goat.

*401 A cottage, shaded.

*402 A pack-horse.

403 A chair from nature. Previously to drawing this object, it should be carefully examined in the following manner. When does its seat appear narrowest?—broadest? Can you stand so as to see none of its legs?—so as to see all four legs?—three only?—two only?—one only? Do the legs always appear to be of the same length?—Do they ever appear so? Does one ever appear longest? Do two ever appear of the same size? Do three? When does the back appear broadest?—when narrowest?—when longest?—shortest? What parts of the chair can you see, when you place it on the table, which you cannot see when it is on the ground? Does it appear the same when it is on the ground, and when you stoop down as when you stand up? Does it appear the same when you stoop to it as when you raise it to you?

404 An ear from nature.

405 An eye from nature, front view and profile.

406 A closed hand from nature.

407 Perspective. Take a square box with the lid off, and let the pupil try in what positions the inside can and cannot be seen. Also the positions in which one of the inner sides, and bottom, and two, three, and four of the inner sides and bottom, can be wholly or partially seen. When all the inside can be seen, is any part of the outside visible? Some exercises should then be done with the box reversed. Where must you be placed to see the top, and nothing more, of a flat-roofed house? —to see none of the top?—to see the top very narrow? The pupil may answer these questions by the aid of a bit of wood, or a box raised to different heights; but if possible should verify the observations from nature.

408 Several small pieces of furniture may be measured and their ground plan drawn, as in No. 396, but on a scale of two inches to the foot. Some large pieces of furniture may be drawn in the same manner on the scale of half an inch to the foot.

409 The pupil should draw several of the simplest objects he can find out of doors, from nature.

410 Several distant trees to be drawn from nature.

411 The pupil may draw several objects that he has seen out of doors, from memory.

412 A man and woman, to be drawn from invention of a small size, and quickly and roughly.

413 The pupil may try to draw a cottage from invention.

414 The pupil may draw the copies Nos. 49, 50, 54, 55 and 59, with the greatest possible quickness, but so that they shall not be drawn positively ill.

415 A bridge, to be invented and drawn, consisting of three round arches, the centre arch to be the largest; the banks to slope on each side.

*416 A gardener with watering-pots.

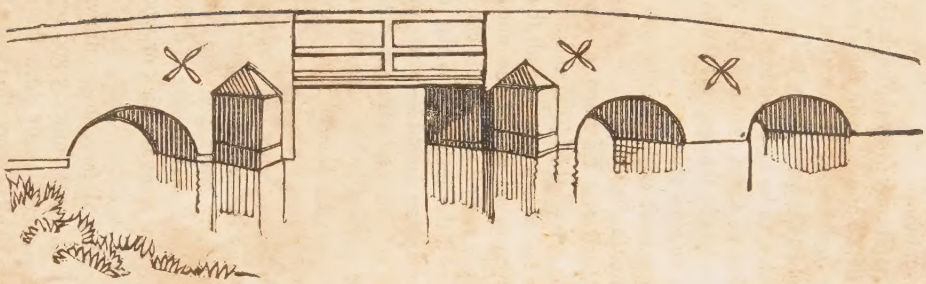
*417 A house shaded.

418 Perspective. Examine a saucer. Can you see all the inside and outside at once? When you see all the inside can you see any of the outside? When you see all the outside can you see any of the inside? When does the rim appear round?—when oval? —when a horizontal straight line?— when a perpendicular straight line? When does the side of it appear the deepest?—when the shallowest?—Examine a basin, teapot, candlestick, and snuffer-tray in the same manner. Try in how many ways you can hold a ruler so that it shall appear of different shapes; also a square stick or wooden brick.

419 A head and face, to be drawn in profile from nature, quickly and roughly. (Beginners usually draw the head much too small in proportion to the face. As much is above as below the eye.)

420 The pupil may try to draw a full face from nature in the same manner,

No. 385.



No. 387.

No. 386.

He says, and he's merry as he can be,—
'To-night there's a famous feast for me;
For me and my mate so beautiful,
Where the hound lies dead by the forest-pool.

'His master he knows not where he lies,
So we shall go down to peck out his eyes;
His master he mourneth, early and late;—
But it is joy to me and my mate!

'And the miller last week he killed his mare,—
She lies in a hollow, I know where,—
There's an ancient cross of crumbling stone,
Down in that hollow, dank and lone!

'The mare was blind, and lame, and thin,
And she had not a bone but it pierced her skin;
For twenty years did she come and go,—
We'll be with her anon!' croaked the Carrion-crow

'And there bleats a lamb by the thundering linn,
The mother ewe she has tumbled in;
Three days ago and the lamb was strong,
Now he is weak with fasting long.

'All day long he moans and calls,
And over his mother the water falls;
He can see his mother down below,
But why she comes not he does not know.

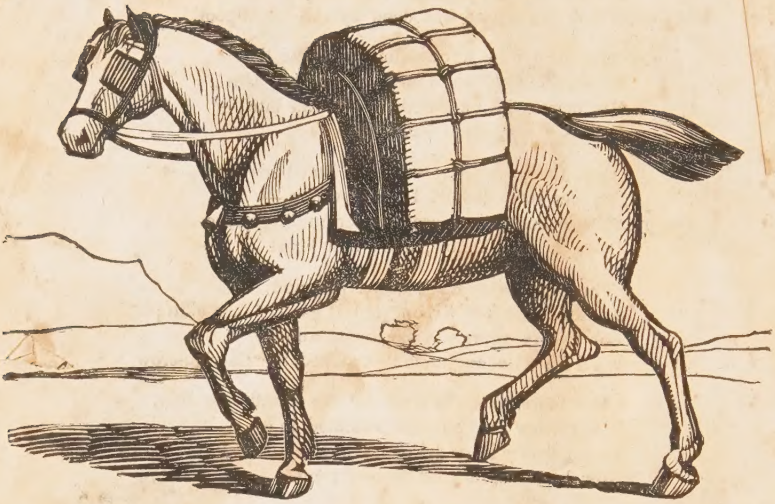
'His little heart doth pine away,
And fainter and fainter he bleats to-day;
So loud o'er the linn the waters brawl,
That the shepherd he hears him not at all!

'Twice I've been down to look at him,
But he glanced on me his eyeballs dim;
And among the stones so cold and bare,
I saw the raven watching there.

'He'll have the first peck at his black eye,
And taste of his heart before it die:—
Aha! though the hungry raven is there,
As soon as he's ready we'll have our share!'

These are the words of the Carrion-crow,
As he first croaks loud and then croaks low,
And the spiders and millepedes hear him croak,
As he sits up aloft on the ancient oak.

No. 402.



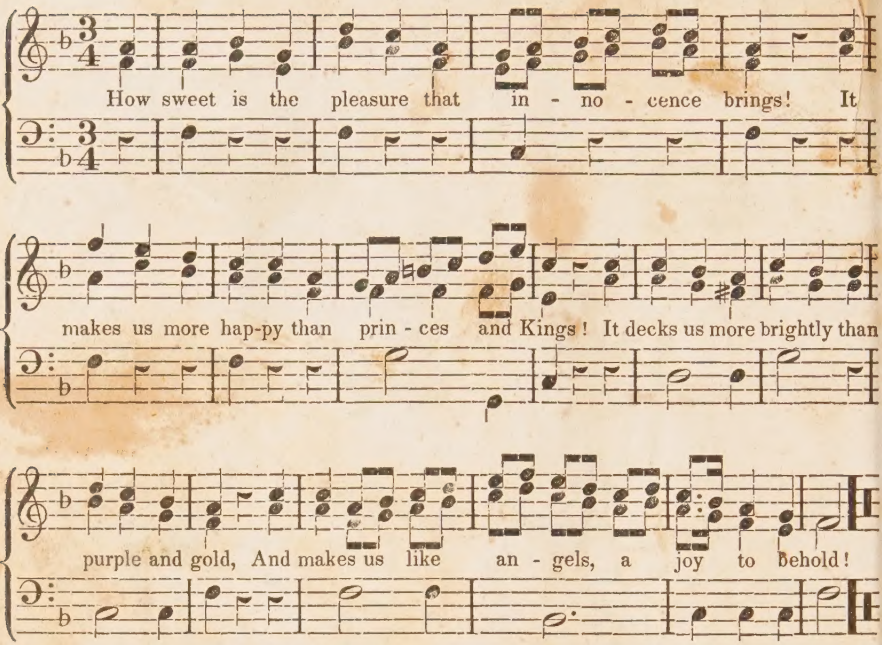
No. 417.

No. 416.

No. 429.

Innocence.

MUSIC BY HENSCHEL.


How sweet is the pleasure that in - no - cence brings! It
makes us more hap-py than prin - ces and Kings! It decks us more brightly than
purple and gold, And makes us like an - gels, a joy to behold!

2

The voice of the turtle is sweet in the grove
And sweet on the meadow the lambkins that rove—
Yet Oh! how much sweeter that innocent breast—
When slumbering passions all tranquilly rest;

3

It bids the glad sunbeams shed lovelier light
And evening stars twinkle more charmingly bright;
The roses smile sweeter in morning's red beam,
And sweeter the violet, that grows by the stream.

4

Oh! sweet is the pleasure that innocence brings!
It makes us more happy than princes and Kings;
It decks us more brightly than purple and gold,
And makes us like angels, a joy to behold.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1839.

For Parley's Magazine.

THE DISCONTENTED ROBINS.

'DO, dear mother, tell us a story,' said the eldest of a group of rosy, laughing children, as they seated themselves around a bright fire, one cold evening last winter.

'I will with pleasure,' replied their indulgent mother, 'but first I wish to know why my little George, who is usually so merry, now looks so discontented. What is the matter, my son?'

'I was only thinking, mother, that I wish father was as rich as Mr. Allen, and we could have every thing as handsome as he does. Father sent me there with a letter this afternoon, and Mr. Allen asked me to walk in while he wrote an answer.

There is a large hall as you enter the door, which is handsomely carpeted, and a most splendid chandelier hangs in the centre, and there are handsome settees and arm chairs, and *such a beautiful* spacious staircase, with niches in the walls for statues ; and then their parlors with folding doors are so elegantly finished ; the fireplaces are the most beautifully veined marble ; I stood by the fire to warm my hands, and it was so polished I could see every thing in the room reflected in it.'

'What, in the fire, or your hands ?'

'You *know well enough* what I mean, William,' meeting his brother's merry glance with an angry frown.

'Never mind, George,' said his sisters ; 'go on.'

'Well—I was going to say, Theodore Allen came up to me, and told me they were—the chimney-pieces I mean,—made of Egyptian marble ; and the tables (there was a pier table and a centre table in each room) were Italian marble, and his father sent to Italy for the marble ; and Theodore *looked so important* all the while he was talking to me ; as much as to say, *your father* can't get such things ; and then he marched off to the window and stood whistling, and striking his boot with a beautiful little cane ; and he afterwards showed me his beautiful set of chess men, and his bagatelle board, and loto box, and never so many dissected maps and historical puzzles of the kings and queens of England and France ; and he has battledoers, and jumping ropes, and skates, and his father has just bought him an elegant little pony, and next summer he is going to riding-school, though he is but ten years old : and, notwithstanding he has all these beautiful things, he is one of the ugliest boys I know. Why, mother, he goes out in the woods in the summer, and robs birds'-nests, and kills the old birds, and leaves the young ones to starve ; and he sets traps for little squirrels, and does all the cruel things he can think of. I am sure he does not deserve such handsome things half as much as we do. And I forgot to tell you what I admired most of all ;—they had superb couches, and chairs covered with crimson, and beautiful alabaster vases on the mantel ; but the most beautiful thing was a little French clock, and, when it was five o'clock, a tiny bird flew out at the top, and spread his wings and sung the sweetest tune you ever heard, then folded his wings and popped back again. Theodore told me his father bought him in Geneva. How I wish our father had money enough to buy such things !'

'Well, George,' said his brother William, 'have you got through your account of this fairy palace, as you seem to think it ? It was almost equal to the descriptions in the Arabian Nights, was it not ?'

'I am very sorry,' said his mother, 'to see you so discontented with your home. I think our parlor is very pleasant, without all those things you covet so much ; our coal fire burns as brightly as it would if the chimney-piece were of Egyptian marble ; and our tables are as useful, made

of nice mahogany ; the chairs and sofa are very easy ; our clock too tells the time quite as well, by striking, as the bird did by his beautiful song ; and rather better, I should think ; for I suppose the bird sung the same tune for all the hours, and then, you know, you would be obliged to come and look, to see what time it was.'

At this moment the door opened, and a fine intelligent looking boy of thirteen entered the room, with a book under his arm, and advanced to the fire.

'Here comes our young student,' said his mother ; 'he has learned his French lesson I suppose, and is come to join our circle.'

'Yes, mother, I have got my lesson ; and I am sure I am very glad of it, for I am almost frozen, staying so long alone in that cold study.'

'Cold ! is it ? I told Susan to make a good fire there.'

'So she did ; but that grate is so small, it does not half warm the room ; and the wind blows so, and the snow beats against the window so hard, that it chilled me to hear it. I wish we lived in France, in one of those beautiful sunny vales, where the oranges, and grapes, are so plentiful and tempting, and the sunsets always so bright. They have no such cold dismal storms, as we have, in our ugly, barren country. Or I should like still better to live in South America, where the birds are so splendid, and one may have limes, and figs, dates, and pine apples, by going out to some beautiful grove to pick them fresh off the trees. I don't think our New-England is a place to be very proud of, notwithstanding all that our poets and Fourth-of-July orators say about it. For my part, I think it a miserable, cold, barren, stormy country, and I would not live here another day if I could help it.'

'You are not very patriotic, Frederic,' replied his mother, smiling, 'or you would love your native country better, even though it is not always so delightful as warmer and more luxurious climes. I am sorry you think so much of eating ; I hope you do not think the gratification of your appetite of more importance than any thing else. We are not proud of our New-England for its fruits, though we have many that are excellent, but because it was the chosen refuge of our noble "Pilgrim fathers," when they fled from persecution in England, choosing suffering and danger, in a strange land, rather than to remain at home, in ease and comfort, at the price of their religious opinions, and

> "They have left unstained what there they found,
> Freedom to worship God."

But I am making you wait a long time for your story, my dear children, though you are very patient.

'I will tell you of two little robins, who had their nests in an old apple-tree somewhere in Vermont.

The leaves were falling, and the cold winds of Autumn beginning to blow, when these birds awoke one morning and found with sorrow that the storm during the night had beaten off all the leaves which sheltered their nest.

They began to converse in a disconsolate tone, on the hardships they had endured during the last winter; and finally, after much discussion on the subject, concluded to seek a warmer climate.

After eating a scanty breakfast, they separated; one to fly south, and the other to wing his way north, having agreed to meet the next spring, and give each other an account of their rambles.'

'They acted wisely,' said Frederic; 'I would fly away, if I could, every winter; but I guess the one who went to the north was disappointed in finding warm weather.'

You shall hear. After flying a great distance, stopping occasionally to rest on the mast of a vessel, or on some island, he at last arrived in Greenland, and was delighted to find it summer.

'Why, mother,' interrupted little George, 'I thought Greenland was freezing cold. Susan told me this morning, when she came in with a pail of water, that it was as cold as Greenland.'

It is cold, my dear, except during a few weeks in the year, when it is as warm as our summer.

Well, as I said, the robin was much pleased to see it so warm here, when it was so cold at home, and thought himself fortunate in finding this beautiful country.

It was night soon after he arrived, and, finding a sheltered place among the thick leaves of a tree, the little wanderer put his head under his wing and slept.

When he awoke in the morning every thing was changed; the ground was covered with snow, and the air filled with a kind of frozen fog which is common there, and is so cold that, if it comes in contact with the skin, it pricks like needles. The poor bird was almost frozen to death, and began to look about for some place to shelter him. He flew slowly through the chilling air in search of a house, where some kind people might perhaps take him in, for you know the robin is not so much afraid of man as most other birds. He looked in vain for a long time, and must soon have perished, when he saw a singular being put his head out of a hole in the side of a bank of earth. Poor robin was so cold, that he forgot his fear, and flew directly to the man (for it was one of the natives of the country), and perched on his hand.

This man was dressed in a pair of trowsers, and a long frock with a hood fastened to it, the whole made of seal skin. As soon as the bird alighted on his hand, he went into his habitation, which was a long narrow building, hardly high enough for the inmates to stand upright; the roof was formed of large beams, laid at some distance from each other, and smaller pieces of wood between; the whole filled in with earth, to keep out the cold and snow; and skins of animals were hung up round the inside, to make the apartment warm and comfortable. There was no fireplace, but a large fire in the middle of the floor, over which hung an immense iron pot or cauldron, filled with some kind of food. As there was no chimney the smoke, af-

ter filling the apartment, escaped through a long, low entry, which answered the double purpose of chimney and door.

The house was lighted, partly by lamps filled with seal oil, and partly by several windows in the front side, made of the inside skin of the seal, which is so thin as to admit light quite well.

Half of the floor was raised like a platform, the whole length of the house; and divided into stalls for the different families (several of whom occupy one building) by deer-skins hung from the roof; and on it were piled some of the same skins for beds; it was likewise used for a seat in the day time, for they had no chairs nor any other furniture in this strange place.

Around the fire were six or seven children, some large, some small, all watching the motions of two women, who were cooking the breakfast; but as soon as they saw the bird, they crowded round the man, eager to examine it, for the little Greenlanders have as much curiosity as Yankee children.

After they had examined his feet, and feathers, and peeped into his poor eyes, which were almost blinded by the smoke, they all began to dispute about the use they should make of him. One thought they had better keep him to play with, another wanted to roast him, and a third said, "let us put him [illegible] to boil!" while the poor [illegible] heartily wished he had [illegible] and trusted to the k[illegible]'s family for food t[illegible]e

INTERIOR OF A

thought those kind, pleasant little children were much better companions than these strange-looking, wild-acting beings, who seemed determined to kill him.

But he soon found that those, who look disagreeable, are not always cruel, and that a man may have a kind and gentle heart, although he is dressed in deer skins, and lives under ground; for the father of these little savages interfered, and forbade their killing the poor little bird, and said that the little creature came to him for protection, and he would not allow any one to hurt him, but they might give him some crumbs.

The children looked rather ashamed of their unkindness, and soon busied themselves in feeding their little guest, and afterwards allowed him to fly about the room.

As soon as their food was cooked, they were called to breakfast; and, all sitting down on the ground, around the pot, they began eating with their fingers, each putting his hand into the mess and taking out what he liked best.

'O, what dirty creatures!' said the children.

'I wonder what they had to eat,' said Frederic.

'I do not think you would relish it much,' replied his mother, smiling; 'their principal food consists of the flesh of the seal, mixed with the blood, and oil, and the few vegetables they can find, all boiled together.'

'How can they eat such stuff!' said the little epicure.

'Because they were always accustomed to it; you would like it if you had always eaten it.'

'O no! I am sure I should not. But what became of the poor robin?'

He lived with these kind, but dirty people, all their long winter, when the sun is only seen for about two hours each day, and it is so cold, no one ventures out of the house. He was very comfortable and kindly treated, but longed for warmer weather, when he might fly home to New-England.

At last the sun shone for a longer time each day, and the air grew less chilling, and in a few weeks the Greenlanders ventured out to look about; and the robin always accompanied the man who had saved his life, and perched on his shoulder when he returned to his hut.

Soon the snow began to melt, the grass sprang up, the trees put forth their leaves, and all looked as green and pleasant, as on that day when the little rover first arrived, expecting to find a warm country; and the robin remembered his feelings of disappointment when he awoke the next morning and found the summer changed to winter, and, as soon as he had strengthened his wings by exercise, he took leave of Greenland, and departed for his dear old apple tree; where he arrived after a flight of a few days.

It was a warm bright day in the spring, and the farmer and his boys were busily at work, ploughing and digging, and the grass was beginning to look green; and every one looked so merry, and like old friends, that the poor robin was happier than he had ever been in his life, and determined he would never leave home again.'

'O, I am so glad he got back again!' said little Charles, the youngest of the family, whose bright blue eyes laughed as much as his dimpled mouth; 'I thought he would certainly die in that dreadful, cold country. How good that great, funny-looking man was, not to let those ugly, cruel children boil him! Do you think they would boil me, if I should go there?'

'No indeed,' answered his mother, laughing; 'they do not eat human flesh very few nations are so wicked as that; and the young Greenlanders were no more cruel than some American children, who rob birds' nests, and carry away the nestlings, leaving the poor mother to mourn for her children. Besides, the Greenlanders are sometimes forced to go hungry, if the men are not successful in their seal catching, for they have very little else to eat; and I suppose it was because they were glad to find something new for food, that they wanted to boil the poor bird for their breakfast, and not for the cruel pleasure of killing him.'

'Mother, I want to know why it grew cold so suddenly; all in one night? it never does so here.'

'Come in the morning, my dear; we have autumn which hung an inner and winter; buildron, filled with soday is summer, As there was no chimne and the next is co are prepared for

the change, for they know when to expect it. During their short summer, the sun is up almost all the time, the nights being only two or three hours long; and, as the winter draws near, the days become shorter, although the weather continues warm, until the sea begins to freeze, which it does so very solid that ships often get inclosed in the ice, and all the crews perish.'

'What do ships go there for?' asked William; 'I should think they would keep away from such dangerous places.'

'They go to trade with the natives for seal skins and other articles. The pretty fur caps your father bought for you yesterday were made of the skin of a seal, which some poor Greenlander has risked his life to take. You must not forget, my dear children, when you are made comfortable and happy by articles brought from foreign countries, the hardships and privations that have been endured by the poor sailors who bring them to our country, nor the fatigue and dangers encountered by those who procure them in their own land.

'The oil, that burns so brightly in that astral lamp, may have cost more than one man his life to obtain; for the whale fishery is very dangerous, as sometimes a large whale, after being wounded by a harpoon, will become so furious as to destroy all the boats within his reach; breaking them to pieces with a stroke of his tail, or, getting entangled with the harpoon, dive so suddenly as to draw the boat with the rope to the bottom with all its crew.'

'But, mother, please to tell us some more about the Greenlanders and the way seals are caught,' said William.

'I would with pleasure, my dear, but I think it is too late this evening. George is half asleep now, although he is trying to keep his eyes open so very wide; so now, my little ones, give me a kiss, and go to bed, and be thankful you are not a little Greenlander, to get up to a breakfast of seal-flesh and oil, eaten out of a great pot.'

'Ha, ha! mother,' said George, 'I eat bread and milk out of a silver porringer. Good night, mother. Will you tell us some more to-morrow night?'

'Yes, if you are all good children, I will tell you about catching seals.'

Roxbury, Nov. 5, 1839. MARIE.

(To be continued.)

INTERIOR OF A GREENLANDER'S HUT.

at first only marking the place for the eyes, nose, and mouth, by short lines.

421 A dog and dog-kennel, to be drawn from general recollection.

422 The porter, sheep's-head, trap and ball, and profile, Nos. 155, 171, 172, 173, to be drawn from memory.

423 A ground plan of a room may be drawn, one inch to the foot or yard. See No. 468, fig. 3.

424 The copies Nos. 50, 55, 58 and 64, to be drawn double the size, and as rapidly as possible.

425 The pupil may invent, as well as he can, a boy with a hoop.

426 A small bunch of flowers, to be attempted from fancy.

*427 Boys at play.

*428 A cottage.

*429 A leaf, foreshortened in different ways.

430 The pupil should draw from nature a leaf of a different shape, foreshortened as above.

431 Colors. When the sun shines do objects appear of exactly the same color as when it does not shine? Did you ever notice any difference of colors in a dark day and a bright day? How do the colors of objects at a little distance appear in foggy weather? Can you see the colors of objects as well by moonlight as by daylight? Can you see colors at all by moonlight? Can you see as far by moonlight as by daylight? Can you see colors as well by candlelight as by daylight?

432 A ground plan of a room, with the furniture in it, as in Nos. 396, 408 and 423, on the scale of an inch to the foot, or half an inch to the foot, according to the size of the room and the pupil's slate or paper. The furniture may also be drawn separately, cut out, and arranged in different ways on the plan of the room; which will be found useful in showing where the furniture will stand, and how it may be placed without moving it.

433 Various objects seen by the pupil out of doors may be drawn from recollection, as a wheelbarrow, cart, lamp-post, plough, barn, cottage, tree, &c.

*434 Sweet pea.

435 A plate of fruit of various kinds, arranged well, may be drawn from nature.

436 The bat and ball, soup-plate, tomb, boy and top and jug, Nos. 178, 179, 185, 196 and 197, to be drawn from memory.

437 A garden in a square space should be planned, with beds and walks, and the site of a summer-house. See No. 467, fig. 5.

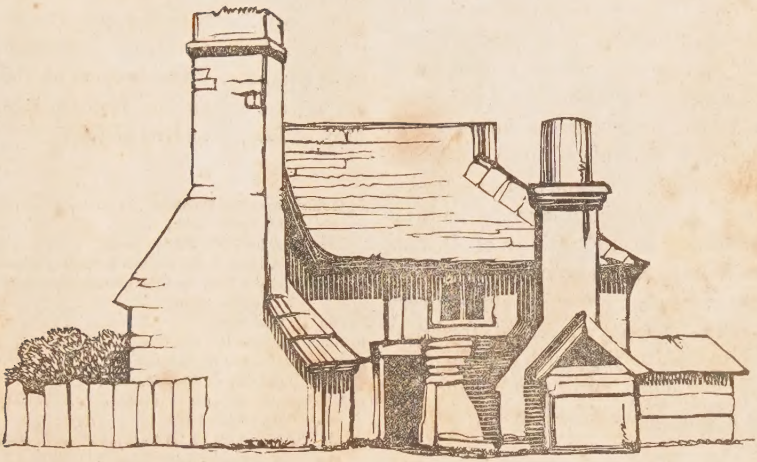
438 A group may be invented by the pupil, of a bat, trap, ball, wicket, and other appropriate objects.

439 Perspective. An examination may be made of a stool, table, piano, drawers, &c., similar to that noticed in No. 403.

440 The objects, Nos. 83, 89, 90 and 92, to be drawn of half the size of the copies, carefully, but with the utmost rapidity.

No. 427.

No. 428.



BOSTON, AND ITS AMPHITHEATRE OF HILLS.

BY PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK.

THE BLUE HILLS.

THIS is the highest and most conspicuous range of hills in the vicinity of Boston. It is most elevated at its western extremity, in the southwest part of Milton, where it rises 710 feet above the ocean. A little to the southeast, and just within the limits of Quincy, the summit is elevated 680 feet. Still farther east it is 570 feet. Northeast a little from this peak, another is 570 feet high. The Monument Quarry, in the northeast part of these hills, is 390 feet; and Pine Hill, to the southeast of this quarry, is 235 feet high. All these summits command extensive and most interesting prospects.

And there are some circumstances that impart to these landscapes peculiar interest. One is the proximity of these hills to Boston; whose numerous edifices, masts, spires, and towers; and, nobly peering above the whole, the dome of the State-House, present before the observer a most forcible example of human skill and industry, vieing with, and almost eclipsing nature. And the high state of cultivation exhibited in the vicinity of Boston, with the numerous elegant mansions of private gentlemen crowning almost every hill, and imparting an air of freshness and animation to the valley and the plain, testify how much taste and wealth can do in giving new charms to the face of nature.

From these hills the observer has also a fine view of Boston Harbor; and this is another circumstance of peculiar interest For to look out on the ocean is always an improving sight; but when that ocean is studded with islands, most picturesque in shape and position, and the frequent sail is seen gliding among them, he must be insensible indeed, whose soul does not kindle at the scene, and linger upon it with delight.

On Monument Hill is opened perhaps the largest of the quarries of Quincy granite; and from thence a rail-road runs directly to Neponsit river.

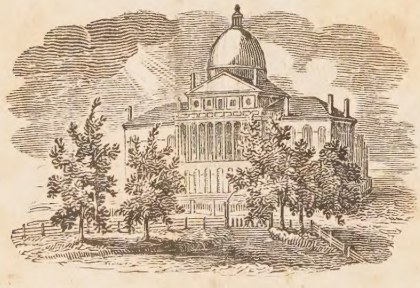
OTHER HILLS.

Many other hills of moderate altitude around Boston, particularly to the south of the city, might be mentioned as worthy of a visit for the prospects presented from their summits. The heights of the following are given on Hales's beautiful Map of Boston and its vicinity.

		FEET.
In Quincy, near the Common		210
do.	One mile north,	175
do.	A half mile farther north,	107
do.	A little N.W. of Hon. J. Quincy's seat,	40
do.	Great Hill, near the eastern extremity of the town,	94
do.	Squantum,	99
In Braintree, near the east line,		205
In Weymouth, near the west line,		210
do.	near Town River Bay,	134
In Hingham, N. W. part of the town,		112
do.	On Crown Point,	102
do.	A little N.W. of Mr. Brooks' meetinghouse,	107
do.	A little south of do. do	75
do.	Near the east line of the town,	230

No. 434.

In Cohasset, near the west end end of the town,	.	215
do.	A mile south of Nantasket Beach,	. . 175
do.	N. E. part of the town, close to the shore,	110
In Milton, at the Academy,	. . . . .	208
do.	One mile south of this place,	. . . 226
do.	A mile west of the last,	 217
do.	Northwest part of the town,	 216
In Dedham, at Mr White's meetinghouse,	. . .	405
In Dover, Pine Hill, south part,	. . . . .	400
In Waltham, Prospect Hill,	. . . . .	470
do.	Bear Hill,	 510
do.	Near the northeast line of the town,	. 670
In Lincoln, Dr. Stearns's meetinghouse,	. . .	470
do.	Mount Tabor,	 370
In West Cambridge, near the S.W. line of the town,		320
In Watertown, northwest corner,	. . . . .	310
In Charlestown, Prospect Hill,	. . . . .	120
do.	Winter Hill,	 120
In Chelsea, Pulling Point,	. . . . .	84
In Lynn, near Phillips Point,	. . . . .	135
do.	Near King's Beach,	 147
do.	A mile northeast of Lynn Hotel,	. . 120
do	Half a mile north of "	. . . 125
do.	A mile north of "	 140
In Marblehead, Legg's Hill,	. . . . .	160
do.	Half a mile northeast from do.	. . . 97
do.	Three quarters of a mile N.E. of the last,	105
do.	Northeast part of the town,	 135
do.	A little north of the village,	 130
do.	On Marblehead Neck,	 137
In Salem, east of Spring Pond,	. . . . .	197
do.	Northwest part of the town,	 145
do.	Southeast part of the town,	 175
do.	A little west of South Fields,	. . . 186



VIEW FROM THE STATE-HOUSE.

There is not a more magnificent prospect in Massachusetts than that from the dome of the State House in Boston; and it will bear a comparison, it is said, with the most celebrated views of a similar kind in Europe. This noble building stands upon Beacon Hill, the highest spot in Boston; and the lantern upon its dome is about 200 feet above the harbor. From this elevation the whole of Boston, with its wharfs, shipping, and public edifices; all the islands in its harbor; the shores of the harbor lined with villages and cultivated fields; and, within a circle of ten miles, not less than twenty villages, containing, with Boston, more than one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, [160 or 170,000 at this time] are here surveyed at a glance. Almost every dwelling of this numerous population is indeed visible: and it is rare to see in a circle of so small extent, as many edifices so elegant; and so few that indicate extreme poverty and wretchedness. So richly cultivated is the vicinity of Boston that it has the appearance of a vast garden. Yet we do not see here the traces of that vandal spirit, which, in so many parts of our land, is making sad havoc with our groves and shade trees; but enough have been spared or planted in this vicinity to give a refreshing and luxuriant aspect to the scenery. The political and moral considerations which irresistibly force themselves on the mind when contemplating such a scene, cannot fail greatly to increase the pleasure of the observer. What a drawback upon that pleasure must it be, when the traveler is compelled to say, as he cannot but say, when gazing on a large pro-

No. 441.

himself with much emotion on that subject, saying, 'How many heavy and sleepless hours of a blind old man might Eustace have beguiled, if he could read the newspapers to me!' Eustace mourned his master's bereavement, and his incapacity to console him. In secret, he sought a master, and, by rising at four o'clock, and studying hard, though not to the neglect of his other duties, he was able in three months to present himself to his master with a book in his hand, and by reading in it with perfect propriety, to give a new and surprising proof of the constancy and tenderness of his attachment.

Upon this followed his enfranchisement. But freedom did not change, it only elevated and hallowed, his friendship for his late master; rather let us say, his venerable and beloved companion.

Soon afterward, M de Belin died, leaving Eustace a fortune which would have supported him in ease during the rest of his life. But the legacy of his friend came to the hands of Eustace only to be passed by him to the needy and unfortunate. At that time there was a vast deal of misery, and but one Eustace, in the island of St. Domingo. If a soldier was without clothing and pay, a family without bread, a cultivator or mechanic without tools, the new riches of Eustace were dispensed for their supply. Of course these could not last long, and from that time until his death in 1835, a period of forty years, he maintained himself and provided for numerous charities by serving as a domestic. He lived and labored only to make others happy. Sometimes he was found defraying the expenses of nursing orphan infants, sometimes administering to the necessities of the aged relations of his late master; sometimes paying for instructing, and placing as apprentices youths who were destitute and unprotected; and often forgiving to his employers considerable arrears of wages which they found it difficult by a vicissitude of fortune to pay. His remarkable skill as a cook enabled him to provide for all these expenditures, as it secured him constant employment in all the wealthiest families. His own wants were few and small.

The virtue of this humble and noble-hearted negro could not be hidden by the obscurity of his calling. In 1832, the National Institute of France sought him out to announce to him that that illustrious society had paid to his worth the highest homage in its power, by awarding to him the first prize of virtue, being the sum of one thousand dollars. To this announcement, made by a member of the Institute, he replied with his habitual simplicity and piety, 'It is not, dear sir, for mankind that I have done this, but for my Master who is on high.'

If you are distressed in mind, *live;* serenity and joy may yet dawn upon your soul. If you have been contented and cheerful, *live;* and generally diffuse that happiness to others.

THE BRITISH QUEEN STEAMER.

THIS splendid and powerful vessel was built by Messrs. Curling & Young, London, for the British and American Steam Navigation Company. She was launched at Limehouse, May 1838, and arrived at Port Glasgow about the 7th of July in that year, to get her engines—made by Mr. R. Napier, engineer, Glasgow. By the politeness of Mr. Johnston, resident engineer, we had an opportunity of giving this Ocean Queen a general overhaul, and we shall now subjoin a few particulars regarding her.

	Feet.	Inches.
Length from figure head to taffril, . . .	275	0
Length of upper deck, ...	245	0
Breadth within the paddle boxes, . . .	40	6
Breadth over all, ...	64	0
Depth of hold, ...	22	0
Estimated weight of engines, boiler, and water,	500 tons.	
Twenty days' consumption of coal, ...	600 "	

She has two splendid engines aboard, of two hundred and fifty horse power each; the frame work of these engines is in a massy gothic style, while the working parts, for strength, beauty, and excellence of fitting, are admirable. Each engine stands on a single plate of metal, weigh- 35 cwt.; four pieces of the frame work h each 16 tons; the cylinders weigh each 12 tons; the diameter of the bore is 77½ inches; the diameter of the axle in the bushes is 16½ inches, and the stroke of the engine is 7 feet. She has in all four boilers, any one of which can be used at one time without the others. The diameter of the paddle wheels is 31 feet 6 inches. The float boards, which are 9 feet 6 inches long, are arranged in three distinct parts, presenting a resistance of three feet in breadth. According to her depth in the water, the revolutions of her paddle wheels will vary from 15 to 16 in a minute. She is supplied with Hall's patent condensers, and thus the same water with which she filled her boilers in the Clyde (in Scotland), with a little addition, served until her arrival in New-York. She has iron tanks between the timbers in the hold, capable of holding 200 tons of water, all of which is accessible to the pumps, and can be thereby drawn out and conveyed by pipes to the different berths. But over and above this she has a patent still with her, and can convert salt water into fresh for her boilers, and for the use of her passengers, as may be required.

The main saloon is about fifty feet long, and in the narrowest part between the side berths is nearly twenty in breadth. A flood of light is thrown into it from above, and the floor is covered with oil

cloth, above which is laid rich soft carpeting of a beautiful description, while the sides are ornamented with historical painting, executed on a peculiar kind of canvass, which gives them the appearance of needle-work in worsted. The ladies' saloon is also fitted up with great taste, beauty, and splendor, while the second cabin is scarcely inferior in accommodation, and but little in beauty to the first. The berths are fitted up with every attention to convenience. The lamps are of a patent kind, which can either be used with oil or with wax candles, and move on a universal joint, which keeps the light erect, however the vessel might pitch and roll. There are 104 beds fitted up aft, and 108 forward, with room for 60 or 70 more, if required. The steward's room is fitted up with almost every convenience, and affords a passage for conveying the dinner from his rooms to the dining saloon without incommoding, or being seen by the passengers.

The delf ware, which appears of a very excellent kind, has been made specially for the vessel, and is ornamented with a steam ship surrounded by the designation of the company. The silver plate is superb. She carries thirty-two hands immediately connected with the superintendence and management of the engines ; and her crew in whole, including officers and seamen, engineers, cooks, stewards, &c., amount to eighty-five. In respect of stores and general fitting out, she is admirably found, and every thing is on the most improved construction. Her windlass, for example, is of Tyzic and Dobson's patent, her stoppers of Moffat's patent, and so on of many other patent articles. Her chain cables are $1\frac{7}{8}$ iron, and are of the same kind as is used for a 74-gun ship. Her small bower, best bower, and sheet anchor weigh respectively 32 cwt. 43 cwt. and 47 cwt. No pains, no time, no expense have been spared in obtaining perfection ; and, taking her all in all, we may safely say she is unequalled by any vessel afloat.

Among other conveniences for passengers, we had almost forgotten one. On the deck there is a neat erection, in which cold, warm, or shower baths may be obtained by the passengers. But the attention of the owners goes still farther than this. Even smokers are not forgotten. Near the baths there is a cigar room, where smokers may congregate and offer up clouds of incense to each other, till they become as smoke-dried as red herrings.

The cabins of the captain, chief mate, and surgeon, are on the quarter deck, and the room forms a shelter for the steersmen. She is steered with a double wheel, similar to those used by London East Indiamen, or line-of-battle ships. The petty officers descend to their cabin immediately before the windlass, and the seamen get down to their berths chock forward before the forecastle. The rigging of the vessel is low and snug, rather than taunt ; but her yards are pretty square, and, as she has studding-sail booms fitted on them, she is able, when

necessary, to display a good breadth of canvass to the breeze.

When she first started from London for New-York she had about 1000 tons of coals aboard, and yet, so capacious is she, she had room for 1000 tons of goods. She is coppered up to 17 feet, and is expected, when fully loaded, to draw 18 ft. aft, and 17½ feet forward. Notwithstanding the great capacity of this magnificent vessel, she does not look so large as many would expect; probably the beauty of her mould tends to detract a little from the apparent bulk. When down to the depth aforementioned, we do not think she will much exceed in appearance a first class frigate.

MECHANIC EXHIBITION IN ENGLAND.

MR. PARLEY,—I understand you have had a great Fair in Boston, which has been thronged by crowds of visiters. I send you an account of a similar exhibition, open daily in London, which may be gratifying to your young readers, and perhaps furnish some hints to Boston and New-York mechanics at future exhibitions of their skill and ingenuity. Quincy-Hall, connected with Faneuil-Hall, is as spacious as the National Gallery in the British metropolis. I will only add that this last institution has been of extensive advantage to science and mechanic discovery in *Old* England, and I sincerely wish that your exhibitions may be of equal utility in *New* England.

Yours, &c. A. B.

THE Adelaide Gallery, as it is often called, is in William Street, at Charing Cross, but the name really given it by its owners is The National Gallery of Practical Science. Useful establishment! Capital institution! It is established that useful inventions may be speedily made known.

Before we go further however with an account of the National Gallery, I will tell your young readers something about Charing Cross. Here was, anciently, the village of Charing, which, according to some, owed that name to Edward the First, who erected a cross here to the memory of his *chere reine*; that is, his 'dear queen.' These French words being pronounced nearly according to the spelling, as is usual with the common [illegible] more especially at that time when they were unable to read, got corrupted into *char-ing*, and thence the cross obtained the name of Charing Cross. The name Convent Garden, in that neighborhood, or the garden which originally belonged to the convent of Westminster, has been in like manner corrupted in vulgar speech into *Common* Garden, and, in general writing, into Covent Garden. And so the Charter House got its name from the mispronunciation of *Chartreux*, a monastery which stood there, and was dissolved by Henry the Eighth.

Though this is called a Gallery, it is divided into many rooms, as well as into galleries. Right and left, up stairs and down stairs, it is full of models of inventions, and wonders of nature and art.

Along the middle of the large room runs a trough of clear water, on which

models of Steam-boats are sailing. Interesting sight! Beautifully contrived! And then there are models of a Diving-bell, and of the Eddystone Lighthouse. I could tell you tales about these; but, first, let me give you a catalogue of some of the things contained in this excellent Gallery. Steam-engines, boats, and carriages; life-boats, rudders, paddle-wheels, anchors, fire-escapes, air-pumps, safety-lamps, and hydrometers; life-preservers, rafts, blow-pipes, electrifying-machines, cog-wheels, and microscopes; besides carved-work, sculpture, paintings, printing-presses, weaving-looms, and a hundred other things that I cannot just now think of. Famous place for a stranger to see! One of the very best sights of London! I wish I had the time to tell you about every thing contained in the Gallery of Practical Science!

There are inventions there of the useful household kinds, denominated instantaneous lights: about the year 1673, Brandt, of Hamburgh, discovered the substance called phosphorus, and from that period may be dated the numerous contrivances for obtaining fire, popularly called 'instantaneous lights.' It was however not plentiful till 1680, when Godfrey Hancknitz prepared it in comparatively large quantities, in his laboratory, London, and sold it at 100 shillings sterl. per ounce, the same that is now bought for 3 shillings. All the other 'instantaneous lights' and 'light-machines' are now giving way to Lucifers and Prometheans—they are simple yet beautiful refinements on *chlorate matches*. Lucifers, upon the principle of friction, were formerly sold at four-pence sterling per box; but now, three boxes are to be bought for one penny. About three tons of chlorate of potash are used in their manufacture, in London alone; and the manufacture, nevertheless, of the old brimstone-matches is still carried on upon a large scale,—to the amount, at one penny per thousand, of £26,000 sterl. annually,—for which, in London alone, three tons of sulphur or brimstone are required.

The model of the Eddystone Lighthouse is worth looking at; it makes one think of poor sailors in a storm. A lighthouse is built on a rock, in order to warn ships from dangers, or to bring them into port. It is not the raging ocean, but oftentimes the shore, that the seaman chiefly fears. We have all need of lighthouses to warn us of danger, and lead us as we should go.

> Hoist all your sails and shun the place
> Where sin and folly show their face;
> Or, strive, and follow still the star,
> That leads where virtue dwells afar!

The Life-raft is a capital model. It shows how, when a vessel is foundering, bold-hearted, ready-handed seamen may make rafts to save themselves upon, of empty water-casks, and odd spars, and planks. Saw Canning, brave man! daring fellow! once saw him, cradled in his life-raft, tossing about in the breakers and frothy surge; this was at Cherbourg, coast of France. All thought him lost! All gave him up! No matter! on he went toward the beach, and was flung

safe and sound, high and dry, on the sand. Canning, Captain Manby, Lieut. Rodger, Ralph Watson, and many others, deserve well of their country for their excellent inventions.

The model of the Diving-bell is a very curious one. A mouse goes down under water, and supplies itself with air by turning a wheel. Diving-bells are very useful in getting up property from ship-wrecked vessels, and in building bridges and lighthouses. Keep your eyes on all useful inventions; you may invent something yourselves, one day or other, that will surprise and benefit the world.

I must not pass by the Fire-escapes. Excellent invention! Suppose a house in flame in the dead of the night—an awful event of too common occurrence. Well! the people inside are asleep; they jump from their beds, awakened by the cry of 'Fire!' and find the room full of smoke, and the staircase in flames. No method of escape, and if there were, they are too frightened to act for themselves. No hope! nothing but destruction before them! They cry aloud in their agony! Fearful situation!

At this moment, a Fire-escape, (a ladder-like pole,) is placed against the house. A man ascends the pole, and meets the shrieking mother at the open window. He helps the children into the large basket of the Escape, and lets them safely down. Up again goes the basket for their parents, and then again for the servants. The house is burnt to the very ground, but no life is lost. The Fire-escape has saved them all from the flames.

Always be ready to serve your fellow-creatures in distress; and, when old enough, you must run to their rescue. I love a bold and a philanthropic heart,

> That wins its way with steady aim,
> Through bolts, and bars, and flood and flame.

I have not the time to tell you about the numberless curious things in the Adelaide Gallery. There is Perkins's Steam-gun, that pours out a stream (as I may call it) of lead. Twenty-five thousand bullets may be discharged from it in an hour. Mr. Perkins is a Massachusetts engineer and machinist, now residing in England.

Then there is the powerful Electro Magnet, holding up four or five hundred pounds weight, made so by merely dipping the ends of two wires in a chemical liquid; and the grand Oxy-hydrogen Microscope, which makes a flea look larger than an elephant; as well as the Hydraulic and Electric Telegraphs, the Harmonica, the self-acting Grand Pianoforte, and many other admirable things.

You might wander for a day or a week through the Gallery, and be made wiser every step you took. Models, engines, and instruments, statues, paintings, fossils, birds, shells, minerals, and curiosities of all kinds, in every direction, meet your eye; harmonious music plays in the gallery, lectures are delivered below, and a crowd of well-dressed people, young, middle-aged, and old, give life and animation to the scene.

DEATH BY THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.

THAT most horrible scourge of humanity, hydrophobia, has added another name to the list of its numerous victims. A most excellent youth, 16 years old, named Richard T. Jeter, son of Mrs. Jeter of Greenwich street, New York, died of hydrophobia August 16, 1839. The following are the particulars of the case, as detailed to the City Reporter, by the afflicted mother and uncle of the boy.

The deceased was in the employment of Messrs. Whyte and Vandine of Maiden Lane, and some time in April last he and three other lads were amusing themselves playing with a dog which belonged to a farrier in Maiden Lane ; while doing so, the animal bit each of the four young men ; although up to that period it had shown no symptoms of being rabid.

The deceased was slightly bitten thro' the thumb nail of the left hand, and blood issued from the wound. He at first applied salt and vinegar to it, which made it extremely painful, and he then applied a poultice to it, and it healed up, and got well in a few days. From that time until Tuesday, Aug. 13, the young man felt no further inconvenience from the bite, and retained his usual good health, and pursued his usual avocations. But on that day he complained to his mother of being affected with some strange sensation, which he could not describe, through almost his whole frame. His left hand also became so numb that he was for some time before he could restore sensation to it, although he used the most violent friction, and even struck his hand repeatedly with a stick. On Wednesday morning he arose at five o'clock, and complained of a great dizziness in his head, and of the same strange sensation which he felt the day before. He then took some pills, which speedily operated, and seemed to relieve him so much that he went to the store of his employers, and remained there until twelve o'clock, when he became so unwell that he was obliged to go home and go to bed, and he slept for two or three hours. About eight o'clock in the evening, he asked for an orange, which was given him, but he had scarcely attempted to suck it, when he laid it down and complained of his throat being very sore. A doctor was then sent for, who supposed from the symptoms of the lad's illness that he had only caught cold, and he accordingly ordered some ordinary prescription for him, and went away.

During the remainder of Wednesday night the disease seemed to be stationary, and at an early hour on Tuesday morning the patient appeared to be no worse, and his mother brought him some toast and tea. Of the toast he eat a small portion, but refused to touch the tea. Shortly after this he complained that the light pained him extremely, and he requested the room to be darkened, and that no person should come near him. About twelve o'clock, he complained of a

painful compression of his throat, and wished for an emetic, which he thought might remove it, and which was accordingly given him, without liquid of any kind, as he could not be induced to take it. The emetic, instead of operating in the way it was expected, acted as a purgative, and in the afternoon the young man was evidently getting worse, but his friends had not yet the slightest suspicion of the horrible nature of his disease.

About three o'clock, p. m., Doctor Barker was called in, and after examining the patient, he called for a glass of water and held it towards him, and the moment he did so the lad was affected with spasms, and piteously requested to have the water taken away. Dr. Barker then pronounced the disease to be hydrophobia, and advised that further medical assistance should be procured as speedily as possible, and that in the interim a mustard plaster be applied to the patient's neck, and his legs to be rubbed with some person's naked hand dipped in cayenne pepper and hot water. Doctor Barker then went away, and his prescription was immediately applied, but it seemed to have but little effect on the patient. At six o'clock, p. m., Dr. Barker returned to the house accompanied by Doctors Gray and Chandler, who, after examining the patient, were of the same opinion as Dr. Barker, that the case was decidedly hydrophobia, and they considered it useless to prescribe any thing, but recommended that Dr. Jennison, the inventor of the specific for hydrophobia, should be sent for. A phial of Dr. Jennison's specific was immediately procured, and the lad's uncle proceeded to apply it to his back, but a drop of it had scarcely touched the patient when he became violently affected with spasms. His uncle however continued to rub on a very small portion at a time, but it produced no apparent effect.

The unfortunate patient now became sensible of his approaching end, and the cause of it, and calmly addressing his uncle, said: 'I am going to die; the dog that bit me in Maiden lane is the cause of my death. O! uncle, if you ever have any children, never let them play with a dog.' He shortly after became delirious, and imagined that the dog was gnawing him. His whole frame became convulsed with spasms, and in the most frightful and yet pitiful manner, he called on those around him to keep the dog away. In this state he continued until 9 o'clock, p. m., when Dr. Jennison arrived, accompanied by two men, who immediately commenced to rub the patient with the Doctor's specific, which appeared to give him ease and render the spasms less violent. After applying the specific for more than two hours, Dr. Jennison and his attendants went away, and the young man continued without any decided change until about one o'clock on Friday morning, when he expired.

Although fatal, this case appears to have been a rather mild form of hydrophobia, as during the greater part of his illness, the unfortunate youth retained

his reason, and at no time manifested any inclination to bite or injure those around him, nor uttered any of those canine sounds which persons in hydrophobia generally do.—*Journal of Commerce, N. Y., August 17th*, 1839.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT FOR THE FAIRIES.

BY MRS. GORDON.

AH! where are all the fairies flown?
Why ceased their merry reign?
We're all so dull and solemn grown,
I wish they'd come again;
'Mid lawns and bowers, when daylight's done,
Once more to dance and play;—
There never has been any fun,
Since fairies went away!

You weary me, you tiresome doll!
You cannot speak nor walk;
A fairy's wand, my good Miss Poll,
Would soon have made you talk!
Then you and I, so merrily,
Had sported all the day;
But now, O dear! that cannot be,
The fairies are away.

Now, there are none of them to ask
For water from the well;
No diamonds now reward the task,
As Mother Goose doth tell;
No toads the naughty lips disgrace,
That say a sulky nay;—
This world is quite a stupid place,
Now fairies are away.

We cannot meet them at a spring,
When drawing water out;
For water to our doors we bring
By leaden pipe or spout.
One still finds toads; I've seen them crawl
About, at close of day;
But diamonds,—none; *they* vanished all
When fairies went away.

There's puss sits purring by the fire,
Or chases mice and rats;
The stupid thing; I do *so* tire
Of these dull common cats!
A cleverer one my fancy suits,
Who can do *more* than play;
But, ah! there is no Puss in Boots,
Since fairies went away.

The bean-stalks in our gardens all,
How widely Jack's outshone 'em;
Ours grow so slowly—never tall,—
And naught save beans upon 'em;
No wealthy giants at the top,—
No gold,—no harps to play,—
We'll ne'er see such another crop,
Now fairies are away!

And books—and maps—and lessons—ah!
Enough to bend one double;
A fairy for one's godmamma,
Would save one all the trouble.
Quite wise without instruction, she
Could make one in a day;
But now—there's no such luck for me!
The fairies are away.

Farewell to fairy finery!
To fairy presents rare;
No slippers made of glass have we,
As Cinderella's were;—
Nor pumpkin coach—nor coachman rat—
Nor lizard footman gay;
Nor steeds—those mice that feared no cat—
Now fairies are away.

They meet no longer, by the light
Of moonbeams, 'neath a tree;
Why! one might walk abroad all night,
And not a fairy see!
One would but catch a cold or fever,
Before the dawn of day;
And these are things that happened never,
Till fairies went away.

well to all the pretty ales,
Of merry Elfins dining
mushroom tables, in the dales,
Lit by the glow-worm's shining;
And tripping to the minstrel gnat,
His jocund measure singing,
While o'er their heads the lazy bat
His silent flight was winging:
Farewell! like theirs, my song is done;
But yet once more I'll say—
There never has been any fun,
Since fairies went away.

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, IN 1835-6-7.

BY W. S. W. RUSCHENBERGER, M. D.

THE second volume opens with the following sketch of the capital of Siam :—

BANKOK

Is built upon the river Meinan, at a point where it is about half a mile wide, and perhaps twenty miles in a direct line from the sea. It extends about two miles and a half up and down the river, and from a mile to a mile and a half on each side of it. Bankok proper is on the right or western bank, while that on the left, from the palace being situated there, is named Sia-Yut'hia, but to the eye it appears all one town. It is irregular in its plan, and is every where intersected by canals. The streets are dirty and narrow; the paved walk in the middle being scarcely wide enough for two persons to walk abreast. The reason for this, according to the Siamese is, that there are no two of the same rank in the kingdom, and etiquette does not permit individuals of different ranks to walk side by side! Many of the houses are extensive, but the greater portion are miserable bamboo huts, without any appearance of comfort. Trees are everywhere numerous, and the frequent "Wâts" or Boudhist temples, with their gilt and glazed-tiled roofs and spires, sparkling in the sun, give to the city a picturesque appearance, and an air of wealth and magnificence.

Each side of the river is lined with houses, every one a shop, built on rafts of bamboo, moored or staked to the banks. The fronts are open like verandas, wherein various goods are exposed for sale. A row of Chinese junks, from two to five hundred tons each, extend for more than two miles, at anchor in the middle of the stream, where they often remain for months, retailing their cargoes; and the tho' streets, canals, and river, are crowded with people and boats, there is neither the bustle nor buz of the multitude which would be found in an equally dense population in any Christian city. From dawn light until dark the river presents an animated scene. The gondolas of this Eastern Venice, called sampans, are of every variety of size, from the mere nutshell that moved by half a dozen paddles; and there are some of large dimensions, permanently occupied by whole families, along the banks of the canals.

AMPHIBIOUS CHILD.

Not long ago, Bankok presented the singular phenomenon of an amphibious infant, that forsook the mother's breast, and betook itself to the water on all occasions. Luck-loi-nam, literally the child of the waters, swam when she was but one year old; and in 1832, when she had attained three years of age was frequently seen swimming in the river. Her motions were not like those of other swimmers; she floated without any apparent exertion, turning round and round. When not in the water she was cross and discontented, and when taken out cried and strove to return; if indulged, the child tumbled and rolled about, the climate being very warm, seemingly with unalloyed pleasure. Luck-loi-nam, though But now, A formed, could neither walk nor speak, The l uttered a gurgling, choking sound, in Now, th throat. Her vision was imperfect, and, No d up to the time mentioned, she had never eaten any thing but her mother's milk. No t The mother of the child of the waters was a fine-looking woman, and had given birth to four children; two males and This w N two females. The sister, eight or nine We ca years of age, is always seen swimming W in company, to protect the child of the For w waters against accidents, and give her di- B rections, that she might not get too near One st the boats, or the banks of the river. A But di GING IN SIAM. V

There The taxes taverns, or, more strictly speaking, tipling-shops, and on gambling The st establishments are farmed to licensed in- O dividuals, without whose permission no one can sell spirituous liquors or opho- gambling-house, without incurring a heavy penalty. Individuals are allowed to play in private, not even beneath their own rooftree; but, in order to gratify this passion, must repair to some one of the many licensed establishments, except at certain periods when the law is suspended. A general permission to gamble is granted three times a year; three days at the commencement of the Chinese year, three days at the commencement of the Siamese new year, and three days at another season. During these periods, all classes may be seen assiduously waiting upon dame Fortune's smiles or frowns, read in the turning of cards or throwing of the dice. In these privileged times wealth often changes hands; beggars become rich, and the affluent are reduced to penury. In these periods too a taste for play, under the influence of an almost universal example, becomes irresistible, and when the law again becomes operative, those who have been unlucky resort to licensed tables to repair their shattered fortunes, and those who have been fortunate, in order to increase their gains. The honorable and productive avocations of society are forsaken, or much neglected; wealth is squandered; intemperance and frequent quarrels ensue; and often, under the weight of overwhelming despair, the gambler, as in other countries, ends his not yet mature existence by suicide.

ROYAL ELEPHANTS AT SIAM.

The small white elephant is the beauty of her race. She has a soft white skin,